

The

Shkinah.

EDITED

BY

S. B. BRITTAN.

'Heard a great voice from Heaven, saying, 'Come up hither.'

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JOSHUA* THE SEER,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS JESUS OF NAZARETH

BY A MYSTIC.

IN every grassy field, and green enameled meadow, and by the dusty wayside, common and simple flowers unvail their starry faces, and shed forth their grateful perfume to gladden each summer's day, while once in a century only the grand exotic aloes unfolds its marvelous beauty, and illumines with its glory the waiting world but once in a hundred years. So but once in an age the great prophet or hero comes upon the stage of human life, and yet he, and the commonest man that walks the earth, are made up of the same elements, and are equally a part of the same mysterious nature; and Jesus of Nazareth, though like the exotic century-plant the wonder and the glory of waiting ages, still, in simplicity, naturalness, and humility, most resembles the lowly wayside flower. The dark stone-coal of the mine, and the radiant diamond that flashes among the sands, are woven of the self-same materials, though the one may light the peasant's humble hearth-stone, while the other glitters in the monarch's jeweled crown. Yet the mineral of humbler use is the truer emblem of the man of Nazareth, whose sympathies were not with king and noble, priest and hierarch, but with the simplest and the lowliest, the frailest and commonest of the race. And though the precious gem may outvie all other stones in its glittering radiance, still the loving eye will see bright rainbow colors painted upon the rough, dark surface of the common coal.

To some minds, Jesus is the especial incarnation of the Deity;

* Joshua, the Hebrew name which he bore in his lifetime, and of which "Jesus" is only the Greek translation, "Saviour" the English

to some, even the very God of the universe. With neither of these parties, however, even were our purpose here mere theological speculation and the discussion of sectarian dogmas, should we have any quarrel; for are not all men incarnations of the Deity, and dwells not God—the Shekinah—the holy presence—in all that bear the name of man? Especially “he that dwelleth (or liveth) in love, dwelleth in God and *God in him.*” Though we can not but feel, that were Jesus now on earth, divine and exalted as he might be in nature and character, he would be the last to claim a rank or origin superior to other men, the foremost to acknowledge his relation with the humblest, the most destitute, and outcast of his brethren of the human family, and their equality with himself. Indeed, this sentiment seems to constitute the very essence and peculiar spirit of his religion. It is the distinctive characteristic of what we call Christianity. For Jesus, from his deep-seated consciousness of a divine power in himself, and the continual possession and inspiration of God, was the first to acknowledge the paternal relation of God to the soul, and its divine essence. And this not only in regard to himself, but with respect to all men. His words are not merely “My Father,” but “Our Father,” the one Universal and Equal Father of all mankind;—God present, not in nature alone, but in every human soul, manifesting himself nowhere indeed so fully and so wonderfully as in the individual consciousness of every man. God exists no more to man as a merely outward being, swaying the universe on his distant throne, but man himself becomes the temple of the living God. Hence the great doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the God with us, the indwelling divinity, from whose inspiration not even the humblest and the frailest can be shut out. And Jesus, in thus attributing to all his brethren a relation to God, than which there can be nothing higher and more sublime, and an inspiration divine as his own—for what inspiration diviner than that of the Holy Spirit, the spirit of truth?—puts himself in the same category with other men, and places them on a par with himself; their equal, their friend, their brother. And, however much arrogant theologians may labor to separate him from the race, this, it should be remembered, is the position

which the gentle Saviour assumes equally for himself, and for all that bear the name of man. He is but the first fruits, the earliest development, the elder brother, and most eminently human, while most truly divine! The first to solve the problem of God manifest in the flesh, of man becoming spiritually a son of God, but not the last, ye faithless ones; oh, not the last! The powers he possessed, all may develop; what he saw, we all may see; the works he wrought all may achieve, and by the same inspiring influences, through the same spiritual force within us. Though further advanced, and with the spiritual life in him more fully and perfectly developed, he is, as we have said, the elder brother, and all men have in them the germ of the same beautiful and glorious spiritual growth. And the radiant and blessed day is rapidly dawning upon our gray and groping twilight, when his own divine words shall be fulfilled, "He that hath faith in me, or my faith, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, for I go to my Father, or leave the world and die." And thus it happens, that certain wonderful manifestations of spiritual and prophetic insight and of healing power, that are now beginning to awaken and startle mankind from their sensual torpor, are being attributed to the same divine influence that possessed and moved the prophet and physician of Nazareth, and are suggesting to the minds of those even who believe least in the humanity of Jesus, a natural solution of his various "wonderful works;" thus tending to destroy all faith in his supernatural and superhuman character, and in his especial and exclusive inspiration. So that now it has come to seem not irreverent to apply the terms "spiritual insight," clairvoyance, magnetic influence, and spiritual powers of healing, to the marvelous gifts manifested by our venerated friend and beloved brother of Nazareth.

We are fully aware, however, that there is no task so delicate as that of discussing, in any point of view, the position, character, and mission of a being like Jesus, whose name and history are as familiar to all as household words, but whose peculiar spirit, nature, and characteristics, partly from this very cause, are at the same time neither understood nor appreciated by those who profess themselves his especial friends and admirers: those who,

calling themselves by his name, and priding themselves on being his peculiar followers, wholly mistake his character, misinterpret his religion, and yet bitterly denounce and persecute those who take a different view of him from their own. But we here protest against the arrogant assumption of those who thus claim the exclusive privilege to speak of Jesus, and interpret his life and mission, and declare our equal right to interpret and judge of the character and purposes of this wonderful seer, and this tenderest and humanest of men—our claim to observe him through our own eyes—to sympathize with him, explain and admire him in our own way.

Whatever be the diversity of view in regard to the metaphysical nature of the gentle Saviour, the fact of his wonderful spiritual powers, not only as Prophet and SEER, but as Physician and healer of diseases, hardly admits of question, if any dependence is to be placed upon the records of his life that have been handed down to us from the earliest ages of the Christian church. His spiritual insight or clairvoyance was truly marvelous. His inward vision was always open, and the eyes of his spirit were unlocked to the hidden mysteries of heaven and of earth, of nature, and of man; and piercing beyond the present, through the dim and misty curtains that veiled the future, he discerned the secrets of coming ages. His magnetic power and influence in the cure of diseases seems to have been equally astonishing, and doubtless conferred upon him his usual title of "Saviour" (the meaning of Jesus), which he bore in his lifetime, for the greater portion of his time seems to have been spent in saving people from pain and suffering, and in "healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people;" and thus he was a "mighty physician"—the greatest the world has yet known, because his heart was in the work. This, indeed, constituted to a great extent his mission, for when John sends *his* disciples to inquire concerning the office of his wonderfully-gifted cousin, he replies, "Tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead—or those given over to death—are raised." So full of tenderness and humanity was his soul, so earnest was he in every good word and work, that he

opened his compassionate heart even to the outcast, the abandoned, and the criminal, and strove through gentleness and loving sympathy to restore them to virtue and to peace. Oh, would his professed disciples, the world over, manifest but a moiety, a tithe, a thousandth part of the gentle pity and charity for the wretched, the sinful, and the criminal that characterized him they *call* their Master, it would have more power to reform and save the wicked and abandoned, to save the world, than all the prayers that were ever uttered, or the sermons that were ever preached.

Those who possess the wonderful power of spiritual insight or clairvoyance, so remarkably developed in Jesus, or who have observed its action in others, will have remarked that it gave them a perception of the spiritual world and its inhabitants almost equal to an actual presence. So the blessed Jesus felt himself always surrounded by the influences of a purer world; and he lived in heaven, while yet on earth. He seems to have held constant intercourse with the spirits of the departed, and angels or messengers from higher and more radiant spheres "came and ministered unto him."

In addition to these exalted powers, he manifested an extraordinary magnetic or psychical influence over not only individuals, but upon multitudes; many instances of which are narrated by his biographers. With the very scanty information which we possess in regard to the first thirty years of his life, it is impossible for us to say whether these remarkable gifts were developed naturally, or by artificial means and a peculiar education and training, during the long season of preparatory study, passed, principally—it is supposed by many writers—among the pure, ascetic, and learned sect of Essenes, from whom he doubtless imbibed much wonderful and mystic lore, and received an influence that encouraged and stimulated his native spiritual tendencies.* John the Baptizer was a member of this sect, and Jesus, by the rite of Immersion, was initiated by John himself into its pure faith and spiritual mysteries; and the

* The Essenes were remarkably skillful in the cure of diseases. Certain communities of them lived in celibacy, and all spent much of their time in contemplation and in spiritual communion.

peculiar ascetic life of Jesus, as well his celibacy, proved his faithfulness to the mystic and spiritual teachings which tradition regards him as having received.

The arts of what has recently gone under the name of "Mesmerism" or "Psychology," were known in Egypt, and perhaps by this holy and exalted sect, to whom this cradle of religious mysticism, as well as India and her theological lore, were in all probability familiar through its numerous pilgrims. Celsus, as well as the Jewish Talmud—the book of the modern Jewish rabbis containing stories, parables, and the "traditions" to which Jesus alludes—both suppose the prophet of Nazareth to have gained much of his spiritual wisdom in Egypt, by a study of its sacred mysteries. Celsus,* on the authority of a Jew, declares, among other things, that Jesus "had gone to service for wages in Egypt; that he had there acquired certain magic arts, and, on the strength of these, had on his return announced himself a divine being" (Strauss translates, "boasted himself for a God"). We know, from the gospel historians, that he was taken at an early age by his parents into Egypt, and the Talmud declares that a member of the learned Jewish Sanhedrim accompanied him there as his teacher. But our limits forbid us from entering at this time into any further discussion of this subject.† In perusing the histories and traditions of the times of our Saviour and those anterior, we shall be struck with the strong, unquestioning faith in spiritual existences and intercourse, and in supersensuous and spiritual realities, evinced especially among the Eastern nations, when compared with the material philosophy and the utter faithlessness in any thing above this world and its possessions, of our own times. They believed, with their ancient writers, that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth men understanding." All men were moved by a present Deity. Angels,‡ or departed spirits from the heavenly spheres, were gliding up and down with messages of love and wisdom, impress-

* Origen contra Celsum.

† An article upon this subject by De Quincey, that most erudite of all living English writers, published in "Blackwood" some years since, will have great interest for the student in such matters.

‡ Literally "messengers," *spiritual* messengers.

ing the minds of men in the dreams of the night and the visions of the day with celestial and prophetic truths, and whispering to them of the glories of the invisible world. Thus, at the birth of John, the cousin of Jesus, called the Baptizer, Zacharias, the priest and father, sees a spirit "standing on the right side of the altar of incense," from whom he received the messages, "Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife, Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt call his name John," or 'the Grace of the Lord,' in allusion to his mother's former barrenness. And this spiritual messenger represents himself to be Gabriel, or literally "strength from God." The same spirit is also represented as visiting the mother of Jesus with a similar message (the latter portion, however, concerning "the throne of David," and "reigning over the house of Israel," wholly inapplicable to the gentle Saviour, and never fulfilled). And this was his message to Mary, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God; and, behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Saviour. He shall be great, and shall be called a son of the Most High. And Jehovah shall give to him the throne of his ancestor David; and he shall reign over the family of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Accounts we have also, in connection with the above, that both Mary and Zacharias spoke, moved by a holy or "heavenly spirit"—became "speaking mediums," as we should say now—uttering words as they were probably moved by some spiritual messenger from the higher spheres. Before Joshua or the Saviour was born, Joseph, the husband of Mary, also receives a spiritual message; and after his birth he received, in dreams, three spiritual impressions that are recorded; one, that they should not return to Herod; another, that they should go into Egypt; and still a third, after Herod's death, in the form of a message from a spirit, to return into the land of Israel.

We have several accounts also of particular communications of Jesus with angels or spiritual messengers—besides general declarations to that effect in various parts of the gospel records. After "the temptation" these same celestial visitants are represented as coming and ministering unto him. Both Matthew and Mark give an account of a conversation he had with Moses and

Elias, and of the extraordinary appearance of spiritual "illumination," or "odid light" that played around the Saviour, and bathed his face and form. His face, declares Matthew, did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, and in the words of Mark, "He was transfigured before them; his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can whiten them." And he himself, alluding to his connection and communication with celestial spheres, says, at the time he was arrested to await his trial, "Thinkest thou that I can not now petition my father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels or spirits?"

Striking instances are also given of his powers of clairvoyance or spiritual sight: that faculty of perceiving objects beyond the reach of the natural vision, seemingly without the use of the visual organs; developed to the highest degree, it is the inward or spiritual vision, the opening of the eyes of the soul, enabling men to behold spiritual existences invisible to the outward sense, as they will see them, when freed from the material body and its present organs, in higher spheres.* The first instance given by his biographers of the clairvoyant powers of Jesus, is in the calling of Nathaniel, who, in surprise at his being recognized by the Saviour, inquired, "Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered, and said, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered, and saith unto him, Teacher, thou art a Son of God, thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered, and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these." To account for the astonishment of Philip, we must not only take into account the distance at which he was, at the time specified, from Jesus, but also the fact of the thick tent-like covering of the umbrageous fig-tree, with its concealment of very large dark leaves. Again: in the story of the woman of Samaria, when sitting at Jacob's well in Sychar, during the temporary absence of his friends, we have a hint of his marvelous power of reading the thoughts and memory. And the woman, after his narration of certain facts

* See Life of Swedenborg in No. II., vol. i., and Works of A. J. Davis.

of her life, "went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come and see a man which told me all things that ever I did." And in another place it is recorded, "that Jesus knew their thoughts." And we are assured "that he knew *all men*, and needed not that any should testify of a man, for he knew what was in a man." Of his powers of "psychologizing," to use a very modern and technical phrase, or of sympathetic and spiritual influence on the minds of others, and of healing, the history of his life affords very numerous instances.

Under the head of sympathetic or psychological impression, the so-called miracle of turning water into wine is generally classed; it being supposed that Jesus did not actually make the water wine, but that, through his psychological influence on the minds of those about him, the water seemed to their taste a less pure and simple beverage, and that thus, by substituting water for their drink, after they "had well drunk," he saved them from the vice of inebriety. Many of his cures seem to belong to the same class of sympathetic or psychological impression. Either through the influence of his peculiar spiritual development, or by the powerful action of a lofty and determined will, or of both united, he gained an ascendancy over the minds of the diseased, the invalid, and the insane, that induced a state of mental sympathy, or faith in him, through which they gained a release from the ills that had possessed and enslaved them.* Even the word often employed in the gospel narration of the cures performed by Jesus indicates a commanding exercise of the will. Thus, in regard to the man "which had a spirit of an unclean devil" it is recorded, that Jesus *rebuked* him, saying, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a *word* is this! for with *authority* and *power* he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." And in the account of the healing of Simon's wife's mother, it is said, that he stood over her and rebuked the fever. The action of the mind of Jesus in performing these cures, by a principle well known to physicians and scientific

* Some peculiar faculty of the mind, such as caution, fear, passion, timidity, despair, melancholy, often possesses or psychologizes a man, enslaves his nature, rendering him mentally or morally insane—a coward, or a madman.

men, is curiously illustrated in the story of two insane Gadarenes, who imagined themselves possessed of demons, and who, identifying themselves with these imaginary fiends, feared that if they were driven out of their present abode they would find no refuge. And, as "there was a good way off a herd of many swine feeding, the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." And Jesus, understanding the power of imagination in such cases to assist the cure, said unto them, "Go!" And the madmen, still identifying themselves with the devils till the swine began to run, doubtless, rushed furiously after them, and chased them into the lake, for it is written, that "the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."* By some, the feeding of the five thousand is attributed to the same "psychological" influence, but by others, and to our mind with more reason, to the benevolent example of Jesus in distributing his own little store of provisions, and thus leading those who had an abundance with them, either for merchandise or food, to share with those who were without, till the wants of all were satisfied. The same spiritual authority and power of will were manifested in his cure of the man with the withered hand, whom he commands, with an authoritative tone, to "stretch forth his hand." That this power of will was connected also with a knowledge of the healing art, and with some powerful magnetic influences, appears from other accounts. In the description of his healing the blind man, we learn that "he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle; and anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." Here a physical agency was employed, doubtless, with a scientific knowledge of the result, and perhaps not once, or even twice, or thrice only. Of the man that had the dropsy, it is recorded that "he *took* him, and healed him, and then let

* See Jahn's *Archæology*, § 195. In allowing these madmen to drive the swine into the lake, Jesus has been accused, by some critics, of criminally destroying the property of others, as well as of exercising cruelty toward animals; but what is the life of a few hogs, when compared with the relief of human beings from the terrible curse of insanity; and Jesus, indeed, was not one of those who place property or institutions before men; neither did he regard them as of equal importance with the welfare of the humblest child of the Heavenly Father.

him go" cured. That there was a peculiar magnetic power in him, resulting from the perfection of his organization and the purity of his life, appears from the story of the woman who touched the border of his garment. "And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter, and they that were with him, said, Sir, the multitude throng thee, and press thee, and sayest thou, who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." And the phrases "he touched him," "laid his hands on them," etc., all indicate some magnetic action.

We had hoped to find space to discuss here the story of Lazarus, but our limits forbid us to dwell longer, as we could wish, upon the life and history, peculiar powers and characteristics, of this wonderful being—wonderful for his gifts and his virtues, for his holiness, his wisdom, and his devotion to truth—but, most of all, wonderful for that full and tender sympathy, that gentle and earnest humanity, that led him "to go about doing good"—"to seek and to save the lost;" "so that they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy;" "and he healed *every* sickness and *every* disease among the people." But more than this, he was kind, and charitable, and gentle, not only to the humble and destitute, but even to the sinful, the criminal, and abandoned; and by his love and tenderness he saved, reformed, and blessed them. Such was the life of Jesus, the "Saviour," and in devotion to those great principles of the paternal relation and character of God, and the freedom, equality, and brotherhood of man, which he had so earnestly preached and beautifully exemplified, he at length died a glorious martyr, murdered by the enemies of these great truths, for this very devotion.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

“MY DEAR BRITTAN:

“I give you now the first of a series of lessons that were given to me through a clairvoyant medium. I was told, through that source, that my interior perceptions were not sufficiently opened to enable me to see the brighter parts of the scenes which they were desirous of presenting to me, and therefore they were compelled to use another medium. The series consisted of three lessons. The first, which I now give you, was intended to represent the Transit from Physical to Mental Light. The second, which I will next give you, the Transit from Mental to Spiritual Light; and the third, which will follow in due season, the Progress of Human, Semi-divine, and Divine Laws.

“Yours, etc., J. W. EDMONDS.”

TRANSIT FROM PHYSICAL TO MENTAL LIGHT.

He was the freeman whom the truth made free,
Who first of all the bands of Satan broke,
Who broke the bands of sin: and for his soul,
In spite of fools, consulted seriously.

* * * * *

Who finally in strong integrity
Of soul, midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely, seeking this
Alone: the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

Pollock's Course of Time.

It is a panoramic view of ages which I see, and I will describe it to you.

It is a vast plain, spread out before me, and far in the distance a crowd of human beings. Above them is a vast banner, outspread all over them. Its ground-work is black, and its letters still blacker—the extract of darkness itself. The words inscribed upon it are “SUPERSTITION, SLAVERY, CRIME,” forming, as it were, a half circle. Many of those beings have smaller banners of the same material and device, which they hug closely to their bosoms, as if part of their very life. All have dark shades over their eyes. It is a sad picture—dark and melancholy.

But now the scene changes to one brighter and more beautiful, but there is a vast space between the two pictures, yet undiscovered, and hidden from my view by a mist-like cloud, partly illuminated, that is resting upon it.

In the distance, beyond this intermediate space, is a beautiful valley, with high mountains encircling it. Their summit is illuminated with rays of light, pure and bright, and different from any thing yet seen on earth.

This side of the mountain is rugged and steep, and difficult to climb. Dark caverns and somber valleys are seen along its slope. In ascending, one must constantly look upward, or be bewildered amid the darkness that envelopes its sides.

From the brightness of the summit arises a flame of light, ascending to the heavens, and forming there a vast banner, which has its device also. The letters on it are brighter than the sunbeams, and the words are, “TRUTH, LIBERTY, PROGRESSION.”

This banner rises from beyond the mountains, and spreads over like a pall, but it is a pall of light.

That which is between the two pictures, is now rolling back like a scroll, and I see what that middle ground is.

Here I see another order of beings, similar in formation to those first seen, but without the mental shroud that was around them.

There a broad battle-field is being prepared. Those dark beings, with their black banners, are coming out, arrayed for battle with the brighter ones. The contest will be fearful. Those dark ones are confident in their numbers, for they are as a thousand to one. But what matters that? It is to be a battle between the immortal mind and the mortal body.

But, see ! there comes from that bright mountain a herald of light, and he cries aloud through all the nations, " Which shall conquer ? Truth, Liberty, and Progression, or Superstition, Slavery, and Crime ? " His words are heralded in the air. How beautiful are his looks ! He is a spirit of light. His thrilling tones infuse new life into the brighter ones, and they rise with renewed energy, determined at last to conquer.

It is a mighty contest, and is to determine the fate of nations. All the base passions that have degraded humanity are awakening in their might, and rush on in their fury, battling for their very existence.

A more brilliant beam of light shines from the faces of the progressed ones, showing the light and the life that are within them, and that are cheering them to the contest.

Now, lo ! the view opens beyond the dark mountains, and behold there a glorious scene, where Love, Truth, and Wisdom sit enthroned. I see the beautiful landscapes, dewy lawns, winding rivers, and rich pastures, and an atmosphere so sweet and balmy, that the spirit might dissolve itself in its loveliness. A race of spiritual beings inhabit there. An unearthly radiance flows from the brain of each, and is wafted up by unseen zephyrs to make the glorious light which shines from behind the dark mountains.

It is the home of Liberty, Truth, and Progression, and has sent forth its spirits holding up that glorious banner. It is upheld by their unseen hands, and it is their brilliancy which casts the radiance on the inhabitants below. From that beautiful place they send forth spirits that whisper, in voiceless tones, encouragement and hope to those who battle in that strife.

See now the lesson which the picture teaches. It comes like a dream, but it has a deep meaning. It is a picture of the Past, the Present, and the Future.

The beings enveloped in the dark gloom are creatures of the past. They are represented as reaching forward toward a brighter period, but still with shades over their eyes, and with their dark banner over them. The small banners that they hug to their bosoms are the errors they would still retain. The shades are to keep off the rays of truth that are beginning to

spread over their hitherto darkened horizon. Those more progressed beings in the center, have shaken off some of their errors and absorbed some of the light of Truth and the spirit of Freedom, and those dark beings tremble lest those progressed ones go too far and leave them behind steeped in their gloom. They would arrest their progress, but they can not. They will, however, do battle with them, depending on the might of their vast numbers, and they strive to envelop them in the folds of the dark banner. It has, therefore, been spread far beyond them, yet is thrown back upon itself by the bright banner of Truth.

Those progressed beings have aid that those benighted nations know not of. Unseen hands are fanning their brows, and strengthening them for the conflict. Spirit-voices are whispering to them of that which must be, and the broad banner of Truth, Liberty, and Progression is enveloping them in its glorious folds. The combined forces of the Spirit-world are theirs.

But, see! Another change rolls over the scene. The dark banner lies crushed and torn upon the earth. The smaller emblems have disappeared. The dark beings have lost their hideous aspect, and have become more like children. The shades have fallen from over their eyes. But their eyes are yet weak, and they shade them with their hands from the light which is yet too strong for their unaccustomed vision.

The progressed spirits have given them their hands and in-folded them in their arms, and point upward to their broad banner. Those others shade their eyes with their hands, and look up timidly and shrinkingly, for they can not yet bear the glorious light that is beaming over them. All those thousand hands are pointing upward. Rays of light from beyond the mountains are beaming brighter upon them, and the spirits from that happy home of Freedom and Truth are rising up, hovering over them, and looking upon them with loving eyes.

And now that glorious banner is slowly turning, that the other side may be seen, and all the nations are looking upward to it. Its obverse side has this inscription in bright and glorious light:

"TRUTH HAS PREVAILED. WE HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER SIN,

SUPERSTITION, AND MORAL DEATH. THE VICTORY IS OURS, THROUGH TIME AND THROUGH ETERNITY."

But, see, the scroll is rolling up and the spirit speaks :

"Behold what has been, what is, and what is to be !"

And to you who would aid in this holy strife for the redemption of man, it says :

"BE UP AND ARMED FOR THE CONFLICT. FEAR NOT TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, AS IT SHALL BE REVEALED TO YOU, AND PAUSE NOT IN YOUR EFFORTS TO DIFFUSE TRUTH AND FREEDOM AMONG MEN."



BEAUTIFUL VISIONS.

PRESENTED TO J. W. HURLBUT.

"S. B. BRITTAN :

"*Dear Sir*—In March last, Mr. J. W. Hurlbut, of Auburn, N. Y., visited the circle of which I was a member. During the few days he passed with us, he related to me the following visions, as seen by himself. I think he saw one of them in Troy, and the other two in Auburn. I have taken more liberty in arranging these visions than I would have done, had I intended publishing them as coming through him. The outlines, and the truths intended to be conveyed, are as I received them. I have submitted them to the spirits, through a reliable medium, and they have acknowledged them as their production, stating that all which had been added by me was done through their impression.

"HENRY ROUSSEAU.

"TROY, August 31st, 1852."

THE TWO GATES.

I was a wanderer, and before me was a vast tract of land, with a broken and uneven surface, in which were many deep chasms. In my wanderings, I was in constant fear of falling, and often

on the very brink of destruction ; still I was upheld and conducted in safety, though dangers beset me on every side. I queried to myself, Is there no end to these dangers—no rest ? is my whole life to be spent in this incessant toil and watchfulness ?

A high wall was before me. I followed a path by its side, hoping to find an entrance within the inclosure. After much toil, I came to a gate ; it was of great beauty, sparkling with gems and precious stones. The pillars which sustained it were embedded deep in the earth, and towered high in the heavens. They were beautifully white, and semi-transparent. An arch was over the gate, from which flashed, in brilliant light, the words, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD !" The gate was open a little distance, as if to admit any one who was inclined to enter. Here, thought I, is my rest from all my toil and wandering. I will enter, and be at peace. As I was about entering, the gate closed gently, and forced me from the entrance. My unfitness to pass the gate of holiness did not occur to me. I thought, if I can obtain admission I will ; for within, all was beautiful and inviting. So I walked in front of the gate, as if unconcerned at the opposition I had met with, watching for an opportunity to dart through suddenly. Soon all was in readiness, and as I was near the gate, I started with all the speed I could command, but before I could gain an inch within the inclosure, the gate again closed, and I lay on the ground bruised and in pain.

If I enter, thought I, it must be by some other gate, where one can enter who is not so holy. I mentally inquired, Did any one ever enter this gate ? A voice at my side answered, "Yes, one, and only one, even He who died the just for the unjust, that He might open the Gate of Repentance." The Gate of Repentance ! Where will I find that ? The voice answered, "Pass on." So I again followed the path by the side of the wall, until I became weary, and lay me down to rest. Again a voice at my side said, "Up, sluggard, and flee for thy life !" I arose, and a gate was before me ; but O how different from the beautiful one I had passed ! Two massive columns of coarse granite supported a frame, in which were perpendicular sliding bars. The whole appeared to be made more for strength than beauty. And is

this one of the gates of Heaven? I silently demanded. The voice answered, "Many will seek to enter in, but will not be able." In examining the gate more attentively, I saw inscribed over it, in black letters, "REPENTANCE." I also saw that there was space enough between the bars to admit those who wished to enter. Here, thought I, is no barrier, *all can enter*. The voice repeated, "ALL CAN ENTER—but enter ere it be too late." So I thought to myself, I will enter.

As I approached the gate, and attempted to pass between the bars, they came sliding together, and completely checked my progress. I passed along to the opening caused by the sliding of the bars; the bars passed with me, and I soon became convinced that something must be done before I could enter even so lowly a gate as this. To return was destruction; to advance seemed impossible. "How shall I be saved?" escaped from my lips. A hand appeared beside me, bleeding from the palm, with a finger pointing to the inscription. I asked, "Of what shall I repent?" The answer was, "You have not obeyed the commands of your Maker." "What does he require of me?" "Obedience to the law of kindness and love. Instruct the ignorant, relieve the needy, soothe the afflicted, and bind up the broken-hearted." Then I thought, to what purpose have I lived? And there was none to bless me, and I said, "O Lord! I abhor myself, and there is no good thing in me."

I looked at the gate, and the bars were again in their place, and there were many openings through which I could pass. I took courage and advanced, yet with fear and trembling. As I passed the upper part of my body through an opening, I was caught by the bars, and held firmly in that position; the bars came together above and below me, and fitted tightly to my body, so that I could neither pass out nor in. I supposed that I was permanently fixed, and put up a cry for help. Soon a shining one came near—he was the picture of benevolence and love—and, pointing to the inscription, said, "Repent, and cry for mercy." I told him that I had repented and cried. He smiled, and said, "Surely you are not in earnest with so feeble a cry." I was every moment becoming more and more uncomfortable. I was alarmed, because I could neither advance nor

retreat. The chasms behind me seemed to have advanced to my feet. I was now really convinced that my present and future happiness, and, in fact, my life, depended on my passage through this gate. So I sent up a more earnest cry, saying, "O Lord, save me, or I perish!" It seemed now that the bars held me more firmly than before. At this I became so alarmed, that I struggled with all my might. I exerted my whole strength as for my life, and, to my surprise, the barrier disappeared, and I seemed to have struggled only with myself against my unwillingness to enter. To me the gate had disappeared, and in the place of the humble structure, I now beheld a triumphal and glorious arch, more beautiful than the gate of holiness. I thought much of the change, and I now perceived that it was owing to the different position in which I was placed. Over the arch was this beautiful inscription, "PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER!"

Within the wall, what raptures did I behold! A country, extending as far as the eye could reach, appeared before me. It was more beautiful than imagination can picture, and inhabited by innumerable spirits, whose employment was to increase the happiness of each other—studying the mysteries of redeeming love, and progressing to the new Jerusalem, which can only be entered by spirits made perfect.

TO ALDALGON.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
And saw—with their unearthly beauty pained—
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained;
I stood as one whom some strange dream enthralls,
For in the dusky Past deep eyes like thine
Looked on me from afar in festal halls,
And vanished, leaving me in vain to pine

For their lost meaning. Time hath taught too well
All which that mystic vision did foreshow—
The sudden gloom that o'er their glory fell—
The meaning of that shadow, and its woe.

The cloud that vailed those orbs of starry light
Turns forth its silver lining on the night,
And, as a dream remembered in a dream,
Again I see in sleep their tender beam,
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and still.

Oft since thine earthly eyes have closed on mine
Our souls, dim-wandering in the hall of dreams,
Hold mystic converse on the life divine
By the still music of immortal streams;
And oft thy spirit tells how friends affied
By sovran destinies no more can part—
How Death and Hell are powerless to divide
Souls whose deep lives lie folded heart in heart.
And if at times some lingering shadow lies
Heavy upon thy path—some haunting dread—
Then do I point thee to the sacrifice
Of Him who freely did his life-blood shed
For others' weal—the faith that doth approve
In death, the deathless power and divine life of Love.

THE ACTIVITY OF THE SOUL.

BY SEÑOR ADADUS CALPE.

TOWARD the end of the last century, the human mind made an effort to shake off the shattered yoke of Metaphysics, and as by fatality men are never balanced by the *juste milieu*, they flung themselves into materialism and pantheism. It is evident that the wonderful progress achieved in physical sciences had made them proud to such an extent that they believed themselves semi-gods.

Water, wind, fire, earth, and nearly all that is contained in them, has passed under the royal dominion of man. What wonder is it if he looks upon sciences purely spiritual, and particularly Metaphysics, as almost beneath contempt? Ten thousand voices arise from every corner of the world against this science. Metaphysics is not the science of our days: Metaphysics is an *imbroglio*, it is said by others. No. Metaphysics is as clear as our existence; every man is a metaphysician by nature. If it is obscure, it is because men have wished to investigate the causes of things, which are mostly superior to the sphere of human knowledge, while we are enveloped in the thick vail of our body. Metaphysics is the gymnastics of soul. Let us see how the human intelligence has proceeded from the beginning of its existence in investigating truth.

Three wide roads are opened before our eyes. First, Intuition—almost at every step of creation leading to error; Secondly, Hypothesis—forger of dreams, although we are indebted to it for some truth; and, finally, Experience and Observation—the sole method leading to truth in physical and even spiritual sciences.

To know the power of Intuition, it is enough to say that it is

the offspring of the senses, the soul having not time and ease to compare; and it is more than sufficient for us to see that we are unable to distinguish by the truthful, the false, the just or the unjust, the solid or the apparent, the real or the doubtful, the useful or the useless. Intuition presents phenomena scarcely yielding science. Hypothesis agitates, moves in every direction, flies in the realm of possibilities, but is not stable at all. We suppose that such and such premises set on foot, we may be able to get such and such consequences; but are they true? Here is the question. One supposes that he has found a treasure—it may be so; but until now it is a mere supposition, and he dreams, the consequence, that many good things can be done by him, restoring his neighbor perhaps to comfortable life. His heart leaps with joy, his imagination represents to him thousands of good actions; but the cries, the prayers, the tears of his fellow-creatures recall him to reality, and he sees the pale faces, the fleshless hands of the wretched who implore his humanity, and the reality makes him perceive the impotency of his supposition. Some will say that Newton, Descartes, and the greater part of philosophers, have found truth of the first rank by supposition. By supposition? no, by deduction; but this supposes the observation of effects and the experience of things in such a wise that the deduction is true reasoning, is not a mere hypothesis. The hypothetical method has been, and is now-a-days, the source of the greatest errors in physics, in history, in metaphysics, and in every branch of knowledge. This system has begotten the Utopia, has made men visionaries, has overthrown in part the basis of intelligence, has produced demagogism, skepticism—and this one makes the human mind swim in an ocean of possibilities; and, as an author says, “the region of possibilities is the kingdom of fictions.” One supposes that all is matter, another that all is spirit, for these all is equality, for those all is unlevelled, for the others their heads have to be where are their feet; and they venture to say, blasphemously, with the astronomer, monarch of Castile, that “if they had been present to the plan of creation, they should counsel a great deal better God in the artifact of the world.” Hypothesis makes men rush over such precipices.

The observation of the phenomena, presented to us by nature,

makes us compare, experience, deduce, and from these mental operations the truth springs. Well, and in every science are observation and experience the true masters? This question can be answered affirmatively in almost all sciences which lie under our senses, although experience and observation are not equal in all people. To evidence that even in this luminous route error is found, it is easy to remark that the observation of all men—with all their culture and experience—is not equal. Let us take a material example, because, as the great Spaniard, Quintilianus, says, *non per præcepta sed per exempla ad veritatem pervenimus*. Let us take Shakspeare in our hands and call a hundred people, some of them in besotted ignorance, others more informed, others with higher mind, others with sublime genius and delicate literary taste. Let us open the above mentioned author in a tongue familiar to every one of them, and let them come one by one to give us their opinion about the passage which we present to their eyes to be read, considered, observed by them. One is not able to read, he does not know the alphabet; all that he sees is to him as it would be to an ant-eater, and although he has observed every figure, every stroke, every point, every accent, looks he at us and says, “I do not understand, sir, I can not read.” After this one comes another, who knows the letters; he is able to spell, but his science goes not further; there comes another that reads by halves; there comes another that reads, but does not understand what he reads, although it is written in his own language; there comes another that tastes certain isolated phrases; there comes another that appreciates the whole, and is charmed in reading, and bursts into exclamations which show the effects of the enthusiasm in which such a reading puts him. Can one trust in the experience and observation of all bystanders to appreciate the talent of the author? Certainly not; thousands can be proposed to prove that even material things are liable to the misunderstanding of the senses. What wonder is it that spiritual phenomena have escaped from our science? We are told that in physical sciences the method of observation and experience almost always shows us the truth, if those who experience and observe are good judges; but in the mental sciences they are not fitted for the purpose. The passion for assigning causes to every

phenomenon, made Descartes go astray a hundred times. In transcendental sciences, in dogma, the system of experience and observation is almost null. We see effects, but with all our efforts and coming up from one observation to another, from one phenomenon to another, from one supposition to another, we are often unable to see the true light. For six thousand years men have been observing their body and soul in their effects: Do they know the relation of those two principles to each other? Do they know the cause of this wonder, reproduced at every breath? Are they able to say why matter spiritualizes itself, so to speak, and *vice versa*, why the soul materializes itself in its turn? What is the profit of the systems of the physical influence, of the previous harmony, of the occasional causes? It is null, it is a mere erudition. If every one of us had chosen the body which serves to him as nympha, as Julius Scaliger, the Peripatetics, and the followers of the doctrine of Archeus pretend, which of us would not be an Adonis?

Let us see the progress that we have made in metaphysics, as natural theology and psychology are generally called by the scholars, from the oldest ages. Let us enumerate great geniuses. The names of men are the history of the progress or the decadence of society. We will say nothing of India, or of China, or of Persia, or of Egypt. The names, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others, are lost in the darkness of time, and all that was said by them is in greater part invented by those who came after them, who, in order to make their hypothesis more valuable, have bestowed upon those great thinking men that which, perhaps, they never dreamt of. Lay them aside, and let us come to the point. Greece is the mother of science. The great defect discovered by the thinking man in the divine philosopher, in the founder of the Italic sect, in the profound and sublime Stagyrte—great in old ages, great now, great forever—is their darkness in metaphysics, their contradiction. Those great geniuses flung themselves into unknown regions; they enveloped themselves in an ether called by them Spirit-world; they swam in the immensity; they saw by intervals, being impotent to give a reason for what they saw; but at last they bit the sand of the deepness of the ocean, which they ventured themselves to cross, in the struggling agonies of the

mysterious, and their corpses are come floating over the swelling and black element of their theories, now of ether, now of Spirit-world, now of light, now of unknown fluid, to the shores of our schools, after having been wandering two thousand years in the immensity of the everlasting, while they were men, leaving us in the same darkness in which they were themselves. We must confess that Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Zenon, and many others, were wanting the light of Revelation; and consequently, although they have a glimpse of spirit in their bodies, although they said it was immortal, although their suppositions are in great part the same as we profess, nevertheless, they found not the beacon of the port they intended to reach. Oh, human weakness! Spirit-geniuses, which peopled the universe, the metempsychosis, a being as great as all imaginable, which existed through every thing, and whose emanations we were, all this, and more that we do not say, was forged by them; but all were suppositions. We must be allowed to say that those great men, in the midst of their wonderful understanding, particularly in transcendental sciences, wanting in revelation—sole light which has shone for mortals—found themselves hidden by an enormous bronze bell, similar to the receiver of an air-pump, whose thickness deprived them not only of seeing what was passing out of it, but even of breath; and, although they strove to enjoy this divine ether which surrounded them, they succeeded only in prostrating themselves upon the ground, in the suffocation of death, when they thought to breathe life. Thus it was, because they vitiated the principle of science, wishing to investigate the causes of things, paying attention to phenomena only by halves.

Some centuries elapsed, when Potamon and Ammonias Saccas founded their school at Alexandria; a school truly, which promised to be more enlightened than the preceding; but their investigation of causes made them fall into oblivion forever. Hierocles, Plotin, and Phorphyrius, those new platonists, decidedly made more way, because, dazzled by the simple grandeur of Christianity, by its marvelous doctrines in relation to God, to angels, to souls, to the other world, to the resurrection of the body, to glory, to hell, and to its superhuman miracles; they

began to study effects, to investigate the causes; they founded eclecticism, and they lost themselves. The Pantheism of the heathen, their coarse fables, were converted into Spiritualism, into symbols, into geniuses, and they peopled the universe with spirits which swam in the atmosphere, which spoke to men, which were conjured up in vaults, in caverns, in the bowels of the earth; they multiplied wonders, and they found every thing, even the mystery of the holy Trinity, in the philosophers of Greece. They got into a gulf of suppositions, of conjectures, and they were involved in the whirlwind of causes, where desperation only is found.

Those were followed by others, and others, half-thinkers and pseudo-philosophers, and the world was darkened with their intoxicating smoke, until men fell again into the labyrinth of the sophisms and entangled metaphysics of the scholastics, which assigned an angel for every planet, for every link in the chain of creation. To such errors the disorderly desire of explaining will conduct men. The scholastic school has been one of the worst scourges of human reason existing from the dawn of the world. No matter if its defenders blend with it the names of Aristotle, St. Augustin, St. John Damascenus; no matter if they rock its cradle in the eleventh and twelfth century; no matter if St. Anselmus, Abelard, San-Franc, Roscelin, Aberroës, and the Spanish Arabs are said to be the inventors; no matter, we repeat it: the truth is, that the scholasticism and the dialectics, with their categories, substances, moralities, universals, particulars, form, matter, *secundum quod*, *secundum quid*, *categorematicè*, *sin-categorematicè*, incomprehensible distinctions, reduplicative propositions, abstracts and concretes, existents and unintelligibles, and a crowd of barbarous words, made men stupid.

Suárez, this marvelous Spanish genius, illustrated the metaphysics, and the laws flying from scholastics as from an abyss. This Jesuit was the first reformer in the thorny path of science; and you must not say that, because he is a Spaniard and a Jesuit, he is not a good authority; because Bayle, who is not a Jesuit nor a Spaniard, defends him with all the strength of his mind, and the authors of the encyclopedia, enemies of every thing smelling of scholastics or theology, say, *Si nos livres les*

*plus communs sur la morale valent mieux que ceux du divin Platon c'est o eux que nous le devons.** Luther and those of his school went up one step more in the philosophical spirit, but they had to succumb to the barbarous language of the school in order to be understood; because they knew no other, or they had no time to improvise another more philosophical, and for this very reason they lost themselves in barbarous words and subtilities.

Descartes, this great reformer of the scientific universe, and of the human mind, came into this world as the beacon of a new light in the midst of the shipwreck of philosophy. Descartes and Bacon have been the two stars, giving light and science, because their doctrine is founded upon experience and the observation of effects, and from hence they go in search of causes. Calling Descartes, the pen writes, Newton. A century between those two sublime geniuses! Short is the time, but those two heads are the poles of the intellectual world of our epoch. Both go arm in arm in their marvelous discoveries. Locke and Condillac follow them, rehabilitating the aphorism of Aristote, *nihil in intellectu nisi prius fuerit in sensu*. We are indebted to these men for all that we know in metaphysics.

Men have subsequently been classified into spiritualists, materialists, eclectics, and pantheists, but none of them have made us know the causes of phenomena presented to our examination by the Spiritual World. Then must we say, that being unable to know the causes of such phenomena, it is better for us to lead a mere vegetable life? Not at all, indeed. Do we know the causes of the attraction of the loadstone? No, it is nowadays a mystery for us. And do we know its effects? Yes, experience and observation have made them manifest to us. And knowing only the effects, has not the mariner's compass opened the world, as Montesquieu says, and made men sociable? Yes. And knowing only effects, has not chemistry made wonderful progress? Yes. And knowing only effects, does not history teach us in wondrous pages? Yes. And knowing only effects, does not physiology plunge us in an ocean of prodigies? Yes. And

* Suarez and Covarrubias.

knowing only effects, have we not traveled through all the world, and seen its sphericity? Yes. And knowing only effects, have we not advanced in physics more in a century than our forefathers in fifty-eight centuries? Yes. And knowing only effects, have we not taken gigantic paces in politics, although this is the science which most of all lags behind? Yes. And knowing only effects, do we not walk among the stars, and arrive almost at the feet of the throne of God? Yes, because, as Paul says, "the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead." . . . Well, if even these words of the apostle-philosopher of heaven—for he was in one of those ecstasies in which he says he does not know if he was in his body or out of it—corroborate the doctrine of the observation of the effects of investigating truth; why have we not to observe with more attention the phenomena of the soul, a subject as vast as it is obscure, in which we have hitherto looked for the causes rather than for the effects?

As it has been said, several times in our age, we are materialized to such an extent, that the very progress in natural sciences, which no doubt is marvelous, makes us regard spiritual doctrines as beneath contempt; and our weakness being unable to fly in those divine spheres, we say that the study is useless, and he who denies every thing approves every part of it. It seems that all that we have learned has passed over our mind as the wandering reminiscence of pleasure. It is certain that, while we endeavor to investigate the causes of every thing, without investigating the effects, our science will be null. The general question of the skeptics is of this nature: Why is this so? Why is it thus or thus? Tell me the cause of it? And time is not allowed to us to answer, such is the hurry of their questions. Skepticism is the begotten son of ignorance as much as superstition. In sciences purely mental, the sole elements of learning are to see, to study, to observe, and to deduce consequences. The more we think, and the less we speak, the more we shall advance in the route of the spiritual world. There will always be incomprehensible arcana, even in things which lie under the inspection of our senses. For this very reason Solomon says, "This sore

travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith." Of those mysteries, some are merely material, others eminently spiritual, and not a few participating in both elements. The nerves in the animal constitution belong to this class.

Of all diseases which torture the human race, those which affect the nervous system are the most terrible, if we except ignorance. In the dark ages, when the methods of Science were limited to intuition and hypothesis, men believed that these diseases were the effects of the wrath of gods. Such is the obscurity of their causes. And in the former times of Christianity—and in our days—they believed that the patients were possessed by evil spirits. Such aberrations spring from the assignation of causes to the greatest part of the phenomena presented to us by Nature. Amazement of spirit, fear, inconstancy, melancholy, madness, palsy, epilepsy, hiccough, cramps, nightmare, fainting, or syncope, hysterical affections, and others which, being so numerous and complicated, have no name, are the result of influences upon the nerves. These infirmities, which drive the patient to despair and humiliate the pride of science, spring from exterior or interior causes: in the former case they do not belong to us; in the latter their phenomena are the ecstasy, simple abstraction, the derangement of mind, artificial and natural somnambulism, animal electricity, etc., which, in many cases, have no external causes, or only in a very remote manner, and then their discussion belongs to Psychology. New discoveries teach us that every human being has two complete nervous systems, with different objects. The first serves to transfer exterior sensations to the thinking principle, and to these appropriately belongs the name of *nerves of sentiment*; the others are destined to impel movement to an expression or locomotion, and those are called *nerves of movement*. These form the true empire of the human soul. Here is the arcanum of the harmony of body and spirit. Here human reason loses itself. Here all is darkness. Here intuition, hypothesis, experience, and observation are shipwrecked. Time, that great master of things, will make us observe and experience more and more; but the cause of the stupendous psychological phenomena

which the soul presents, touching these semi-spiritual springs, will always be unknown. These are its telegraphic wires, with which it produces enthusiasm, gigantic images, excites the imagination, irritates the fancy, moves the thought, incites the will, loves, hates, exalts itself, plunges into amazement, flies from, or goes near, the exterior world, and displays its muscular forces. How are those wonders performed? What is the cause of our soul having the nerves as powerful conductors of its infinite strength? It is not known: it has not been known, and never shall be known. What is the reason why the electric current performs such prodigies in the atmosphere? The sage answers: I do not know. The same is our answer. We do not know. The only thing that is open to our inquiry is to know the effects. We shall advance in this thorny path, because our tendency is to perfectibility; but man, imbodyed in his fleshly incasement, and perhaps out of it, is not able to know what the Author of nature has reserved to himself. From the beginning he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. To deny that the soul has constant influence upon the nerves, is an absurdity. It does not seem out of place to speak, on this occasion, of the faculties of the human soul. Damiron observes that they can be divided into six: activity, unity, identity, intelligence, sensibility, and liberty. Others may be imbodyed in these. We do not speak of their ontological relations, nor of their moral superiority; that would be to deviate from our path. We will speak of the psychological activity, and of its logical supremacy. The first question put by our readers will be, What is the activity of the soul? The activity is the activity. That is the best definition that we can give. All others must be futile. All we know is, that we act incessantly, sleeping or waking. In abnormal or normal state, our *Ego* is indefatigable, continuative in its acts; and, if it were not so, our existence would be none, and God would be obliged, at every step, at every breath, to re-commence the wonder of a new creation. The activity of the soul makes the nerves of movement contract when, in the night, it recollects a scene of horror, or dilate when it thinks of something agreeable. Our activity irritates them in the midst of the deepest sleep, because the nerves, conductors of external sensations, are

actionless, benumbed, without movement, without life. They have gone into the sinuosities of mystery, and, notwithstanding, men sleeping, laugh, speak, menace, weep, enjoy, or suffer. These organical phenomena, produced by the activity of the soul, sometimes by instinct, at others by spontaneous effort, prove that it is always present—that it watches, that it goes with a lantern in its hand through the caverns of the body; and that, through the medium of its agents, the nerves of movement, it effects whatever it desires, with no other difference than that our will acts, not with complete consciousness, but by instinct. Sometimes, in this state, it acts in a weak manner, scarcely entering the cerebral vaults, half-light fugitively; then the effects are weak, inefficacious, transient; are like certain notes which escape in the midst of a concert. At other times it is tenacious, constant, more steady, more decided in its efforts, takes a more active part in the organism, and then the effects of its power are more clearly seen, although not in all their latitude. At others it reaches an heroic state of ardor, of ambition, of irritability; it is cloyed with nothing but the execution; and then the somnambulist is seen performing wonders. Any one can be put in such a state of surexcitation, being awake when the power of the soul is so extraordinary that it takes that character of intemperance, called by metaphysicians *intellectual demoralization*. It is not madness; a remark that must be taken into consideration by those who do not know the main point of the activity of their souls. No, it is not madness; it is an extraordinary state of intellectual power, which absorbs the exterior forces, which obstructs the functions of the nerves of sentiment, which concentrates all the fire of life in the spiritual part. Behold ecstasies: ecstasies may be religious, or moral, or political. They are a love for an idea which excludes any other thoughts, any other resolution, any other action; they are a dream, being watchful that not any other object than that which the soul proposes for itself, which dominates it, which makes it sleep. It does not know any other pleasure, any other enjoyment, any other existence, than that which can make it enjoy its idea. In those crises, the soul forgets that there is a body; and such is the strength of the thinking principle, that even tortures applied to

the body are of no effect: it feels but its idea. The nerves of movement are irritated in so high a degree, that if the soul desires to soar into the skies, with the conatus of desperation the body follows its flight, and leaves behind it the terrestrial globe: has not virtue for thinking, or for wishing, or for feeling. Oh! the psychological and physiological phenomena, presented by man in its abnormal state, are unspeakable, incomprehensible, unintelligible. The activity of the soul, in those moments, makes heroes, saints, or demoniacs. There is not a part of the body where it does not dominate with unlimited power. Ecstasy works moral and physical wonders, which can not be believed if not seen. The exterior and interior senses acquire a wonderful lucidity. We do not mean by this word that the activity of the soul, in those instances, overthrows the use of the senses so far off as to their special functions. No; the activity can not overthrow the sound use of the organs, but it has the power to convert them into extraordinary instruments of the nervous system. The activity of the soul, in the ecstatical state, has no less command over the nerves of movement than over those of sentiment; so that in those crises, when the active principle is irritated, it has yearnings so singular, so desperate, that it consumes itself; and very often its force is so tempestuous, that it puts an end to the life of the body. On other occasions, the nerves are able to endure those extraordinary vibrations, and the muscular effects are frightful or admirable. Mary Moorle, in Switzerland, was taken up in the air several times, some twelve years ago, as there are many witnesses at hand to substantiate. This phenomenon, and that she ate nothing for a long period, were bestowed by divine virtue, according to the religious creeds of the witnesses; but it was but a physical wonder, as demonstrated by the learned Doctor Tommasini. At last the phenomena presented by the ecstatical state, occasioned by the activity of the soul, are so stupendous that it would be impossible to specify them all, now for their infinite number, now because they would not be believed in part; but those who may want to know the almost supernatural power of the activity of their souls and nerves, can read the work of the wise and evermore to be lamented Doctor Bertrand, whose title is *Du Somnambulisme Ar-*

tifical. In this precious book every body is able to see the phenomena presented by history, which are as much unknown in their causes as surprising in their effects. In this great book—which is not written by a charlatan—the question may be seen physiologically discussed by a master; in this great book the philosopher goes down to the bottom of the abyss, and confesses that all that we have learned or known is nothingness compared to the unknown.

Some will say, in such a state man is a maniac. Is he who sleeps, mad? Is he mad who dies on a scaffold with serene countenance for his political opinion? Is the martyr of Christ mad who goes with joyful face to be burnt in a fire? Are they mad—the citizen soldiers—who face labor, hunger, cold, heat, want of sleep, loss of their goods, their children, their wives, their parents, their blood, their life, for the sole idea of cherished liberty? Is the sage mad who lives in the sphere, like Newton, forgetting even his body, in order to give us the idea of the concert of the universe? Oh, if we call this state of the soul madness, it is we who deserve the name of maniacs. And shall we deny the effects because we do not know the causes? And shall we call the wise mad because we are ignorant? That our soul lords it over the body with so extraordinary an empire, through the nerves of movement, is as evident as philosophical.

And do all men reach to such a degree of enthusiasm, to this ecstasy which puts the soul in an abnormal state? No. And why not? Science knows not this why, but the effects show us the naked truth. There are souls of *élite*, and there are some of mud; some are born to fly like eagles, others came to the world to crawl and creep along in the clay like nauseating reptiles. And why such a difference? It may be because of the harmony of the parts of the body, or also from its exterior beauty, or from its material perfection? Not at all, because there are men and women of deformed material appearance, whose souls are angelical. Can the cause of its phenomena be in education? Neither so, because two lads brought up in the same way, being together from childhood to manhood, differ from each other as much as one's soul from other's body. Education is able to polish what we have, but gives not the elements of intelligence.

Experience shows this to us in a hundred ways. Then why are men so different in their psychological faculties? Science does not know it; we see the effects, the causes of things are hidden in the mysterious labyrinth of the Spiritualism. The only thing that we can say is, that equality does not exist in any of the existent beings, in their bodies, in their souls, in their passions, in their intelligence, or in their will. Physical, moral, and intellectual equalities are chimeras dreamed of by men disregarding the effects, and going in search of causes in their erroneous systems of intuition and hypothesis. All that we know is, that the activity of the soul has like instruments of its action, the nerves, forgetting every thing that it longs for. How many times are we moved by an interior force to execute actions that, if we had time for reflection, we would not do at all? How many times without, by any means, the initiation of one remembrance, or thought, or will, do we perform heroisms, or perpetrate horrible wickedness? How many others does the *motus primo primi*, as Aristotle says, open to our sight an abyss, conscience and liberty being unaware of it? How many phenomena of this kind do we find in history, and presented to us by daily experience, which drive us to do it? Will it be the innate ideas, as Descartes says, or those *a priori* of the philosopher of K  nigsberg, or the metempsychosis of Plato? Nay; the ideas presuppose a basis, and this is the indefatigable, insatiate, tempestuous, formidable activity of our soul. What are the *mediums* of this wonderful spiritual power? The nerves of movement; because it is already said that all the other faculties and systems are lulled into lethargy by the incomparable force of the activity. It is certain that this tremendous faculty exists in my *Ego*; because I feel it, it agitates me, it touches me, it lords it over me. It is plain in physiology and psychology that the soul has the nerves as conductors of movement and sentiment; but how is it done? Science stops here, and answers with phlegmatic desperation, "I do not know." And because I do not know it, must I deny it? And because I do not know the cause of a thousand wonders, I have to say that they don't exist? That were antilogical. I do not know, then I do not believe, such is the deduction of ignorance. Let us suppose that before the discovery of

the loadstone, a warrior of those ages had gone into a cavern, whose vault might be formed of a vast piece of that stone, and he had seen his lance go alone and stick itself in the ceiling: we are sure that our warrior, with all his mail armor, would run away, thinking of the devil. And who can deny that the nerves, with their marvelous electricity, and their portentous magnetism, forced by the activity of the soul in the midst of the most complete hallucination, put man into a state of ecstasy, so wonderful that we may run terrified as the above-mentioned herald of the dark ages? If some fifty years ago a friend of ours had told to us in New-York what was passing in Boston some minutes before, we are willing to say that we would believe him, the devil, a necromancer, or cousin-german to the old wizards. And why ought we to deny to the telegraph of the soul, to the nerves, to these mysterious wires which are in contact with the atmosphere, charged to the full with electricity and magnetism, this very same virtue, and others yet more portentous? Were not electrical meteors in old ages abundant matter for the superstitious opinions? How many became mad—and yet in our days happens—seeing a fire cross, or a horse, or a sword, or any other kind of figure in the sky, or following them in the obscurity of the night? And every one of us knows now those phenomena as effects of electricity. Are there not known in France, the shadows of night, called *washers*, which go errant on the banks of the rivers, and wash and soap mysterious clothes, and climb the trees, and go behind the travelers in the night, and grow as phantoms, and, if you have heart to approach them, disappear in the ground as snakes of light, or something else of the kind, that make the peasants shake, weep, pray, and kneel down, imploring divine mercy, and conjuring the devil—such is the idea that they have of those electrical shadows. The thesis of electricity and magnetism as workers of wonders, till now inexplicable to men, is as sure as our existence, which, nevertheless, is a mystery. Poor science, you are wandering ever in darkness.

But we have transgressed the limits we proposed ourselves, when we began to write, and we stop for the present evening. And now it remains to us only to say, that the activity of the

soul is a scintillation of the Godhead. The cause of its impenetrability is its very nature, and if we want to know something of our spiritual, immortal, intelligent, sensible, free, one, identical, and active principle, we must study the nerves of movement and those of sentiment in their marvelous operations. How does it work? That is a mystery of its spirituality, but the conductors are matter, and matter is subject to observation and experience. The physiologists have to give us some more scientific ideas of those telegraphic wires of the human body, and the chemists must analyze them, and we are sure that many excitations, in regard to the phenomena of the activity of the soul, will be afterward as plain as now are many questions which were very dark to our forefathers.

FREEDOM.

BY O. D. STUART.

FREEDOM! thou life for which all hearts are craving,
Born in the North and cradled 'mid the storm;
Spirit, that leapest where the few are braving
The many, who would trample and deform;
What mighty images, and holy, do arise,
When thou unbarest thy star-girdled brow,
Shedding effulgence like a sun, 'mid skies
Where not a cloud its shadow dares to throw!
Thou warmest all with thy uplifting breath—
Piercing the palace and the cotter's home—
Nations revive with thee, and to their death
Thou bid'st the taskman and the tyrant come.
O Freedom! all injustice, error, and the rod
Scorning—thou art not less than justice, truth, and God!

LOST AND FOUND.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[JULIUS PARKER WHIPPLE, a beautiful boy, of nearly six years old, and a child of my brother, just before his departure, addressed his parents almost in the precise words imputed to him in the verses below. He spoke without allusion to the subject having been made by any person. Was it inspiration that prompted those sweet words of comfort, for what, indeed, could such a little one know of death?]

He woke, a-breathing sweetness,
Like the fairest among flowers,
And his young life, in its fleetness,
Wafted perfume upon ours.

And he left a sweet evangel,
That stirred his quivering breath,
Where he met the blessed angel,
That we have known as Death.

"O weep not, dearest mother,
Though your boy must go away,
For I leave my little brother:
He will bless you every day.

"O mourn not, precious father,
Though I seek the Spirit-land;
For good angels round me gather,
And they take me by the hand!

"Now the bright earth has grown dreary,
They enfold me to their breast;
Oh, when I am so weary,
How pleasant will be rest!"

THE SHEKINAH.

The death-shadow fell sweetly
On the drooping eyelids' close,
And we crossed his pale hands meetly,
' For a long and last repose.

Then to his grave we bore him,
And we laid him down to rest,
With the green grass springing o'er him,
And the snow-wreath on his breast.

And the grave that had his keeping,
Oh, it looked so dark and lonely,
That we could not cease from weeping,
But for thinking of *that only*.

Yet the tears have made our vision
To the great Life-promise truer:
Open now the Vales Elysian,
And the dwellings of the Pure.

And the voice of that young angel,
With its music from afar,
Still is whispering its evangel,
Like the singing of a star.



ENDURANCE.

BY C. D. STUART.

How many, for a moment, brave
The rugged path, the steep ascent;
How few that better courage have,
Enduring till their lives are spent!
Those only, like the summer flowers,
Live nobly while the sky is fair;
These, ivy-like, through wintry hours,
Survive the storm and frosted air.

CEREBRAL INFLUENCE ON REVELATION.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

WE are accustomed to contemplate other natures through the medium of our own ; and our impressions of external forms are determined not less by the perfection of the organic structure through which they are perceived, than by the nature of the objects themselves. Our thoughts, whether depending on sensational impressions, a power of mental generation, or an inward communion with more exalted beings, are molded into a likeness of the mind in which they are cast. Thus we think as we are : in other words, "As a man thinketh so is he." From whatever source we derive our ideas, it can not be denied that the structure of the brain and nervous system, and a variety of spiritual, temperamental, and outward conditions, greatly modify all the forms of thought. A thousand images steal from the vast Unknown, and dance before us like pale shadows in dimly-lighted halls, and then glide noiselessly away, we know not whither, and these, in the variety of their form and aspect, as much depend on the organic medium through which they are discerned, as on the objective reality. We disclose our own internal qualities rather than the specific attributes of things we attempt to describe or unfold. We may fail to make a revelation of the truth, as it relates to the objects which impress either the physical or spiritual sense ; their shadows may be imperfectly defined before the outward vision, or otherwise fall obscurely on the soul, but in our effort to transfer them, we necessarily, though perhaps unconsciously, reveal ourselves.

In all ages, revelations from the Spiritual World have been essentially modified by the physical and mental characteristics of the persons through whom they have been given to mankind. In the process of influx, the elements of two minds are blended,

and the revelation is the result of their mingled action. Sometimes this infusion is labored and difficult, and the spiritual influence is only perceptible in a slight abnormal quickening of the human faculties. Again the *thought* is directly inspired, but is left to be invested by the mind of the medium, from which it takes not only its coloring and clothing, but its specific form. Rarely does the spirit *en rapport* exercise such unlimited psychological control as to admit of embodying the thought in language of its own selection. As, therefore, the language of Revelation is, chiefly, of earthly origin, or human dictation—only the spirit, or *truth*, it contains being inspired—it follows that a rigid adherence to *the letter* of Revelation is not only unwise, but subversive, in a high degree, of its spiritual claims, while it is most emphatically condemned in the New Testament.

It is alleged that the modern revelations have no well-grounded claims to a spiritual origin, inasmuch as they bear a close resemblance to the minds of the media. That this correspondence is often clearly discernible, is a fact which we have no inclination to disguise; but this alone is by no means sufficient to invalidate the peculiar claims of these communications, since the human mind, of necessity, stamps its image and superscription on the truth of which itself is the vehicle. The inspired idea may be heavenly in its nature and origin, but, to reach the dull ears of sensual men, it must be molded into the forms of human thought, and find utterance in the imperfect speech of mortals. The Divine light is ineffably glorious, but the rays from the Spiritual Sun are often obscured, or intercepted by dark clouds, and grotesque shapes come near and mirror themselves in the soul. The living waters, issuing from beneath the Eternal Throne, are clear as crystal, but they flow down to us through earthly channels, and this contact with gross elements may render the streams impure. Thus, however infallible the immortal thought may be, in itself considered, infallibility does not attach to the instruments and modes of its expression.

When the soul sustains intimate relations to more exalted natures, and is directly informed by an infusion of ideas, the spiritual influence usually conjoins itself to, and becomes coöperative with, the predominant elements of the mind. Whatever faculty

is most frequently and vigorously exercised, will necessarily determine the specific form of such communications. Thus a revelation, communicated through the medium of the human faculties, will receive its particular shape and coloring from those powers of the individual mind which ordinarily determine his thought and action. Agreeably to this view of the subject, it will appear on examination that the numerous writing, speaking, and other media—especially those who write or speak from mental impressions received from some invisible intelligence—exhibit, in a greater or less degree, a conformity to their accustomed modes of thought and style of expression. This is often so striking as to awaken the suspicion in many minds, that the communications originate with the media themselves, and that they are in no way dependent on the influence of spirits. Those who write without volition, or in whom the invisible forces are merely applied to the nervous and muscular systems, may not *pervert*, by any direct action of their own minds, the form of the spiritual idea; but this mode, it appears to us, is not without its disadvantages. If the soul be not simultaneously informed—if no power quickens and inspires its faculties, imparting a Divine impulsion to human thought and endeavor—the whole is merely *mechanical*, and can not particularly aid in the work of man's spiritual development.

But to return. We have already observed that the condition of the media, physical and mental, may greatly modify all revelations from the Spiritual World. In the intercourse of human society, all thought is expressed "after the manner of men." Hence, though angels inspire us, our thoughts are born in the earth, and bear the images of beings like ourselves. Inspiration flows to us through impure channels, and is ultimated in the imperfect language of mortals. That the human mind, while in the body, does influence and, in a measure, determine the external form or verbal imbodiment of the revelations from the other life, is confirmed by numerous examples. When the Imagination predominates, the communications are couched in metaphorical language, and the subject is invested with poetic imagery. When the Rational faculties have the ascendancy, the inspired thought is ultimated in a corresponding form, and is clothed in words

that have a logical fitness and propriety. In some instances the Spiritual influence conjoins itself to the Self-love of the medium, and finds expression in the most extravagant pretensions and offensive egotism; while those in whom the religious element is most conspicuous, are constantly moved to acts of devotion.

This blending of the elements of human feeling and thought with the soul's divinely inspired impressions, is forcibly illustrated in all the revelations of the olden time. Not only were the ancient Jews subject to an arbitrary form of government, but their leaders were warlike and revengeful. This spirit characterized the revelations of that period, and hence the *lex talionis*, according to MOSES, was the law of God. In the government of an ignorant and idolatrous people, the Jewish lawgiver was called to act chiefly in a legislative and executive capacity. Accordingly, the inspiration of Moses assumed a *legal* form. He found it necessary to awe a superstitious people into submission, and Sinai was veiled in thick clouds, and smitten with thunder-blasts. With these awful symbols of Jehovah's presence, came the LAW!

DAVID was gifted above all the Hebrews as a poet and musician. He was a lover of Nature, and possessed a lively appreciation of beauty and harmony. The silence of the mountain and grove; the sublimity of the visible heavens, and the glory of Zion, inspired his soul with devout meditation and solemn praise. David was a poet, and through him the spirit of Inspiration found expression in Orphic hymns which, to this day, constitute a part of the devotional exercises in Jewish and Christian temples, and are read by millions in all the languages of the civilized world.

ISAIAH was a remarkable Seer or spiritual clairvoyant. He was actuated by pure desires; and existence, in his mind, was rendered supremely grand and beautiful, by the brilliant hopes and lofty aspirations which peopled the Future with images of glory. These attributes seem to have determined the character of his revelations, which were eloquent prophecies of the great Spiritual Era. Above and beyond the summits of the distant Ages, dawned the light of the new Day. The far-off reign of righteousness was present to the unclouded vision of the Pro-

phet, and earth was transformed into a scene of beauty and a "highway of holiness."

JEREMIAH was amiable in his disposition, but he had not the cheerful and hopeful spirit of Isaiah. He seems to have been given to meditation, and inclined to melancholy. Being highly sympathetic in his nature, he was disposed to mourn over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and on this account he has been called "the weeping prophet." His case illustrates the influence of cerebral conditions on revelation. The inspiration of Jeremiah ultimated itself in the *Lamentations*.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, whose humble life and death were more glorious to humanity than the conquests of a thousand heroes, was preëminent over all in devotion to his ideal of the celestial life. Amid the noise of passion, and the jarring discords of the world, his soul was at peace. A spirit quickened by Divine fire; love that consumes the deepest resentment, and forgiveness which coëxists with all human wrong, were conspicuous in the life of Jesus. When the world was faithless and disobedient, he stood alone—sublimely great—in his solemn trust and his immortal fidelity. That halcyon peace of the soul; that deathless love of Humanity, and Godlike forgiveness of offenders, were incarnate in the revelations of Jesus. The Divine law, as disclosed by the great spiritual Teacher, was the law of LOVE.

Revelation thus takes the form of law, poetry, ethics, etc., and the verbal expression of the inspired thought is made to depend, in a greater or less degree, on a variety of idiosyncratic peculiarities, and the general perfection of earthly media.

OUTWARD BEAUTY.

THE lover of the Beautiful, and the worshiper at the shrine of Art, will look with pleasure on "Finden's Beauties of Moore."

This splendid work consists in a series of Portraits of Moore's Principal Characters, engraved in the highest style of modern art, from paintings by eminent masters. The Portraits were en-

graved expressly for this work, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Edward Finden, and are accompanied with a memoir of the Poet, and descriptive letter-press. In exquisite delicacy of engraving, and in the general artistic and mechanical excellence of the whole, genius and money have been unreservedly employed.

We esteem it a privilege to countenance and encourage every enterprise that promises to refine and elevate the soul, by bringing it into companionship with all the Beautiful. Every grand and glorious object in the realms of Nature and Art—the imagery of earth, and sea, and sky—the human form and face divine—instinct with life, passion, and thought, or smiling in marble elements and on the canvas—have all a divine ministry, to elevate human thought, to inspire a love of the Perfect, and to fashion within us a divine Ideal. Thus it is, that images of beauty refine the soul. We “become a part of that which is around us,” and we grow, evermore, like the objects with which we associate, by a law that modifies and adapts all natures to the world in which they have their being. As the silent stars, seen in the ethereal deep, reflect their luminous beauty on the cold earth, and the gloom of the solemn night, so each ray of light, all graceful forms, every tone of gentleness and word of love, are mirrored in the mystic depths of the spirit, and their light flows back to the spheres of the visible, and flashes on the vision like the glory of transfiguration!

It will be perceived that we are not among the number of those who deem it irreligious to foster a love of Beauty; we rather deem it irreligious *not to do this*; since, in our highest admiration, and especially in all our efforts to invest outward objects with this peculiar charm, we become “imitators” of the Divine Artist, who “made every thing beautiful in his time.”

S. B. B.

The Mariner's Prayer.

Music written expressly for the Shekinah.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Music by V. C. TAYLOR.

Moderato. Portamento.

Night . . . sinks on the

The first system of the musical score is in G-flat major (three flats) and 3/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Moderato. Portamento.' The lyrics 'Night . . . sinks on the' are written below the vocal line.

wave; . . . Hol - - low gusts are sigh - - .

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics 'wave; . . . Hol - - low gusts are sigh - - .' are written below the vocal line.

- - ing; Sea - birds to their cave

The third system concludes the musical score. The tempo and mood change to 'Cres.' (Crescendo). The lyrics '- - ing; Sea - birds to their cave' are written below the vocal line.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

Dim. **Rit.** **Accelerando.**

Through the gloom are fly - - - ing. O! should

Dim. **Rit.** **Accelerando.**

A Tempo.

storms come sweeping; Thou, in heaven un - sleep - ing,

A Tempo.

Cres. **m**

O'er thy chil - dren vig - il keep - ing; Hear, O!

Cres. **m**

hear and save, Hear, O! hear and save, Hear,

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

O! hear and save.

This system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note 'O!' followed by eighth notes for 'hear' and 'and', and a dotted half note for 'save.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Stars . . . look o'er the

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a longer rest before 'Stars' and then moves to 'look o'er the'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic texture, with some harmonic shifts in the left hand.

sea, . . . Few, and sad, and shroud - ed; Faith, our

This system introduces a crescendo in both the vocal and piano parts, marked with 'Cres.' above and below the staves. The vocal line has a rest before 'sea' and then continues with 'Few, and sad, and shroud - ed; Faith, our'. The piano accompaniment becomes more intense with increased dynamics.

light shall be, When all else is cloud - . .

The final system features a decrescendo, marked with 'Dim.' above and below the staves. The vocal line concludes with 'light shall be, When all else is cloud - . .'. The piano accompaniment also fades, ending with a soft 'p' dynamic and a final chord.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

Accel. ff **Tempo. p**

ed; Thou, whose voice comes thrilling, Wind and

Accel. ff **Tempo. p**

Cres.

bil - low still - ing, Speak once more, our prayer ful -

Cres.

f

fill - ing; Pow - er dwells with thee; Hear, O! hear and save,

f

Hear, O! hear and save.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY L. V. NEWTON, M.D.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the subject of the following sketch, was born in the town of Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father was a native of England, and emigrated to this country, with a wife and three children, in 1682. Twice he was married, and had seventeen children born to him in all, Benjamin being the last but two, who were daughters. The other sons having been disposed of to different trades, it at length became necessary to decide upon the future business of Benjamin. It was the wish of the father (who was a sound Presbyterian) to place him in the church; and, accordingly, he was sent, at the age of eight years, to a grammar school, in order to make a scholar of him. Franklin says he must have learned to read when he was very young, for he has no remembrance of the time when he was not able to do so. In writing to a friend, the late Daniel Webster has stated a fact of himself of the same kind. He knew not the time when he could not read his Bible, and supposed that he must have been taught very early to read by his mother. The boy remained at this school less than a twelve-month, for his father, fancying himself unable to accomplish the plan of education that he had proposed, removed him to a school of writing and arithmetic, where he might pick up as much useful knowledge of accounts as would serve to qualify him for the business of a tradesman.

At the age of ten he had finished his studies at the public school, and was taken by his father to help him in making candles and soap, and in running errands. With this kind of employment he was greatly disgusted; and, as he showed himself to be fond of books, at twelve he was bound an apprentice to

his brother James, who was a printer, and the proprietor of one of the two newspapers at that time published in New England. His new business he learned rapidly; read whenever he could find spare time; ventured to write poetry, in which he had some success in producing bad verses; and he endeavored to acquire a style of composition, by studying Addison, in an odd volume of the Spectator that he had become possessed of. The writings of Franklin have been universally admired, as well for their purity and simplicity of language as for the thoughts that they contain. It is probable that, next to his own natural good taste, he is indebted to that stray volume for the felicitous phraseology that distinguishes whatever he has written. His reading at this time also embraced Locke on the Human Understanding; Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates, from which he learned the Socratic method of arguing; and Shaftesbury and Collins, who completed the business of making a religious doubter of him. Another writer led him to renounce all kinds of animal food; and this he often found an extremely convenient habit when his funds would have denied him the luxury of beef-steaks and mutton-chops. But after his fortune had somewhat improved, and perhaps, also, his wisdom, he found as little difficulty in persuading himself to resume a flesh diet as he had before in being converted to a vegetable fare.

From the beginning, when he became conscious of the sweet of human applause, he disciplined himself in composition; and it is no wonder that his ambition should have prompted him to attempt an appearance before the public in his brother's paper. His communications were sent without a name, and he had the happiness to find them well spoken of by the literary characters that were accustomed to assemble in the editor's room for writing and criticising. However, he could not always keep his secret, and, at last, out it came. His brother soon after fell into the meshes of the law, in consequence of a libelous article that had been written by young Benjamin, and among the penalties that were imposed on him by the court, he was prohibited from publishing the "Courant." After canvassing various schemes by which he hoped to get around, if he could not get over the law, it was at last agreed that the indenture between

him and his apprentice should be cancelled, and that the boy of fifteen should be raised, *de jure*, to the rank of proprietor. As might have been expected, such an arrangement could not last long, for his brother and master still continued to exercise the right to punish; and Franklin, indignant at the rough treatment, and feeling that legal impediments had chiefly vanished by the new arrangement of affairs, resolved to escape from Boston clandestinely, and seek his fortune in another place. Through the aid of a friend, he got himself on board of a sloop bound for New York, leaving every body behind him in ignorance of his plans and purposes, and of the direction he had taken. Three days after, he found himself in a strange city, but unable to procure employment. Onward he pursued his way, amid great difficulties and discouragements, to Philadelphia, where he landed from a row-boat, in which he had taken a hand regularly at the oar, on a Sunday morning, wet, weary, dirty, and hungry, his pockets filled with soiled stockings and shirts, and his purse containing but a single silver dollar and a few pence.

Follow him up Market Street, and you see him presently enter the shop of a baker, where, making a compromise between the demands of his stomach and the narrowness of his means, he purchased three-penny worth of bread, which he describes as three great puffy rolls. He resumed his walk, carrying one roll under each arm, while he eat the other. It was in this trim that he was first seen by Miss Read, who afterward became his wife. She thought then, as any one else would have thought, that he cut a very ridiculous figure. Drifting about without any special object in view, he at length joined himself to a well-dressed people working into a Quaker meeting-house. He sat down, and soon fell asleep from very exhaustion. This was the first house that he entered in which he slept, in Philadelphia.

The next morning he made his toilet as well as he could, and presented himself at Andrew Bradford's, the printer. Bradford had nothing for him to do, but he told him that if he could get no employment from another printer, to whom he directed him, he might return and lodge with him until business should offer. In a few days he began to have work, though none of the best, and went to lodge with the father of Miss Read. Attention to

business and frugality very soon began to put money in his pocket, and accident made him acquainted with Governor Keith, who affected a great liking for him, and often invited him to his house. The governor proposed that he should set up printing on his own account, and, finally, offered to be at the expense of the outfit.

The scene now changes. We find Franklin, though still a boy, on board a vessel bound to London. He went, under the promises of Keith to furnish him with letters of credit, with the intention of purchasing the necessary materials for his office; but on reaching the place of his destination, he found that the governor was prodigal in promises, but poor in performances. The whole affair was a gross delusion; and the printer-boy was once more among strangers, in a strange city. But Franklin had not a spirit to break down under such a disappointment. He looked about, readily got employment, threw off his jacket, and went to work without murmuring. Having the ill luck to own a friend who endeavored to live by literary labor, he spent most of his leisure time and surplus money with him at plays and public amusements. Thus he just rubbed along from hand to mouth, and found himself all the while without the means of paying his passage back again to America.

At this period he published a pamphlet, which was a kind of reply to Woollaston's "Religion of Nature," that he entitled, "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." The production gave him some consideration with his employer for the talent that it displayed, but he detested its principles. Nothing could be simpler now than his habits of living. He again undertook to get beforehand with the world. He drank in the printing-house only cold water, while all the other workmen drank, each, several times a day, a pint of ale. His example began soon to have its effect. Many of the men left off guzzling beer, and, like him, had hot water gruel sprinkled with pepper, with bread crumbled in it, and enriched with a morsel of butter. A porringer of this cost three-halfpence, and served as a breakfast for one person.

While he was working in London, among the other things

that he did was to teach, in a few hours, two persons whom he was acquainted with the art of swimming. This was considered a great feat then, though now it would be thought common enough. It brought him to the notice of some of the aristocracy, and Sir William Wyndham sent for him, and proposed that he should undertake to teach his two sons.

At the end of a year and a half he returned to Philadelphia, in company with a gentleman of that city, who had engaged him as a clerk. After a few months his patron fell sick and died, and thus that kind of business was suddenly ended with him forever. He had just attained his lawful age.

Franklin went back again to the printing-house; had very good work with one of his old employers, and continued with him for some time, in the chief management of the establishment. Bank-note making was not then so artistic as it has become since, and it was a practice for the several States to issue their own bills, which were printed by the common type printers. A job of this kind fell to him to execute for the State of New Jersey, and he contrived a copperplate press for it—the first that had been seen in this country. He also cut several ornaments and checks for the bills, and executed the work to the satisfaction of all parties interested. Here ends his labors as a subordinate.

In connection with Hugh Meredith, a fellow-journeyman, he had purchased types, a press, etc., and now began to work for himself. His toils were incessant, without any of the unhappy pride that prevents some men from laying their hands to every thing that they may have to do. His industry was not unnoticed, and his character and credit grew rapidly, as the fruit of his assiduity. But his partnership was not fortunate. Meredith was intemperate, and, of course, he was frequently idle. Besides this, his father had undertaken to furnish the necessary funds, and in this there was a disappointment. Franklin's friends assisted him, and, dissolving the connection with Meredith, he became the sole owner of every thing himself.

Being now about twenty-three years of age, and the editor of a newspaper, he began to appear often before his readers as a writer on public questions. People of character looked on him

as a rising man. He grew in favor with the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and received public printing to execute, which, for him, at that time, was esteemed a great thing. To his other business he then added that of a stationer, and kept blanks of all kinds, parchments, papers, school books, and other such small matters. Gradually he began to pay off his debts for the printing-house. In order to secure his credit and character as a tradesman, "he took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. He dressed plain, and was seen at no places of idle diversion; never went out a fishing or shooting; a book sometimes, indeed, debauched him from his work, but that was seldom and private, and gave no scandal." While, however, he was so intent on improving his material condition, he was by no means forgetful or indifferent about the improvement of his mind. A year or so before the time when he became a master, he had formed most of his ingenious acquaintances into a club for mutual improvement, which they styled a JUNTO. Franklin drew up the rules. They required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries, on any point of morals, politics, or natural philosophy, to be discussed by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing on any subject he pleased. This body continued to exist for many years, during all of which time Franklin remained a member; and he leads us to infer that subjects of the highest political import to the province were often introduced there and discussed, until he was completely master of them: they were then transferred to a field where measures were vitalized by legislative action. The Philadelphia public library took root from this Junto. At the instigation of Franklin the members all stocked their books together, and he set out to raise subscriptions, with the view of making new purchases. The library was then opened for the use of members, and a small affair it was at first. Its usefulness, however, soon becoming apparent, it was augmented by donations; and now that same little nucleus is a library of at least sixty thousand volumes, and is one of the chief book-wonders of the nation.

While he was busy with the cultivation of his intellect, it

must not be supposed that he forgot the improvement of his moral qualities. He conceived the project of arriving at *moral perfection*. To this end he drew up a schedule of the virtues, and gave to each one a precept that should serve him for a definition. Thus, the fourth one was *Resolution*, the precept of which was, "Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve." All these virtues he tried to practice, with the aid of a systematic plan, for many years of his life; and he says, that though "on the whole I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was by the endeavor a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it." But this plan of promoting virtue he proposed to extend to others as well as to himself; and, to accomplish by united means what he could not by individual effort, he projected an *United Party for Virtue*, by forming the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body. We present a sketch of a creed that he prepared, to show what his religious opinions were at that time, he being then about twenty-five years of age: "That there is one God, who made all things. That He governs the world by his providence. That He ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving. But that the most acceptable service to God is doing good to man. That the soul is immortal. And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."

We have been somewhat circumstantial in presenting his character, that it may be seen *what* he was at the time he had grown up and was ready to spread his sails on the broad sea of the world, and, as far as possible, *why* he was so. We have wished to exhibit both his habits and his sentiments—his chances for a prosperous voyage, and the risks he ran of foundering.

At the age of twenty-seven he began to study languages, and soon obtained a tolerable knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish, and finally of Latin. At thirty he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly. At thirty-one he was appointed deputy postmaster-general, which, though a post that did not directly contribute much to his profit, yet afforded him facilities for improving the condition of his newspaper. He now proposed re-

forms in the city administration. He obtained an improvement in the night watch; he organized a system of mutual assistance in the extinguishment of fires, which exists to this day. There being no provision for the complete education of youth in Pennsylvania, in 1743 he drew up proposals for establishing an *academy*, which, meeting with so much encouragement, was at length raised to the rank of an *university*, and is now the University of Pennsylvania. He recommended a voluntary system of *military defense*, managed to get a militia law passed, and took a very active part in having it carried into effect. Somewhat later in life he was appointed to the rank of a colonel, and actually did duty as such in the interior of the State, where the people had been harassed and murdered by the Indians. His importance had now become such, that the governor and council took him into their confidence, and consulted him often on public measures. At that period he invented an open *stove* for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving of fuel, and this stove is still very much in use in many parts of the country where wood is chiefly burned. Feeling himself growing easy in his worldly circumstances, and public trusts and honors being so freely showered on him, he took a partner in the printing-office, and thus secured time for such other employments and pursuits as were most agreeable to his tastes. And here, before taking leave of the printing establishment, we ought to record, what we have omitted in its proper place, that he commenced, soon after setting up for himself, the publication of an almanac, which then and since enjoyed a great reputation for its easy and pleasing manner of teaching worldly wisdom. The proverbs of Poor Richard have a celebrity that is as widespread as the language in which they are written.

Franklin, at the age of about forty, was elected an alderman, a member of the Assembly, and was made by the governor a justice of the peace. He was the chief agent in founding the Philadelphia Hospital: he first obtained subscriptions from private individuals, and then managed to get a bill of incorporation, that conditionally conferred an additional sum of money, passed through the Assembly. Philadelphia was neither swept, paved, nor lighted, until Franklin effected all these improvements. His

busy mind never rested. His labors were constant to improve the condition and conveniences of men around him. He never felt that he had done enough as long as any thing remained still to do. He looked to small matters as well as to great. In 1753 he was appointed, with another gentleman, joint postmaster-general of the colonies; and from his superior management of the affairs of the office, what had before yielded no revenue to the crown, was made to produce three times as much as the post-office of Ireland. Some years after, he was removed by the political animosity of the ministers in England, because he was too much of an American, and the income from this source immediately fell off to nothing again.

In addition to his civil labors, he rendered essential service to General Braddock, who had lately arrived in the colonies with an army from England. Braddock wished to reach Fort du Quesne (what is now Pittsburg), but was unable to procure the necessary means of transportation. Franklin undertook the business for him, and in a few days he had induced the country people of Pennsylvania to come forward with wagons and horses quite sufficient for every purpose of the army. He had, however, made himself personally responsible for the value of such of the property as might be lost during the campaign, and as the expedition had a disastrous termination, and all the wagons and horses were left behind, Franklin was peremptorily called upon for the indemnity. The government at length investigated the claims, and relieved him from the embarrassment in which he had generously become involved. This war made him a military man, and he found himself, a fresh-water soldier, at the head of a command, marching in mid-winter into the country to relieve the people from great terror and distress, occasioned by the savages who were burning houses and murdering the inhabitants.

Pennsylvania was at that time a proprietary government, and the proprietors, who chiefly resided in England, refused to submit to the general taxation proposed by the Assembly. Long disputes ensued, and after all hope of coming to an understanding had been extinguished in the province, it was determined to send an agent to London, who should lay the whole subject be-

fore the ministers of the crown. Franklin was selected for this business, and he sailed for the mother country in 1757. To aid his position, he published a considerable volume, written, it is said, with great ability, entitled a *Historical Review*, which ultimately secured a triumphant issue to his efforts. The general satisfaction that he gave in conducting the negotiation, and in managing the case, caused him to be appointed the agent also of the provinces of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia.

Harvard University and Yale College, some time before he went abroad, had conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. In England, the Scotch Universities and Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws, and the Royal Society elected him a fellow, without the customary charges.

In 1762 he returned to America, but new troubles springing up between the province and the proprietaries, the Assembly resolved on petitioning for the establishment of a regal government, to supersede the proprietary one, and in 1764 Franklin was again appointed foreign agent for the Assembly.

This may be reckoned a new era in the life of Dr. Franklin. His public employments were now about assuming a great increase of dignity and gravity. The troubles between the proprietary interests and the General Assembly of a province, were ready to be lost sight of in the quarrel rapidly rising between the mother country and her North American colonies. The project of the celebrated *Stamp Act* the British minister had communicated to the American agents in London. America took the alarm, and refused to be taxed, unless it was done in a constitutional manner. Franklin was constant in his opposition to the measure, and the act, which was passed in 1765, was repealed in 1766, before it had been carried into effect. It was at this juncture that he was examined before the House of Commons. The firmness, readiness, precision, and epigrammatic simplicity of manner with which he replied to the questions, mostly put by his friends, were so striking, the information he communicated was so varied, comprehensive, and luminous, on all points of commerce, finance, policy, and government, that the effect was irresistible. Up to the year 1775 he was in almost daily communication with the leading personages of the king-

dom, and from time to time warned them of the danger of the course they were pursuing toward the colonies. His fidelity to his constituents was never shaken, by either the seductive hopes of reward that were held out if he changed his policy, nor by any dread of punishment with which he was menaced. His patriotism was always equal to any emergency. One of his last public acts, before leaving England, was to present the petition of the first American Congress; and he attended behind the bar of the House of Lords when Lord Chatham proposed his plan of reconciliation. In the course of the debate, that distinguished man described him as "one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature." Being in danger of arrest, for fomenting rebellion in the colonies, he embarked for home, and was directly after elected by the legislature of Pennsylvania a delegate to Congress.

The whole of his time was devoted to the public business of the new nation that was just coming into existence. In October, 1775, he was appointed, conjointly with two others, a committee to visit the American camp at Cambridge; the object of which was to persuade the troops to continue in the field, and persevere in the cause of their country. He was afterward sent on a mission to Canada, with the hope of uniting that country to the common cause. This attempt was unsuccessful. At length the grand question of independence was introduced into Congress, and Franklin used all his great influence to put down opposition, and bring about that momentous event. In the latter part of 1776, Dr. Franklin, now in his 71st year, was dispatched to France, as one of three commissioners, to obtain from the European powers arms and ammunition for the use of the army. He was privately received with the warmest demonstration of regard and respect by the French minister for foreign affairs. The capture of Burgoyne decided the French government, which had at first shown a disinclination to take an open part in the conflict, and a treaty of alliance was forthwith entered into, between his most Christian Majesty and the thirteen United States of North America. A French historian, describing the first appearance of Franklin at the court of Versailles, says, that

he was presented to the king "by the Count de Vergennes, minister for foreign affairs. On this occasion he was accompanied and followed by a great number of Americans and individuals of foreign states, who were collected together by curiosity. His age, his venerable appearance, the simplicity of his dress on such an occasion, every thing that was either singular or respectable in the life of this American, contributed to augment the public attention. Clapping of hands, and a variety of other demonstrations of joy, announced that warmth of affection, of which the French are more susceptible than any other people, and of which their politeness and civility augments the charm to him who is the object of it."

Dr. Franklin remained in France as minister plenipotentiary until the close of the war; when, at his strong solicitation, he was allowed once more to return to his own country, that was now free and independent. On the 14th of September, 1785, he landed again in Philadelphia at the foot of Market Street, where he had landed about sixty years before, under circumstances how wonderfully different! Then, tired, hungry, dirty, poor, and friendless—now he was received with the acclamations of an immense number of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to see him, and conduct him in triumph to his own house. The writer of his memoirs, in describing his arrival, says: "The cannon and the bells of the city announced the glad tidings to the neighboring country; and he was waited on by Congress, the University, and all the principal citizens, who were eager to testify their esteem and veneration for his character. His entry into Philadelphia resembled a triumph; and he traversed the streets of that capital amid the benedictions of a free and grateful people, who had not forgotten his services."

Soon after Dr. Franklin's arrival in Philadelphia, he was chosen a member of the Supreme Executive Council of that city, and shortly thereafter was elected president of the State of Pennsylvania, which office he filled for three years. One of the last services he did in a public capacity for his country, was done as a delegate from Pennsylvania to a General Convention of States, which formed the Federal Constitution.

There is one feature in the life of Dr. Franklin that we have

not, in our hasty sketch, attempted to present. We have endeavored to show him as a philosopher in morals and in politics—to complete the picture that we proposed to draw when we began, we have only now to exhibit him in the character of a philosopher in the great domain of nature.

About the year 1747, for the first time, his attention was attracted to the subject of electricity, by witnessing, while on a visit to Boston, some experiments that were made by a Dr. Spence. It happened, also, that Mr. Peter Collinson, a friend residing in London, sent to the Philadelphia Library an electric tube; being simply a tube of glass, that, on rubbing, manifests signs of electric excitation. Franklin immediately commenced a series of experiments, and in a very short time the world was astonished at the results. To that time, all that was known of this wonderful agent, in the operations of nature, consisted merely in a few isolated facts that had no practical value. Certain remarkable phenomena, in the earliest times, had been observed on rubbing amber and some other particular substances, but the facts had not been accounted for, and philosophy had not yet been invoked to furnish a solution of the mystery. What Franklin found a poor collection of amusing and curious natural manifestations, he erected into the dignity of a science. His experiments were numerous and ingenious, and from time to time he forwarded an account of them to Mr. Collinson, who, being a member of the Royal Society, gave them considerable publicity among the philosophers of England. The first impression that he made in the company of the learned, was that of ridicule and pity. The record of his experiments seemed to be only idle extravagance; and especially did it appear to be so when the experiments were made by an unknown man, among the far-off wilds of America.

He first discovered the power of points in drawing or in giving off electricity. He made the discovery, that has been generally accepted by electricians, of *positive* and *negative*, or plus and minus electricity. The doctrine of Du Faye had supposed two kinds, the one *vitreous* and the other *resinous*. The English have claimed the discovery for Dr. Watson, but all the learned world is nearly agreed that the honor belongs to Franklin. This

doctrine of plus and minus enabled him to explain, in a simple manner, the phenomena that had been noticed respecting the Leyden phial. He demonstrated that the jar, when charged, contains no more electricity than it did before, but that what one side has gained the other side has lost; and that to discharge it, it is only necessary to bring the two sides in communication with each other, when the equilibrium is instantaneously restored, and no further signs of electricity remain. He furthermore showed that the electricity in a charged phial resided in the glass and not in the coating, as was at first supposed.

In 1749, Dr. Franklin first proposed to show the identity of lightning and electricity, and he suggested that it might be done by raising toward the clouds a pointed iron rod from some high elevation. This method he was not able at that time to put to the test of a trial, but in 1752 a Frenchman made the discovery that Franklin was in pursuit of, by the means which he had originally described. Franklin, however, had found another mode of exploring the skies, wonderfully simple in itself, yet showing the very highest order of mind in the conception of such an apparatus for his investigation. About a month later than the experiment was made in France, the celebrated *electrical kite* was first sent into the air. He had the happiness to find that his theory was verified. He drew down the lightning from the clouds, and performed the various experiments that were commonly performed with frictional electricity. The trial was complete—the Philadelphia philosopher had well won a place among the most learned societies of Europe. Everywhere his experiments were repeated with amazement and delight, and his name was soon familiar to all ranks and conditions of men, from the king to the peasant. Envy, always base, raised her head and endeavored to wrest from him the honor to which he was entitled, by claiming the credit for others. But it was not difficult to establish rights so substantially founded as his. History did him justice. The high distinction was awarded to him of being the first of living philosophers; and when, some years afterward, he went to Europe, he was everywhere received with the most flattering marks of respect and esteem, for his worth and his modesty.

Franklin's labors in science did not end with his kite. Whenever he made a discovery, he endeavored to apply the newly-acquired knowledge to some useful purpose. He had discovered the power of points to draw or discharge electricity, and having found that the thunderbolt of the skies was only the electricity of the laboratory, he was led to the inference that rods raised in the air over buildings would preserve them from the destructive stroke. Thus, now lightning-rods are at present an almost necessary fixture of houses standing alone in the country, and of the tallest houses in cities. His letters are full of hints, and facts, and experiments, that showed the fertility of his mind in ideas of a philosophical nature, and in adopting means to the end in view, while prosecuting his investigations.

Two different kinds of electricity had been observed, years before, by Mr. Du Faye. It appears to have been discovered a second time by Franklin's friend, Mr. Kinnersley. These results were obtained by rubbing glass and sulphur. The one kind Du Faye called *vitreous* and the other *resinous* electricity. Philosophers had undertaken to account for the difference, by assuming that it was dependent on an inequality in the quantity of electricity collected. Franklin took up the examination of this subject, and very soon ascertained that the two electricities of Du Faye were the *positive* and *negative* states which he had already noticed; that glass charged the prime conductor *positively*, or increased the quantity of electricity, while sulphur charged it *negatively*, or diminished the quantity.

In the month of September, 1752, Franklin undertook to ascertain whether the clouds were in a positive or in a negative state. It was accomplished by a process that was simple in the extreme. He erected an iron rod, with which he drew the lightning down into his house. When a thunder-cloud passed over, a Leyden bottle was attached to the rod, and it was charged with electricity. Another bottle was charged also, by means of a glass machine, and which, therefore, from former experiments, he knew was charged positively. The two bottles being placed side by side, and the pith ball suspended between them, he had a demonstration that they contained the opposite electricities, by the rapid motion of the ball between the two, showing at-

traction and repulsion. The conclusion from all his experiments was, that generally clouds contain negative electricity, but that occasionally they are in a positive state. He deduced from this discovery, that usually, when there is a flash of lightning, the fluid passes into the cloud from the earth—the electricity of earth being nearly always plus; and he furnished a very ingenious hypothesis to explain how the clouds acquired the negative condition, but we have no room in this sketch to do more than merely thus refer to it.

He afterward commenced a series of experiments with electricity in the treatment of human diseases. Another experiment, in which he made water a conductor, was thought to be very curious at the time, and it is possible may some time not remote be practically illustrated by an electric telegraph between the American and European continents. He passed a current of electricity across the river Schuylkill, employing the water as means of transmission, and ignited spirits that had been placed in the circuit to test the electric energy.

Dr. Franklin's thoughts were by no means confined to electricity. While he advanced in this science far beyond his contemporaries, and had poured on it a flood of beautiful light, he was engaged at the same time in investigating the enigmas of nature in all her other realms. He interrogated the air and the ocean. Whirlwinds and water-spouts, atmospheric changes, the temperature of the sea, tides, improvements in navigation, in the mode of propelling vessels and building them, light, heat, magnetism, and, certainly not least of them all, the art of building chimnies to prevent smoking, and the mode of constructing stoves for saving fuel and giving heat, were among the innumerable subjects that occupied his thoughts, and on which he reasoned and theorized like a great and profound philosopher.

Franklin's letters on electricity have been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and into Latin. The opposition which at first was raised to his theories long since died out, and the Franklinian system is now universally adopted wherever science is cultivated. For twenty years he resided in Europe, and during all that time he was the idol of the philosophers. On the 17th of April, 1790, his spirit passed from this

life to the next, remaining to the last hungering and thirsting after the knowledge which makes men here but little lower than angels.

If we have succeeded in accomplishing what we proposed when we began this rough picture, we have drawn the outlines of a man who was both great and good. In the early part of his life he was inclined to doubt in revelation, but there is every reason for thinking that afterward he became an earnest believer. For sects in religion he had never any respect, but he thought that there was good in all of them, and he desired to see a universal brotherhood of Christians. He would have had on earth the good-will and the unity of heaven. His heart was filled with benevolence for men of every kindred and tongue, and his whole life was a labor for promoting the welfare of all the children of Adam. In his living he was abstinent and systematic; in business he was industrious. Being free from pride, he saw a dignity in human toil. In disposition he was mild, amiable, and modest, without affectation. But being conscientious, he was as firm as a rock when he was contending for great principles that involved his own character, or the honor and happiness of others. Having an end to accomplish, he shrank from no effort to perform it. While maintaining the political rights of the colonies, he never grew weary or faint at the opposition he encountered; while sustaining the cause of the Revolution, neither the personal danger that he incurred, nor the seductive promises of reward with which he was tempted, could shake his patriotism. In that great crisis his country relied on his integrity, and it found him always true to the trust. In debate he said but little, but he always spoke to the point; he wasted no words, but he furnished a profusion of facts and reasons. In society he was always cheerful, familiar, condescending, and instructive. Take him as a whole, it is rare to find such a combination of excellent qualities in one person. He was, in the highest meaning of the word, a philosopher. Seeking forever and everywhere for knowledge, he sought it only for the uses to which he could apply it in the affairs of men. He united to knowledge those practical applications of it, which alone can make it wisdom. He never buried his tal-

ents, but increased them for the benefit of others. He strove to add to his own acquisitions, not for vain displays, but to enlarge the moral and material enjoyments of his race.

Such was the character of Dr. Franklin while on earth. Has his character changed by a translation to the skies? Is he not still that great and benevolent spirit that he was while here? With a genius that saw far into the secrets of nature, though he was still fettered by the grossness of this life, now that he has been more fully developed in the land of spirits, would he not still ponder on the mysteries of creation, and long to serve the world that he had left behind him? In the so-called spiritual revelations, that are at present exciting with some, ridicule and contempt, and with others, astonishment and the highest human happiness, we are assured that *he* first worked out the problem by which the beings of heaven can communicate with the beings of earth through the potential agency of magnetic forces. What spirit that has gone heavenward would be more likely to have accomplished it? He labored long and well for the world while in it, and now that he is beyond it, may we not hope and trust that his labors have not ended, and that all mankind will yet have stronger reason to rejoice that God has formed such a **MAN**?



. **LOVE**.—The etymology of this word renders it expressive. It is said to be derived from the Teutonic *leben*, to *live*; thus it properly represents the vital principle—the spirit that has power to quicken our spirits, and by its own energy to impart the life that is all divine. If we have no Love, Faith and Hope are as nothing. These, and all else combined, form but the skeleton of godliness without the indwelling Divinity. Love must breathe upon it, that the dry bones may live and be clothed with immortal ligaments. That which is most excellent in itself, most beautiful in the true ideal of the perfect Man; that which is most *Godlike*, is Love perfected in **WISDOM**.

S. B. B.

LINES TO MRS. MARSH.*

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

It was, if I mistake not, one of the "wise saws" of the old-school critics, that blank verse was exclusively adapted to the Iambic measure, containing five feet in each line. The following poem, being written in *anapastic* blank verse, may be deemed as somewhat of an innovation upon established precedents.

It is a generally admitted fact, that blank verse has developed, in a peculiar manner, the inherent beauties and massive grandeur of our Anglo-Saxon tongue; why, then, may I ask, is it allowed less latitude of measure or versification than that "monotonous jingle" called rhyme? The success of the experiment, for such these lines may be termed, is referred to the better judgment of the reader.

The leading idea developed in this poem is, that the *Present's Ideal*, is nothing more than the *Real of the Future*; for example: in the year 1752, some individual announced the discovery that mind could communicate with mind, thousands of miles apart, and in the space of a few minutes; this, of course, was classed with the vagaries of poets, romancers, or more probably, of lunatics. In the year 1852 the above discovery has become a plain, ocular, practical fact. Was not the Ideal of 1752, the Real of 1852? and will not this example apply as well to the Moral as the Material World? Nay, is not the Material but a type, or foreshadowing, of the Moral, or, if you please, the Spiritual World? And is not the sublime Law of Progress the golden key which is to unlock the great Temple of the Universe, and reveal its "many mansions" to our entranced vision?

A few words more, in reference to *Mrs. Marsh*, to whom this poem is addressed: There is a peculiar charm about this lady's

* Fair Authoress of "Angels."

productions—a soft, cheering sunshine of the heart, originating from an enlightened system of religious principles, and appearing still more beautiful by contrast with the Gothic gloom of the old theologies, and the deadening Upas breath of modern Materialism. May we not hope that it is writings such as these which are preparing the public mind for the ushering in of the glories of the *New Era*?

TO MRS. MARSH,

A VOICE, FROM THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN, SENDS GREETING:

'Neath the primeval shade of the solemn old woods,
Where the dead leaves, like ghosts, chatter shrill on the wind;
On the wide ocean prairie, Eternity's image,
All flooded in flow'rs, where the red dying Sun
Sinks down in his grave of billowy grass—
A Dreamer was dreaming his idle dreams,
Fantastical forms of the Ideal born,
And unfitted all, for the uses of life—
'Till thou, weird sister, didst breathe o'er his soul,
And touched into being, as sun on the buds,
Unnumbered creations that slumbered within.
In thine "Angela," lady, the poet-youth found
Consummate Ideal of his heart's early dreams,
Combination of all that is perfect on earth.

The lily so pale, in the merciless blast
Surviving the wreck of the proud monarch oak:
Love—lighting its torch in the midnight of death—
Shining on through the ashes of mortal decay,
'Till it opens its luminous path to the skies!
A nature so pure in its own virgin worth,
That it seemed like a mirror, but formed to reflect
The stars, and the flow'rs, and the pure things of earth:
A woman's weak frame, but a soul set within,
Whose stern sense of justice would yield up the last
Red drops of her heart, to do that which was right!
And holier, heavenlier far than all these,

A faith to move mountains! a firm trust in *Him*—
 Rock of Ages—last hope for the shipwrecked of earth!
 Such, such was the picture all radiant and warm,
 From thy creative mind, sister spirit, which burst,
 Like a sunbeam of joy, on the Dreamer's sad dreams!
 And while his rapt soul drank in the deep truths,
 Gleaming up from this spiritual well of the mind,
 Oh, then woke the thought—most redemptionable thought!—
 That Love, Truth, and Virtue was not a mere dream:
 That the warm sense of Beauty which kindles our souls,
 And the yearning for Love that oppresses our hearts,
 And shapes of things perfect we see in our dreams,
 Were not given all as mere playthings for babes,
 Or jugglery tricks, making life but a farce.
 No, no! 'twere impeaching the wisdom of God—
 'Twere a mockery far too cruel for man:
 Ah, no! there's a deep *under-current* in things,
 A purpose unrav'ling its threads every hour;
 The visions we deem now too perfect to dream,
 Shall become as our household companions ere long;
 And this the great truth to be taught in our times:
 These yearnings within are not things for a dream,
 But should become part of our every-day life;
 And the Present's *Ideal*, though fanciful deemed,
 Is surely the *Real* of what is to be;
 And it is with ourselves—by the power of *Faith*,
 And the power of *Will*, and the power of *God*—
 To marry th' Ideal to its Bridegroom the Real!

So let this, our blazoned insignia be,
 "*God, and our own Will!*"

O glorious motto!

Motto most worthy to grace the escutcheon
 Of hero, of saint, or philosopher:
 "*God, and our own Will!*"

An "army with banners!"

More terrible far than the legions of Hell!
 "*God, and our own Will!*"

A watchword of might,
 And heraldry sublime of Eternity's heirs,
 Lifting up the low plebeian—poor flesh-chained of earth,
 To the title of *Lords* in the peerage of Heaven!

* * * * * *

Oracular soul! let thy teachings go forth
 On the wings of the wind to illumine the earth;
 Oh, deeper, still deeper, dig down in that mine,
 Whose depths are so fraught with the jewels of truth.
 Why, the seeds of thy thoughts would grow out upon rocks,
 And cause e'en "the desert to bloom as a rose:"
 Apostles of Virtue, of Beauty, and Truth,
 They will preach their high mission to millions unborn—
 They will serve in the cause of the poor fainting soul,
 As a saber of fire in the battle of life!
 And, oh, in this midnight of doubt in the mind,
 When the God-given Faith of our Fathers grows dim,
 May the teachings like thine find a home in each heart,
 And bring back the "*Light*"* to the souls that are blind!

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 25, 1852.*

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**TRUTH.**—We know of nothing higher than Truth; we receive truth on no authority but truth itself: with us its acceptance does not depend upon the vote of the majority, nor its validity on the seal of the Church. We are willing to entertain truth on its own merits.

**CHARITY.**—When you hear the bigot boast of his partial faith, the sectarian of his selfish hope, and the enthusiast of his blind zeal, remember that greater than all these, is that Charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly."

S. B. B.

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\* The Light that shone out on the patriarchs, prophets, and philosophers of old—the Light that illumined, with hues of Heaven, the divine moral teachings of Jesus Christ—the Light of *true Faith*, ere it became darkened by the corruptions of after ages.

## DUTY OF PROGRESS, AND DEVOTION TO LIVING TRUTH.

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JUN.

THE noblest, grandest men in the world's history have lived for Truth, and the records of Science, Art, Philosophy, and Religion, are radiant and illustrious with the names of those who have consecrated themselves body, mind, and soul, all that they were, and all that they had, and all that they hoped, with a wholeness and a singleness of devotion to this sublime service, without one passing thought or care for earthly gains and riches, for earthly honors and endowments. Preëminently is this true of the man who stands at the very highest summit of religious thought and life, Jesus of Nazareth; and at the close of his career, when on trial for his life, he most emphatically declares: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Oh, how few are there that feel, with him, that this is man's divinest and most glorious mission! To bear testimony, aye! to be a martyr, if need be, to the truth. For the Greek word, here used, "*μαρτυριζω*," means both to be a martyr and a witness, and is the root whence our word "martyr" is derived. And Jesus taught and labored, he lived and died for Truth, unpopular, hated, despised Truth! Truth, the great reality of the universe! Truth, the living word of God! Glorious, divine, eternal Truth, whose application to human life is able to save mankind from error, from sin, and from suffering; to give harmony, peace, and blessedness, to exalt him nearer to Heaven, and nearer to God. And what mission more grand and ennobling than this? Beside this lofty devotion, this earnest and fearless advocacy of truth, how mean and



insignificant do all the vulgar objects of human pursuit, aye! even the most exalted schemes of earthly ambition, appear. Compared with the faithful friend and apostle of Truth, the devotee of mere earthly riches seems like some poor disgusting worm; grubbing in his native mud; the follower of fame, like some fluttering ephemeral insect beside the mighty and soaring bird of heaven. Better to live but one day in earnest and glorious devotion to the divine and exalted cause of immortal Truth, than to plod on years, and centuries even, in pursuit of more sensual, selfish, and degrading objects.

Behold the man who is delving and toiling, with his senses and thoughts fixed on the earth, to add dollar to dollar, and acre to acre—to accumulate, by “hook or by crook,” “*per fas aut nefas*,” property which he can call his own for a few days only, and which full soon he shall be compelled to leave forever, without being able to take one little pinch of earth from his broad lands, or one small farthing of all his riches with him! What a poor blind mole, burrowing in the earth, does he appear, beside the glorious spirit that, elevated on the wings of earnest thought, soars above all sensual and selfish pursuits, and speaks, acts, and lives for the advancement of divine, eternal truth; the great truth of God, which shall still live to bless his soul—to bless the world and its unborn generations, centuries and ages after he has quitted these earthly scenes for still nobler duties in higher and more radiant spheres. It was thus that Jesus spoke, and lived, and labored, aye! still lives and speaks in his priceless words of truth and love, the heritage of nations. A man who has no love of eternal truth, and no interest in its advancement in the world, is but a poor and sorry specimen of manhood. He is a body without the soul. He has little or no connection with God and the blessed angels, but holds relation only to the beasts that perish. “What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?” is the great question, the highest idea of his life. His immortal soul seems to have died out of him, or, rather, never to have been awakened into life and action; and, as we observe his course, we are almost led to believe in that fearful doctrine of retribution, that supposes the punishment of the selfish, the

worldly, and the sensual, to consist in complete and utter annihilation at death: for all that is elevated, noble, and immortal in them, all the glorious aspirations after eternal truth and wisdom, seem already to have died out of them. We had as lief herd with the very brutes, as to be placed in constant companionship with human beings who have no care, no thought, for any thing above their earthly wants, their worldly pursuits, their sensual pleasures. Aye! their presence and fellowship is more degrading, more sickening, and afflictive than that of the brutes; for we are filled with continual disgust and horror at the thought, that beings created for such a lofty and celestial happiness, for such a noble and divine destiny, could ever fall so low. And yet, how many are there, who have little care, little love for these immortal and elevating interests—who are of the earth, earthy—to whom a dollar has more charms than a great thought; a good dinner, some low, sensual enjoyment, or vulgar, earthly pleasure, more attraction than the grandest, noblest truth that seer ever beheld, or prophet ever uttered.

There is, however, not only this besotted *indifference* to the great interests of truth, but in some quarters there is a determined and bitter *hostility* to it. Old notions, old customs, old habits of thought or *thoughtlessness*, ancient dogmas and antiquated creeds, the dicta of tyrannic parties, and the shibboleth of dominant sects have taken the place of fresh, living, progressive Truth in the minds of the many. They have never thought or asked themselves "What is truth?" Only, "What says the church, the creed, the book?" "What are the views of the party, the priest, or the leader?" And as they hear his voice, they echo that, and with a hue and a cry they rush on to hunt down all opposition.

The grand distinction to be observed always between the devoted lover of truth and the mere stickler for opinion is, that while the latter are obstinately opposed to any new view and fresh, original expression of truth, the former always keep their minds alive and open to the reception of any and every new thought that presents itself. A real, earnest, hearty lover of Truth never can sit down and rest contented with the degree of truth to which he has already attained, but he continually

presses forward, striving to obtain still fuller, truer, and nobler views. For truth unfolds itself by progressive developments, and more and more of truth is continually revealed to mankind, as they are able to receive and use it. The farther we advance up the celestial pathway, the more its full and shining orb reveals its whole and perfect form, and its effulgent glory. Every year, indeed, brings a fuller revelation of scientific, philosophical, moral, and religious truths, and we come to know continually something more of the nature and character of God; something more of his power, wisdom, and love, as manifested in the great universe and in ourselves; and thus we are enabled to make continual advances in science and in art, in ethics, civil government, and theology. And a man who will listen to no opinion of truth that differs from his own, who stands forth in determined and bitter opposition to all new views, goes upon the supposition that there can be no further or fuller manifestation of truth made to his mind; and that he contains all that there is of truth and wisdom in the universe. In one word, *he has the conceited folly, the blasphemous arrogance, to claim for himself very omniscience.* Hence, the man who shuts his mind to the reception of new truth, and is obstinately opposed to new ideas and new movements, is always to be regarded as a foe to all Progress. The friend of Truth, on the contrary, is always a seeker. Searching ever to find more of the perfect and eternal truth, that is continually revealing itself more and more to the earnest, faithful soul; to fathom new depths, ascend to new heights, to gain continually some fuller knowledge of that Divine wisdom, that great Reality of the Universe, which is God, *he* never has the arrogance to imagine, for a moment even, that he has arrived at all of truth, that he has fathomed the whole counsel of God. He feels, rather, that centuries on centuries may come and go, and that ages upon ages may pass away, and he still be a learner in the school of Truth, a humble student at the footstool of Divine wisdom. That he may draw into his thirsty soul, continually, new refreshment from the heavenly fountain, that he may drink forever of its celestial waters, that he can exhaust it, never. That no day shall ever dawn in the far-off eternity of his future existence, when he shall be able to

say, "I have drank the well of Truth dry, I have reached even to omniscience." The lover of Truth, the true wise man, is thus always modest and unassuming; while he who is conceited and arrogant, and thinks "he knows it all," may be set down as an enemy to truth, a bigot, and an ignoramus. He shuts his eyes to every new view, he closes his ears to every new thought, while the friend of Truth, always eager and anxious to learn something more of the wonderful wisdom and power of his Heavenly Father, and to fathom the mysteries of his grand and beautiful creation, observes every new phenomenon, opens his soul to the entertainment of every new idea, listens to every fresh thought, watches with interest every new movement, desirous always of receiving new light and new aid in his divine and glorious pursuit. He never is contented with his imperfect knowledge, his partial wisdom, his poor and meagre attainments, with the scanty portion of Truth already gained; but with all great, and wise, and noble men, he continually looks upward, and presses forward. The great and nobly wise man is never found among the opponents of new ideas and fresh original views; for he has learned enough of the eternal wisdom, of its infinite heights, its unfathomable depths, its boundless expanse, to feel that his little wisdom is but poor folly. Said the learned and illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, one of earth's greatest and wisest, at the close of his long and noble career, when allusion was made to his vast acquisitions: "I have but gathered a few pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of Truth lay all unexplored before me." And the *truly* pious and religious soul looks up to the infinite Being with too pure and perfect a reverence, to dare, for a moment, to imagine that he himself is the receptacle of all Truth and wisdom. Whenever, therefore, we meet a man whose arrogant conceit leads him to think that he has all wisdom in his grasp, and to denounce as false all views of Truth different from those he holds, we are compelled to question the *genuineness of his piety*, as well as to doubt the soundness of his wisdom. Indeed, we have observed that the most bigoted opponents of new views, original thoughts, and new movements, were generally to be found in the ranks of the most irreverent, as well as of the most

narrow-minded and ignorant, and that those who cry out "Humbug!" the loudest at every new thing, are the greatest possible humbugs themselves; men who, by a show of learning, or a pretense of wisdom, or by some prop of outward position, name, or title, have imposed themselves upon the faith of those about them, who are as weak and foolish as themselves. It is the men of the greatest learning and truest science who are always the most earnest and thorough in their examination of new theories, and observance of new phenomena, while the silly ignoramus, the pity of every wise man, ridicules and anathematizes what is equally beyond his comprehension and his appreciation. Such language may seem harsh and severe, but it is only severe with the strict justice of Truth.

The ridicule of such is as vain and powerless in its influence, as it is foolish and wicked. We may shut our eyes and close our ears if we will against new opinions and new facts, but there they are and will remain. We may reject, deny, and denounce the truth, but we can not destroy one particle of its essence or check its onward progress for a moment; but, like the aromatic flower, which the more it is trampled on, the more it grows, sending up its fragrance to charm the senses of its very enemies, so Truth, the more it is opposed and vilified, the more it flourishes, till at length it charms to silence and assent its bitterest foes. All our falseness, our opposition, our malice, will not be able to hide or annihilate the smallest fact, or kill the humblest and most insignificant Truth. And should our unholy efforts seem to succeed for a time, we shall come to know at length that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, shrieks in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

Despite all our efforts the sun will shine, and the world will move on; Truth will shed down its serene and glorious light, and new, and higher, and fairer views of truth will extend over the whole earth. Struggle against the current as you may, still the stream will flow on; and beware, oh, bigot, lest while others

are sailing blissfully onward to fairer regions of life, and light, and beauty, you shall be cast, deserted and alone, on the bare and barren rocks. The mote in the sunshine, the fabled insect on the ox's horn, are apt emblems of the vanity of your efforts, and the insignificancy of all your boasted prowess, when put forth in opposition to the divine greatness and almighty power of Truth.

The indifferent, and the bitterly hostile and malignant classes, however, are not the only ones that stand in the way of a willing and hearty reception of the truth. There are those, who are afraid to receive and acknowledge even the truths they must needs believe. They timidly ask themselves, "Will it do? What will my friends think? What will people say? Will not my minister look hardly on me? Will not my church condemn my views, and shall I not be censured by the world about me?" So they hide and shirk their opinions, keep their views to themselves, fear to express their honest convictions, dare not call their souls their own, and live mean, pitiful, slavish lives. We would sooner be a galley-slave, chained to the oar, or a southern bondman, driven at the sound of the lash, than a professed freeman, whose mind is in fetters to other men's opinions, and who is carried about by the leading-strings of priest or elder, party or sect, his spirit galled by baser and harder chains than those of iron. Such timid, cringing, sycophantic creatures are unworthy to stand upright and bear the name of man.

Better to stand alone, with the glorious Truth and the great God on our side, than to lead a life of falsehood, hypocrisy, and cowardly subserviency, though surrounded by a fawning multitude, and greeted everywhere with shouts of admiring applause. Better to starve in the cause of Truth and Right, than to grow sleek and fat from the gains of faithlessness and treachery. What, though we may lose the love of earthly friends by our single and earnest devotion to Truth, *we shall gain new friends in heaven*; and when men shall refuse to hear us, and pass us by in contempt, radiant angels shall bend down from their serene and lofty spheres to listen to our words, and scatter blessings in our pathway. Jesus, set at naught by chief priest

and elder, and hated by men, was the beloved of God, and passed from the bloody cross of vilest shame and infamy to the celestial Paradise, to the very right hand of the throne on high.

Those are mistaken, who imagine that Truth requires no sacrifices, and demands no martyrdom at the present day. There are some who believe that all truth is contained in the so-called Christian church, and because men have no sacrifice of selfish interests, respectability, or pleasure to make in becoming members of *popular churches*, they vainly imagine that a devotion to the *cause of Truth* imposes no self-denial, no loss of suffering or sacrifice; least of all, a martyrdom. But, though to profess the popular Christianity, to enter the popular church, to uphold ancient opinions, once deemed so essential, and to sustain the respectable stagnation of time-honored conservatism, not only requires no surrender of selfish ease or comfort, but is rather gainful and advantageous in a worldly point of view, yet *living Truth*, the Truth of to-day, calls for her faithful martyrs, willing to do and to suffer, to labor and agonize, and to die, if need be, in her holy cause, as much now as ever before in the world's history; *and he who has never suffered and sacrificed for Truth, who has never felt the martyr's spirit and the martyr's pains, knows little of what devotion to truth means.* No cross or gibbet may now raise its frightful form across his pathway; no bloody stake or fiery fagot greet his undaunted vision; no damp gloom of the noisome dungeon open its poisonous darkness to receive its victim; but though the enemies of Truth dare not attack the body, yet there is a moral and spiritual martyrdom, that every soul, faithful to her sublime and holy cause, must still pass through. Mayhap, like Jesus of old, "he will be rejected of all men." The fires of hate and persecution are still kindled by the scorching breath of malice—the heavy cross must be borne now as ever before, and we can point to many and many a victim, shut out, by the pale of sect, from intercourse with his fellows, in a spiritual dungeon, built by the conservative and bigot, by the enemies of all new views and new movements. Still men are denounced, persecuted, and "all manner of evil is spoken against them falsely," for Truth's sake. Still they are treated



with coldness and indifference. Hatred still utters her lying tale, and venomous spite still injures them in property and means of living, as well as in reputation, feelings, and happiness. Oh! it is a fearful martyrdom to endure this life-long coldness, neglect, hatred, and persecution for Truth's sake. To have every hope of outward success, every bud of earthly promise blighted, every avenue to distinction and high influence among their fellows closed upon them. But, great as is the sorrow and the martyrdom on earth, how much greater is the reward in heaven—in the spiritual and inward world, "for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Yonder humble youth is one of Truth's noble and blessed martyrs. For his faithfulness to his own convictions of Truth, his friends look coldly on him; his parents and brothers chide and reproach him; his minister and church anathematize and excommunicate him; and now he sits alone, with no friend on whom to rest, with no brother to whom he may turn for sympathy or aid; and yet, though deserted of earth, he has gained the nearer friendship of heaven; and still, with joyful heart, he can say with Jesus: "I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Full many a martyr for human freedom and human rights, for unpopular, despised, and hated Truth, houseless and homeless, deserted and forsaken, and, perhaps, outlawed and hunted, roams the cold, hard world, like him of old, "not having where to lay his head." And yet an inward satisfaction and peace of mind, flowing from a consciousness of fidelity to duty, light up his soul as with a smile from heaven, filling it with divine rapture, with blissful ecstasy, that transforms the flames of martyrdom into a glowing chariot of fire, that lifts his soul upward to God. Oh! there is an inward delight—a spiritual joy and blessedness—found in earnest devotion to great Truth, that amply atones for all the pains and agonies of martyrdom; and which has power to lift us above the world, to open to us the heavenly gates, and bring us into lofty communion with the blessed angels, and with the Father. Let us not fear, then, to bear the martyr's earthly cross in hearty devotion to Truth, for our brows shall at length grow radiant with the martyr's heavenly crown. Do not let us hesitate, for a



moment even, to give our life to the Christian mission—to feel, with Jesus, that to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might be a martyr to the truth. Glorious mission! Blessed privilege!

Unpopular and hated as new and reformatory truths may be, when they first dawn in their startling light upon the world, and opposed, vilified, and execrated as are its apostles and advocates, I think that there is a certain reverential respect and awe felt in the inmost hearts of their opponents, despite their bitter hostility and malice, especially toward the faithful, consistent, and independent friends of Truth, those whom no favors can bribe, no powers or threats can terrify. It is only its feeble, timid, and wavering advocates, that have little faith themselves in the truths they profess to hold dear, that meet the unqualified and merited contempt of its enemies. Your weak, half-way, vacillating supporters of Truth! Earnest faithfulness, and fearless independence in the advocacy of new and unpopular principles, will command, in the end, the respect of the basest and falsest.

There are those who, for the sake of excusing their faithlessness to its interests, will put the specious inquiry, "What is Truth?" or declare "There is some truth in every proposition, in every theory, belief, and movement?" Selfishness, sensuality, and worldliness, with earthly ambition, and an engrossing pursuit of riches, must, I know, darken the moral perceptions, and deaden the love of Truth in the human soul; and yet there are few, if any, who can not, if they will but give their earnest attention to this great and sublime object, distinguish between truth and error, and perceive always the glorious form of divine and holy Truth. *For Truth, indeed, is always in harmony with Nature and Reason*, always consistent with all the other revelations of himself, the Heavenly Father has made in the universe around us and within us. This, indeed, is the only test of truth, whether scientific or moral, philosophical, theological, or religious truth. Whatever is contrary to reason and to nature, incongruous and out of harmony with all other teachings of God in the creation around us, is manifestly erroneous and absurd. And though there may be something of truth, that

is to say, some manifestation of God, in all human theories and statements, *the truth that we see and feel, that strikes most strongly our convictions, and moves our hearts, is the truth given us to cherish, sustain, and advocate*; and if we are false and faithless to that, we are false to ourselves, false to Truth, and false to God.

Strange as it may appear to some of our readers, it has always seemed to us, that the new truth was the most interesting, the most vitally and practically important. The new truth that has just developed itself in the world, that is now for the first time revealed to man, is the truth most needed by the world. The old truths, revealed in former times—in past ages—have mostly been employed and used up. They have been applied to human life, and have done their work in the advancement of the race. And now, if men would still go on, progress, improve, they must have some new ideas, some fresh thoughts, some new inventions, some new movements, some *new truths* developed; at least, the old must be stated with new force and significancy. History, indeed, teaches us that new ideas, new inventions, new movements, are the source of all progress. It was the new thought, the new idea, the new truth of the sphericity of the globe, that, inspiring the soul of the great Columbus, unfolded to his longing vision a new and fairer world. It was the new idea, the new truth of the expansive power of steam, moving the inventive mind of Fulton, that gave to the ship its new heart of fire, its new wings of vapor, and has thus changed the commerce, the condition, and the civilization of the world. The brave Luther, animated by a new and higher truth, stood up in defiance of a popular church, a proud hierarchy, and a powerful Pope; and thus became, under God, the great Reformer of the religious world of his day. Its old truths had become effete, barren, dead: overwhelmed with a mass of errors and corruptions; and it needed new ideas, fresh original thoughts, new, and higher, and grander truths, to awaken the church from its besotted dreams, and, with their startling trumpet tones, to arouse benighted Christendom from its slumbers. So in all ages, even at the present. And it was loftier and sublimer truths, truths unknown to Scribe or Pharisee, truths that Moses

and the ancients had never felt, which Jesus came to utter—the great, new reformatory truths of man's divine origin and destiny; of the equality of all men in the sight of God; of human freedom and brotherhood. Let no professed follower of Christ, therefore, be ever afraid to receive and cherish continually, new, and higher, and more glorious views of Truth.

And yet, I would by no means reject the old, but reverence them for the use they have been, the good they have done: and while new and more radiant constellations lift their sparkling eyes above the horizon, and brighten, with a new and fairer glory, all the heavens, I would still bless the milder, feebler rays of the ancient and more distant stars, the guiding lights of earlier days.

Neither let us despise the new truth, because it is little and insignificant in its beginnings, or because it is derived from an humble source, and has a lowly origin. The fall of an insignificant apple was the key that unlocked to the great Newton some of the sublimest mysteries of the universe. A puny insect, or an humble flower, has awakened many a human soul to a living faith in God and immortality; and Christianity, that now fills the whole civilized world with its power and influence, was first cradled in a manger, and proclaimed by an humble carpenter's son, and his poor unlettered fishermen followers. Despise not, then, the little humble truth, for it shall grow with the growing years, till at length it shall fill the world with its power and splendor, and earth's greatest and noblest shall bow before it in willing and joyful allegiance. Every truth was once despised and anathematized, every truth had a humble origin, a little beginning. Then let us open our hearts to the joyful reception of the new and humble Truth as it is revealed to the world. For, by the development of new ideas, new thoughts, new truths alone, can the world be advanced and reformed, and it is only through the agency of new and higher Truth that the human soul can be quickened in its progress in wisdom, virtue, and goodness in its upward road to God. Let the mission of Christ—earnest devotion to truth—be our mission. Do not let us say we have no time, no leisure for the study and pursuit of immortal truth. Neither poverty, nor

want, nor severe task-work can excuse us. And oh! what lofty and celestial pleasures, what serene and elevated delight, shall this love and communion with lofty truths bestow upon the soul, softening the woes and sufferings of penury, and crowning the hardest and most rugged labors with a radiant, joyful light from heaven! Many a peasant scholar and peasant saint, devoting himself in penury and hardship to the glorious cause of divine Truth, has brightened the pages of human history, making his name a light and a blessing to future ages! Many such an one have we known scattered here and there over our own land! In yonder humble tenement, in a miserable garret, under the old blackened roof, sits a hard-toiling laborer, bending his heavy and aching head over a glorious volume, filled with new and wonderful revelations of divine Truth—the truths of science, of philosophy, and of God. The severe task and burden of the day is over, and worn and weary though he be, yet an inward and spiritual light, as if from higher spheres, kindles his beaming eye, that seems to illumine the dim twilight of that humble apartment, and, as grand and lofty thoughts come flashing in upon his soul, thrilling him with their celestial beauty, and refreshing him with their heavenly manna, the fatigue, and pain, and sorrow, of his lowly lot are gone like an evil dream; an inspiration from on high is awakened within him, and no king on his throne, no earthly monarch with all his wealth and grandeur, may taste of such pure and exalted ecstasy as he. He converses through their living teachings with the mighty intellects of past ages; heaven and earth unlock their treasures, and as his clear and radiant eyes turn upward in involuntary thanksgiving, angels from heaven bend down over him with faces of ineffable tenderness, and acknowledge the poor hard laborer—the lover of Truth—there in his penury and lowliness—as their beloved brother.

## TIME AND LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

THERE is a dark and mighty sea  
Which restless rolls its tide,  
And countless rivers silently  
Into its bosom glide;  
That sea is Time! upon its shore,  
All gloomy with the past,  
What wrecks of ages, evermore,  
Life's river-streams shall cast.

There, shivered in the sand, are strown,  
The proudest works of Art;  
There, pyramid and sphynx, o'erthrown,  
Of dust and mud are part;  
There, beggars sleep embraced by kings,  
And there, all silently,  
Beneath oblivion's awful wings,  
Nations and races lie.

O dark and mighty is that sea—  
The restless sea of Time—  
Its waves, unto Life's river-streams  
With solemn music chime;  
And phantom men and nations tread  
Its grim and gloomy shore,  
The living to the land of death  
To welcome evermore!

## THE CELESTIAL LIFE ON EARTH.

NUMBER TWO.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

THE fact of Man's divine genesis insures him a divine destiny. To say that the latter is not commensurate with the former is to scandalize the Divinity. So, to allege an inadequacy of *means* to the effectuation of that destiny is just as silly and defamatory. The means are as ample and perfect as the end, and can not ultimately fail in doing their work. Though many periods of darkness, doubt, and discord cloud the history of man, yet, in God's own good time, all things come round. Blind, indeed, must be the man who can not discern that all the events, institutions, and doings and thinkings of these times are unequivocally tending to some great issue—some great day of freedom and equality, of final enlargement, peace, and harmony for the human soul. The unitary affections, powers, and uses plenary in the heart of man, are rising in their mighty tide and their expansive nature, bursting the iron bands of old creeds and statutes, and emancipating and universalizing themselves. In view of the law of progress, written over every archway and on every finger-board along the history of man, it is presumption for any man or set of men to say to this tide, by erecting "platforms" and decreeing "finalities," "thither shalt thou rise and no higher, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." In the history of earth and the institutions of men there is no such a thing as a "finality." God is the only finality.

As all men have one and the same origin, and one and the same destiny, so they are fundamentally or internally *united and equal*. Unity and equality are therefore prime laws of our being, as we are all united and equal in God. This is the true democracy and fellowship. There is not a good destiny for one man and an evil destiny for another; not abundant means pro-

vided for one and insufficient for another. In the Divine government one is not cursed and another blessed; one man's happiness insured and another periled; nor, truly, in the end is one man's happiness favored more than another's, but all being inseparably united and intrinsically equal, are *one*. Our sectional, conventional, and personal differences are merely external. So might I say also that our national and geographical differences are only external, while the whole race is internally united and equal, being one in origin and one in destiny. Externally we are discriminated from each other by a vast variety of personal peculiarities and relations, by different capacities, different forms of character, different social relations and positions; by different physical constitutions, different temperaments and countenances, etc. These external differences serve to distinctly individualize each man, to give him personal identity and character, and to finite his faculties to the performance of a *specific use*, not for himself alone, but for all the rest, and that use too concordant with the uses performed by all the others, just as the wheel in the machinery has its function to discharge in unison with all the rest. Those differences, thus necessary to individualize the character and uses of each man, and to adapt each to the performance of a specific function, do not *disunite* them any more than the different shapes of their noses and colors of their eyes disunite and separate them. They serve to bring them into still greater unity and harmony when fully developed and rightly adjusted. But the legislator has hitherto lost sight of the great law of human unity and equality, or assigned it a subordinate consideration, and made those external differences the objects and basis of his legislation. So, preëminently, with the priest and the bishop. Hence sectarianism, intolerance, exclusiveness, disintegration, and all the terrors and injustice of "class legislation," with which this land is now so blackly cursed. Human unity and equality is the great law of God vital in man, and all the external differences of personal peculiarities, relations, capacities, positions, etc., are but the servants and means of that law's fulfillment, and subordinate to it. Whatever creed or system—whatever institution or law that tends to *universalize* the heart of man—that tends to human



*unity*, peace, and harmony, is born of God in man, and heralds the day of humanity's final enfranchisement, when the whole earth shall be free—when the spirit will be more cared for than the letter.

We see that the social and religious institutions of each past age were not final, but for that age only, and served it until they were outgrown and useless. They were but provisionary and temporary, and when the heart of man had expanded beyond their limits, they were annulled or became obsolete, and were supplanted by others more genial, liberal, and universal. They are but marks along the way to show how high the tide of progress had yet arisen. The more narrow, exclusive, and sectarian they are the sooner their day is over; the more liberal, universal, and intrinsically human they are, the longer lived are they, and the greater the use they serve. The degree in which each age and nation has approximated the great humanitarian principles of unity and equality stand out indexed in their institutions, civil, political, and religious, which are but revelations, more or less perfect, from the interior of those principles which are essentially and fundamentally *human*. And they all point onward to a better state of things—all symbolizing a sunnier era in the history of man—hoary prophecies of the celestial future! Let us, therefore, determine the worth and validity of each dispensation, creed, or institute, as they pass, by their humanitarian import, by their spirit of unity, universality, and equality; and, let us affirm no "platform," and recognize no compact as a "finality," that does not include the entire family of man.

We all have an *instinct* of a better life for man on earth than what we now enjoy and are denounced to pass through. None of us are satisfied. We expect a Messiah, whose kingdom will be of this world, and who will reign on earth. We all expect a millennium, in which the discordant and antagonist relations of man with man, and man with nature, shall be reconciled into harmony and peace. The man of wealth does not find this better life in the bulk of his substance and the gratification of all his natural appetites, passions, and propensities. The philosopher does not find it in the amount of his ideas and the compass



of his knowledge. Neither does the man of morals find it in his moral preëminence over and at the expense of thieves and harlots, publicans and sinners. In each there is an aching void, an unsatisfied aspiration, which testifies a lack somewhere. You will, perhaps, say, that at the altar in the church, peace, contentment, and harmony are to be found. But I say that *there* is the stronghold of disquietude, mental anguish, and despair; there my soul is periled, my life declared forfeited and intrinsically hostile to God, and can not be reconciled except by an inconceivable sacrifice and unspeakable suffering; then I am daily and nightly afflicted with a conscience of sin, which makes me miserable and goads me on to despair; there nine-tenths of the human family are eternally lost. Peace and harmony there? The whole pretension is ridiculously absurd! But if this celestial life does not lie in our physical well-being, and the gratification of all our natural wants, passions, and appetites; if it does not lie in the pursuit of science and the acquisition of knowledge; if it does not lie in the conscious exemption from moral taint and turpitude; if it is neither found in the sentiment of selfishness, the sentiment of duty, nor the sentiment of religion, so called, where *is* it to be found?

Before answering this question understandingly, we will have to look to the nature of man, and his purpose and object in the creation. It requires no very profound analysis to discover that the entire creation, and every part of it, are vitally implicated in man's nature and destiny. We see that every thing relates to him, and in some way represents his being. He finds in all outer nature the correspondents of the faculties of his soul. His affectional and esthetic natures are represented in the uses and ends each and all things embody, and his intelligent nature is represented in the form, law, and order which all things are under. Each thing in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdom is born or created to and for a certain use, which corresponds to man's love principle, and each has its own law or order of existence which corresponds to man's intelligent principle. In each thing of nature is *something* of man. The *fragments*, as it were, of a grand human organism lie all around us. All things point to, typify, or symbolize man, in whom all

their laws, properties, and essences are epitomized. He is the focalized natural and spiritual creation; and what is objective or external to his being, is but the evanescent shadows or representatives of what is *really* subjective or internal to it. Moreover, as all things of the spiritual or ideal world are truly substantial and real, so *they* more really and preëminently testify man—more directly and unequivocally relate to him. He is the great end and purpose of God in the creation, and of course all things are but *means* to that end; hence we see all things tending *toward* Man, in whom all uses and order center. The universe must, therefore, be *essentially and grandly* HUMAN.

Now, the outer or natural world is by no means as real as the inner or spiritual world. The former is not being in itself, but only the manifestation of being—the phenomenal universe—the theater for the outer display of inner being. Man's true and only life and being is God *in* him, who ever displays Himself in ultimate nature, through man's, spirit's, and angel's thoughts, and affections put forth into actions. Man is not man by virtue of his corpse, but by virtue of his spirit—his ideal and passional being. His corpse is but the mere instrument for the display of his ideal and passional being on this outer arena, and all that he does or makes here is but the putting forth, in outer form, of his ideal—the incarnation or outer embodiment of his thoughts and affections. By means of his body he is enabled to pursue and actualize his ideal in the natural world. Clearly, then, these incarnations are but the manifestations of his ideal and emotional being; and it is just as plain that those manifestations are perishable and transitory, while their ideal, which is their life and soul in man, is real and permanent. When, for instance, an architect designs a palace, he has it perfect and complete in his mind; its dimensions, doors, halls, chambers, windows, etc., are all adjusted and finished ideally long before he incarnates or puts it forth in brick and mortar—eliminated from the inner world. The ideal palace is the *real* one, and in the ideal or spiritual world, appears outwardly to the mind's eye, or spiritual vision of the angel or spirit, like the ideal of the somnambule, appears to him real and objective, while the natural one, seen only by the natural eye, is comparatively

unreal and notoriously fleeting and perishable. The latter soon topples down and crumbles to decay, while the former is as immortal as the mind that conceived it! Had not the Greek Slave an actual and real, because ideal being, in the mind of Powers, long before he wrought it *out* in marble? and will it not live in the minds of millions when the marble manifestation of it shall have perished forever? Those ideal beauties and harmonies come into our minds from the spiritual world, and it is our birthright and delight to incessantly body them forth in nature. One man being endowed with a special faculty for conceiving one species of ideal beauty and use and incarnating it, and another man another; just as the architect has his special faculty or use, the sculptor his, the painter his, the hatter his, the shoemaker his, etc. All the uses and offices necessary to beautify and glorify man have their heaven-appointed executors. But I anticipate.

Now, the spiritual world is the ideal world, and the ideal world is the real world—the natural world is but its type or shadow. All things of the natural world exist *from* the spiritual world, and are but the manifestations of the spiritual—the phenomenality of the ideal. So, likewise, is it with man. His natural life is but the phenomenality of his spiritual life—the shadow of his real life. *And in the degree that this real life is put forth in the natural world, unperturbed and unobstructed by social, moral, and religious institutions, will its glory and beauty be displayed, and just in proportion as its glory and beauty are thus nominally displayed, will be the use and delight of the subject of it.*

The only Man who is, and has being in Himself—being uncreated and underived—is God. And it is because he is truly and essentially Man—the only self-existent and creative Man, that the universe is so gloriously human. The human significance, tendency, and correspondence of all things demonstrating their human origin. In His ideal being are found the prototypes of all that was, is, or ever shall be, in the celestial, spiritual, or natural worlds. In Him all exists in idea, and all the outer worlds are but the manifestations of His ideal. All the thoughts and affections of man, spirit, and angel are derived

from Him—not in an outward, obvious, and palpable way, but in an inward, secret, and occult way. They flow into the soul of man from God through the inner world, and disclose themselves in his mind. They are the continual revelations which God makes of Himself to man. The more ideas, the more intelligence and wisdom, and the more affections and emotions a man has, is he not more truly a *man*? and does he not more fully *image* or manifest God? and is not this manifestation of God more perfect as it is put forth unobstructed in *action* in the outer world? The normal outflow and incarnation of those heaven-derived thoughts and affections are God's direct revelations to man—the Divine love and wisdom displayed on earth. In truth, the only way we shall ever know God is in and through our spiritual being—is by the free play of the Divinity within us coming out in esthetic action and use in the world. He is *in* us a “well of water springing up to eternal life.” And when the legitimate outflow of the Divinity within us is impeded and perverted by social, moral, and religious restraints, it necessarily and infallibly produces *vice, sin, and crime*, and thus *caricatures* the indwelling Divinity—shows God in inverted images and false manifestations. The heavens, the heaven of heavens, and God himself are plenary in the soul of man, with all their harmonies and beauties, and but wait for the day when *right relations* of man with man, and man with God and nature, will enable them to gloriously reveal themselves on earth! But the race is so crooked and warped—so deformed and dwarfed externally by mundane disorder and rule, that man *can not* show forth his integrity—that integrity he had in God. But like the foot of the Chinese lady, dwarfed by an iron shoe, he can not grow to his divine symmetry and proportions. No man had an innate and original love of vice and crime; they date from these false relations—this disorder and misrule. No man is intrinsically evil—bad institutions make and reflect him externally bad. No man does murder from the mere delight of murder as an end; but he seeks *thereby* to compass an end which society and the church have denied him, and which is his birthright. They make thieves and harlots, and then denounce and punish them for being so! The legitimate outflow of heaven and God

in man are thus perverted and turned into Hell. Every gibbet, jail, and penitentiary—every vagrant, burglar, and thief are thus *made* false witnesses—suborned to belie God! This is the philosophy of sin and crime. But the priest, mistaking the true source of the trouble, is led to libel both the creature and Creator, by affirming an *intrinsic contrariety* between them, and attempts to cure the evil by one still greater. Give man right relations with his fellow-man, with God and nature—suffer him to make use of all the varied means which God has so abundantly spread around him to actualize his ideal and pas-sional existence, which wells up from God and heaven within him, and he will no longer do crime and sin, but his heaven on earth will consist in the esthetic performance of his special use—in the daily discharge of his special function, which none can so well fulfill as he. Then his soul will be hourly filled with the ideal beauties and uses of heaven and of God, and he will incessantly labor to bring them forth and embody them in the world around him. Monopolize none of the means of man's salvation and God's glorification in him—let him have free course and be justified, and he will soon become a law unto himself. The only life of man is useful activity or industry, and as he puts it forth unperverted and unterrified in esthetic use, he is God's true creature. His being is doing, his action life, and its antagonist is indolence or inactivity, which is spiritual death. Moreover, his life is his delight, or in other words, his esthetic industry is his heaven, and whatever social relation, creed, or system that denies him this heaven, gives him over to reprobation and crime. In the true life on earth, man has no outward end—no higher aim than the felicitous discharge of his special use. He needs no penal sanctions or restraints—needs no sense of duty to flatter him on, and no terrific conscience of sin to drive him to the fulfillment of his humanitarian function, any more than it requires pains and penalties, sense of duty, or a conscience of sin, to make the lover love his sweetheart. The celestial life on earth, which is the esthetic life—the life of untrammelled attractions, tastes, sympathies, and affinities—constitutes each mechanic, machinist, tradesman, husbandman, horticulturalist, gardener, florist, fruiterer, etc., *artists by a right*

*divine*, and infallibly leads them, in their several ways, to incessantly labor to embody their ideal outwardly, as Powers labored to incarnate his ideal conception of the Greek Slave, making each no longer a servile and menial task, but a delight and joy—each catching his specific inspiration from on high and rapturously embodying in nature—each soul freighted with the rich merchandize of *invention*, beauty, and use of his department, and importing them from heaven on to earth.

In the selfish life, the acquisition of property and the gratification of all the animal cupidities, is the source and end of action. Hence, all the institutions of this era are essentially exclusive, selfish, and disintegrative, putting men's interests and well-being in antagonism, and making every sign-board a declaration of war against all the rest of mankind. In the moral life the institutions are predicated upon the distinctions of good, better, and best—bad, worse, and worst. They are founded upon the disunity and differences of men with regard to their moral worth, and when pursued as an end of life, tend ever to disunite and separate me from the great mass of mankind. They identify themselves, too, with the selfish civil institutions which manufacture thieves and harlots, by thwarting their destiny and throwing them out of their spheres, and thus put me in antagonism with them, and call upon me to pursue them with vindictiveness and reproach. The current religious life dissociates me from God, *or* disunites me from nine-tenths of my species, and when pursued as an end it singles me out as a saint, while it leaves my next-door neighbor, from whom I receive all the civilities and kindnesses of a brother, under the wrath and curse of God! Away with such a life! But the celestial life—the life of attractive use, is its own end and reward, and is its own law, creed, and conscience. It affirms the entire freedom of the subject of it to pursue outwardly his ideal inspiration, and makes that pursuit his very heaven. It is not dominated, impeded, or perverted by any external law, but is the spontaneous outpouring of an inner life—the putting forth of the “Divinity that stirs within us.” The earth is but the amply provided theater for the exhibition of the esthetic life in man—the means to that great end; and universal man is designed by his esthetic

industry to disclose and perpetually display, in outer nature, that harmony, beauty, and love which is in God, who is thus ceaselessly manifesting himself in the humanity, and ever uniting it with himself, or rather, ever showing forth that unity. When in our esthetic use—when untiringly giving outward form to our inward life which comes from God into our souls, we are his true and anointed prophets, inspired of him, and revealing daily, each in his own way, his divine love and wisdom—we stand forth priests in his name, and reveal his *holy spirit* by *doing* his will. But this normal and legitimate outflow of the inwardly-inspired soul of man is now thwarted and obstructed by wrong relations, and by false civil and religious institutions, turning our lives into disorder and crime, and making us *false prophets*—inspired of the Devil and Satan.

In the economy of human life on earth there is a vast variety of different offices to discharge, just as there is a great variety of functional uses in man's physical organism. Each and every office or use necessary to maintain, adorn, and glorify man—necessary to his physical, social, and truly righteous well-being, have their appointed agents, with faculties and capacities especially adapted to their discharge. Infinite Wisdom has left humanity at fault nowhere—for all its requirements he has provided ample means, and in his true order on earth, no department of human use will be left without its esthetic incumbent. Each will, by virtue of his innate capacity and adaptation, tend to and find his place in the series or group to which he belongs and for which he was born, just as Swedenborg has described the angels and spirits being led, or gravitating, by their intrinsic worth, to that society in the Grand Man to which they belong, and with which they were associated and conjoined. Each man is heaven-endowed with an art or trade, and it burns in his soul to find vent, and when fostered and cherished by right relations and true social order, carries, or attracts the subject of it to his place, and finds expression in its own genial way and atmosphere. "Attractions are proportioned to destinies,"\* and the attraction of each leads him

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\* Fourier.



inevitably to his destiny. Now, all those attractions and destinies included in the entire field of humanity, are mutually dependent, reciprocal, and harmonious—are fundamentally conjoined, concordant, and humanitarian, disclosing the most immaculate and symmetrical order and arrangement into series, groups, etc., and teaching the *profoundest human unity and universality*. Each gives and takes, exchanges and circulates blessings and comforts to, with, and for all the others. The husbandman and fruiterer, joyous in their vocations, and ever intent upon them, fill the earth with the rarest, and sweetest, and choicest nutriment. The architect, whose soul is aglow with the ideal beauties of heaven, designs and builds the most magnificent, airy, and comfortable domicils. The tailor, the hatter, and shoemaker ever delight to please their fancy or incarnate their ideal by the graces, beauties, and comforts, ever new, with which they adorn and clothe their race; and the manufacturer and machinist, ever inventing, and perfecting, and producing articles of human use and well-being. Each working out his own ideal according to his degree of inspiration, undiverted from its legitimate channel by any false relation or external restraint. This is the reign of peace, plenty, and harmony on earth, heralded by so many prophecies. But this descent of the Divinity on to earth, through its appointed channels, to glorify the humanity and usher in the millennial day, is retarded and held in abeyance by the false relations, and crude, imperfect, and erroneous civil and religious institutions of these times, which turn this inspiration from its normal channels into vice, sin, and crime. Instead of the earth coming into the most consummate order and harmony through God's inspiration of esthetic use into the soul of man, and each man by virtue of his divine genesis, rising up into a prophet, priest, and king after God's own heart, it is the theater of confusion and dismay, and every man thrown out of his true orbit, and, so far as his unitary and esthetic use is concerned, he is a "fugitive and vagabond on the earth." Each man has got some other man's trade or profession, and in the "Comedy of Errors," the one is taken for the other, even without knowing any better himself! ~~Instead~~ of every workshop glowing with genius, and every field

and garden blooming with divine beauties and uses—instead of every department of human use being filled with its divinely appointed and inspired agents, every man is out of his sphere—aimless, bewildered, and confused, and like the builders at the Tower of Babel, stricken with anathema and the confusion of tongues! Each and every thing on earth are, in true order, the divinely appointed means by which God glorifies himself in the humanity. But when the outflow of the Divinity in the humanity, through the ideal and passional natures of his children, is outwardly obstructed, and those means perverted, that glorification is turned into dishonor and shame.

The true life and happiness, therefore, of man consists in the inspiration of a special use into his soul or ideal being, and his free and unperverted actualization of it in the outer world, and inasmuch as God is man, none but a *human* use can inspire his soul; and this human use—its own delight, and freely pursued—brings him into the most entire harmony and unity with his species, with nature, and with God.

The esthetic industry and use of man—the inspiration of a special use from God into man's soul, and the most untrammelled actualization of it in outer life, is the *true religion*—the only true tie which binds God to the humanity. God is truly praised by the attractive industry of man, which is a *living* and deeply meaning prayer of a *sincere* heart. Does God answer *any* prayer but through the human instrumentalities he appoints? Does he recognize *any* prayer but action? and does he send relief through any other channel than the inspired or impressed *action* of the petitioner? The only effectual way to pray your cart out of the mud hole is to put your shoulder to the wheel, and the only way to keep it prayed out is to fill up the hole. Does not God answer prayers in this way? A sincere and burning desire to accomplish a certain end or be delivered from an impending woe attracts influences around the subject of it in the spiritual world, which inspire him with the ways and means of deliverance or accomplishment, and with strength and skill to carry it out. In no other way does God answer prayers. The agriculturist, when he plows a furrow or trims an apple tree in esthetic delight, is *doing* the sincerest and

most acceptable prayer to God, and the esthetic blacksmith makes his anvil ring a prayer to God for the entire race's salvation. There is no true religion but the esthetic action or industry of man, and whatever prayer, or praise, or devotion that falls short of this, is so much *false pretense*, as all devotion and desire must lead to action, else it is nugatory and fruitless. In the celestial life the Divinity is praised and adored throughout all the earth—not by immolated victims—not by the blood of innocence, in sacrificial offerings and “atonements”—not by wordy and conceited prayers at the altar, with a conscience laden and sick with manifold sin—not by the vengeful pursuit and capital penalty of the homicide, nor the incarceration of thieves and harlots, but by the *living* worship of the living God!

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OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A CHILD'S VISION.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

“A strong man will carry me over the mountains.”*

It was a summer night!

The silvery dew lay on the folded flowers,
Which tremulous swayed unto the passing breeze,
Shedding rare odors from their fragrant urns,
Upon the midnight air. The solemn stillness
Fell heavily upon the hearts of those
Who watched the fading of life's dying taper,
Beside the bed of death. With pensive gaze,
The pale moon glanced beneath the silken folds
Of crimson drapery, lifted from the couch,

* These were the words of a sweet little dying boy, who departed this life a few days ago.

Where panting lay, engirt with mortal pangs,
A child of glorious promise! The blue-vein'd lids,
Fring'd with the silken lash, droop'd heavily
Over the beaming eyes, whose heavenly azure
Enchained his parents' sight, and held their thoughts
Suspended 'twixt a sense of hope and fear,
Until they marked a fearful change pass o'er
The little sufferer's brow; and then they knew
Their fair and beauteous boy would soon depart
Unto his home in *Aiden*. Was it the moon,
Glancing unseen upon his snowy couch,
Or that soft, spiritual halo oft-times seen
To linger round the dying, which illumed
The pale, rapt forehead, white as driven snow?
Where piles of silken curls, of amber hue,
In sweet profusion clustered o'er his brow,
Imparting to his radiant mien the look
Of an ascending Seraph.

Softly he murmured,
(Amid the pauses of the dying strife),
In tones mellifluous—of his birds and flowers—
While with crushed hearts his parents bowed in prayer;
When, lo! they heard upon the midnight air
Angelic harpings, nearer and more near,
Yet soft and low, like the *Æolian* strains
Upon the breeze. Unseen by human eye,
A wingéd watcher, bending o'er his couch,
Removed the film that dimm'd his mortal sight;
And straight before his spiritual vision, rose
The Eternal City, with its gates of pearl,
Its glittering palaces and golden domes,
Its shady walks, where grows the tree of Life
Beside the living waters—far away
Beyond the hills, beyond the rolling sea,
Beyond the towering mountains, which uprear
Their crests against the sky! Amid the groves
Where crystal fountains chime upon the ear,
Whose silvery spray-wreaths sparkle in the light,

And flowers perennial spring beneath the tread,
Myriads of infant cherubs, robed in white,
Bearing within their hands bright harps of gold,
Beckoned the dying one with songs of joy!
Lifting his little arms, he softly murmured,
"Good-night, dear Mother, I am going home!"
Then, quick as thought, a shade of sadness crossed
His beaming forehead, and with failing voice,
Stifled with inward fear, he whispered, "Mother,
How can I climb the mountains?" Straight his guide
Revealed his presence, with his snowy wings
Glittering like sunbeams, plumed for distant flight.
His fears were gone—with a sweet smile he said,
"A strong man, mother, stands beside my bed:
Safe in his arms he'll bear me o'er the mountains!"
And then with joy the little pilgrim started
Upon his Heavenward journey. His fleeting breath
Exhaled like dew-drops, borne aloft by sunbeams,
Ascending upward to the throne of God,
The smiling cherub passed beyond the view,
To dwell among the Angels.

EARLVILLE, N. Y., *September, 1852.*

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THOSE who have been the first to submit to the authority of tradition, and the last to relinquish their confidence in the absurd and improbable speculations of visionary minds, have been most alarmed for the safety of the bold, free spirit that dared to scan the Creator's works, and the record of his word. Some men impose a most effectual restraint on their reason, while they leave the imagination to wander uncontrolled in the regions of conjecture. The religion of such persons is a species of fanaticism, that serves to obscure the interior vision and to prevent an accurate perception of things. Under this influence they readily believe the wildest chimeras of heathen poets, while they reject the sublime results of reason and analogy.

S. B. B.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

IN the days of the Revolution lived a venerable and godly minister, of the Congregational Church, who was known as Father Moody. He had a wonderful gift of prayer, and was, in many ways, a remarkable person. From youth upward he had been the subject of very true spiritual impressions and directions, which he always obeyed with the most devout earnestness and alacrity. He was never known to make the least question of any thing which he was commanded to do; nor was he ever deceived or misled in the least. So far as we can judge from his own account of the matter, it would seem that the spiritual phenomena, of which he was a subject, were expressed in that form which is now known as the interior Voice.

Be this as it may, he was addressed in intelligible terms, as the following narrative will show. This account was obtained of one who had often heard it from the lips of the venerable hero himself; for, when he was an old man, he loved to dwell on these incidents of his spiritual life, thus giving himself compensation for the change in external forms, as the shadows of age settled on them, and they grew dim to the outward eye.

His residence was about fifty miles northeast of Boston, and at the time about to be noticed, the country was quite new and rough.

One very cold morning he rose suddenly from the breakfast-table, saying, "I must go to Boston to-day!"

"Not to-day, my dear!" suggested his wife. "Do you know how cold it is? The ground, broken by the late thaw, has frozen again, solid as a rock, and 'twill be very rough traveling."

"Besides, it is a bitter day, father," interposed one of the daughters. "I am really afraid you will freeze to death."

"I think there is no danger of that," he answered. "I do not believe the Lord will ever call me to be a martyr for nothing. He has told me to go; and he will carry me through in safety."

"But what are you going for?" asked his wife.

"I can not tell, I am sure. I know no more about it at present than you do," he replied.

"But, certainly," she ventured to suggest, "you could not be expected to take such a step without some positive assurance that you ought to do so. Is there not a point where madness seems to tread very closely on the heels of devotion? It is well to be zealous, but not blindly enthusiastic, or fool-hardy."

She certainly spoke like a reasonable woman, and much after the fashion of the Spirits of these days; but, nevertheless, her speech availed nothing.

"The Lord has TOLD ME TO GO," was the answer, in those deep and solemn tones which awoke in the listeners a sentiment corresponding with that which they expressed.

The wife said no more, for she knew it was in vain to combat any impression of the kind; but the daughters entreated him not to go.

"I have lived almost seventy years," he replied, "and I have never once hesitated, when the Lord has commanded me to arise, and obey his voice. Let my children be assured it is too late to begin now."

Finding it of no use to contend, they sought only to make him comfortable as the circumstances would admit of. His outer garments were well warmed, and his venerable form sheltered, by every possible means, from the inclemency of the season, of which that day was one of the roughest specimens. Under these circumstances the aged Seer, for we can call him nothing else, set off on horseback to take a ride of fifty miles, on a short, wintry day, for a purpose and a work as yet unrevealed. A feat like this would make one of our modern heroes shrink into nothing by comparison; and, to say the least, it was a true and brave one. Father Moody lived not in the days of railroads and steamboats, nor of the effeminacy which has in some way crept into the train, and pertinaciously follows in the march of

Improvement. His, were a true mind, a strong heart, and a genuine faith.

He had a distinct impression that he must reach Boston before one o'clock at night, in order to accomplish the mysterious purpose for which he had been sent. By a seeming ill luck the day was one of the shortest of the year; and as it wore on, he could not repress a feeling of nervous anxiety in regard to his arrival at the proper time. So strong was this impression, that he never left the saddle, except twice for a few minutes, in order to bait his horse; and during the last stop, he took a small bit which he had carried with him, as a luncheon. Thus imperfectly rested, warmed, and fed, he went on his cold and dreary way, gradually yielding to a feeling of despondency, to which he was unaccustomed. As the sun dropped behind the cold, gray hills, the day fading into night almost as suddenly as if put out by an extinguisher, this feeling increased to such a degree as to be almost intolerable.

In this state the Devil, as he himself expressed it, began to insinuate into his mind doubts and misgivings, addressing him in a tone of familiarity which seems like a reminiscence of the Book of Job, showing that, inasmuch as "the leopard changeth not his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," so truly Satan may always be known by his cloven foot.

"Well, Father Moody," said he, for a first salutation, "what are you out for, this cold day? It must be something very important, to take a man of your time of life so far from home, on such a day as this."

"Why, as to that," replied Father Moody, so far dropping into an unconsciousness of the personality before him, as to indulge in a parley, "why, as to that, I can not say that I know myself, as yet, very distinctly."

"You must be doing a fair business, to say the least," responded the intruder, with a sly shrug. "There's no accounting for taste. Some folks like to starve, and freeze, and do fifty other foolish things, for conscience' sake, or some other kind of sham. You've had a pretty hard time, to say nothing of your poor horse! Take my advice; turn right about face, and go back to the tavern. Get into comfortable quarters for the night. And

the next time you will do well to think twice, before you engage in any such Quixotic expedition as the present."

There was a degree of plausibility in this speech that seemed to silence, for a time, the good angel of the worthy Seer; and for a little while he became quite uncomfortable, with a feeling nearly akin to self-reproach. He had certainly trifled with his own health and comfort. He had left his family against their will and wishes; and until his return they would be kept in a state of the greatest anxiety. And what if any thing untoward should happen to himself? Was he not morally responsible for all the evil which might spring from his rash adventure?

The cunning Adversary, perceiving his advantage—which he is always ready to do, if we may accept the report of those who best know him—said, rather more boldly, "Come, now, you had better bear a hand, and get back; for if you expect to do any good, you will find yourself greatly mistaken."

For a moment the thought of warm quarters, supper, and a bed, were *almost* a temptation. Father Moody, though a hale and strong old man, was not quite a Hercules. He felt very cold and hungry. His teeth chattered at the contrast between his momentary thought and his present condition.

"Ah, yes!" said the other, "it *is* chilly, to be sure. As for me, I can't stand it; if you can, it's well enough. I must get somewhere where there is a good fire, at least."

His allusion, and the peculiar tone in which it was spoken, effectually opened Father Moody's eyes. He was "himself again." Rising in the stirrups, as if by a proper dignity and advantage of position he might overawe the Arch One, he spoke, in a loud and determined voice: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"But what are you going to do?" whispered the Enemy, well feigning an expression of anxiety and friendly concern.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," responded the Seer, in a still more energetic tone, checking his horse at the instant, and standing quite erect; and then, as the modern psychologists say, he became "positive."

"Yes," he said, his voice dropping into a serene and quiet tone; "the Lord has never deceived me. He will not mislead

me now. I will go forward. He will lead the way, and in his own good time I shall behold his salvation."

Just as he entered Boston, the town clock struck twelve. The streets were still and dark. There were no gas-lights then, and what few rogues they had, got along quite as well without them. As to honest people, they were in bed, and fast asleep by ten o'clock; so they did not need any artificial illuminations. Nevertheless, it was a dark, cold, and comfortless mission on which good Father Moody had entered so trustingly; but after he heard the clock strike twelve, a fever of anxiety took possession of him, and he grew warmer. Undismayed by the discouraging prospect before him, he toiled on, riding up street and down street, amid intricate squares, and through snarls of narrow passages; but all was dark and still. Even the watchmen seemed to be fast asleep, which was quite a wonder in those honest days, when people sought to earn their money before they took it. Now the case is quite different; for, to judge by appearances, the watchmen are the only sleepy characters in the whole city.

"But one hour—less than an hour," thought Father Moody; "shall I be too late? Will the Lord deceive his servant?"

In spite of his faith, a momentary feeling of doubt crept over him. The necessity of rest and refreshment once more came up to be considered; and in his figurative belief and language, the Devil beset him at every corner, crossing his path, and continually troubling him with pertinent questions; but he was so resolutely repulsed, that at length he drew off his forces, and thus fairly gave up the contest.

Suddenly a light glimmered in the distance. It was from a chamber in the fourth story of a house in a neighboring street. As soon as Father Moody laid eyes on it, he knew his mission was to that house; and quickening his speed, he turned the corner, and directly came up to it. Seeking a sheltered position for his poor jaded horse, he dismounted, and, having carefully fastened him to a post, he advanced to the door, where, after some little time finding the knocker, he gave a rap that had will and meaning in it, to which responded the waking echoes of the silent streets. Very soon he saw the light, which was

still in view, descend from story to story, until it appeared in the hall. Presently the door opened, and a man appeared, whose pale and haggard countenance exhibited, at a single glance, the most terrible war of passions.

"What have you come for?" he demanded, in an angry tone of voice. "Why are you here?"

"I know not," replied Father Moody, "but the Lord has sent me."

There was something truly sublime in the majestic appearance, as well as the prophet-like character and mysterious position of the Seer, which at once arrested attention, and commanded respect.

For a moment the stranger seemed struggling to resist the influence; and then he quaked from head to foot, as if a universal ague had seized him. In a voice so tremulous with emotion it seemed well-nigh sobbing, he said, at length, "Follow me, and behold what you were sent for."

Thus saying, he led the way to the room he had just left, and, pointing to a rope which was suspended from the ceiling, he added, "There it is," and then stopped suddenly, as if he had felt the cord tightening round his throat. After a few moments he continued, "Had you been ten minutes—yes, five minutes later, I should have been in eternity at this moment!"

"Look there!" he resumed, turning to a table where lay a parcel of folded papers, neatly filed. "The tying of that knot was the last preparation. It was tied, and my hand was already on the fatal noose."

He then seated his guest, and gave some account of the circumstances which led nearly to the consummation of so rash and wicked an act. He had been what is commonly called a wild; or rattle-headed young man, though not precisely what is known by the term, dissipated. His habits, however, were such as to mar his business relations. He struggled on for some time, but being naturally of a gloomy temper, his continued disappointments yielded at length to a heart sickness which he imagined was at once without parallel, and without remedy. In short, he had conceived an utter disgust of life, and had determined to die.

"My son," said Father Moody, rising, and laying a hand on

his head in that impressive manner for which he was so distinguished, "by the good providence of God you have been snatched from perdition, this very hour. Are you willing to be saved?"

A deep groan, that seemed to rend the heart it came from, was the only answer. Father Moody was tall and commanding in appearance, and he spoke with an air of authority corresponding well with a fine consciousness of his prophetic character and mission. Laying a hand on each shoulder of the youth, he said, "Let us pray."

The young man's knees bent like osiers in a strong wind, and kneeling by his side, Father Moody opened that wonderful power of utterance, which was without a peer. Glowing sentences, burning thoughts, eloquence beyond all conception to those of cold heart and formal speech and garment, were poured out in a perfect torrent, overwhelming in its energy, yet so deeply truthful, every thought went, as it were by itself, a single messenger, down into the very depths of the soul. The young man bowed himself to the ground. He wept, he sobbed, he shook as if smitten by convulsions. The conflict was terrible, but he arose in a calm and passive state.

Father Moody then sat down by his side, and, taking him by the hand, fixed on him those deep, serene eyes, and spoke nothing of harshness or rebuke, but only precious words of consolation, assurance, and better hope. Nor was the exterior life only saved. Filled with astonishment, awe, and gratitude at the mysterious appearance, action, and interference of the stranger, the young man resolved to be, and to do, something that should justify so miraculous a care.

He forsook his old companions, and engaged in useful business, in which he learned to bear occasional disappointments as a necessary discipline. Not long after he joined the Old South Church, of which he was for more than forty years a most active and useful member, seeking every opportunity to do good, and never forgetting the wise counsels of the venerable Seer, who had been so truly led to achieve his redemption.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *September, 1852.*

HEAVEN IS NOT AFAR.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

THE grave hath covered one I loved ;
I saw the sods heaped o'er his breast,
And often since, where'er I roved,
Or wheresoe'er my head might rest,
A dim sense of his presence came,
And oft I've called, in broken strain :
" Oh, if for us thou feel'st the same,
Dear brother, come to us again !
Oh, come, belovéd one, and tell
How bright the land where thou dost dwell."

Then I had dreamed that he might spare
Time, from his harp's melodious strings,
And hither through our darken'd air
Come gliding on his radiant wings,
And whispering words of peace and hope,
Which but the listening spirit hears,
Ascend again the starry slope,
That leadeth from our vale of tears,
Up to that heaven, that in the sea,
Where float the stars, lay hid from me.

Then oft the listening ear of even
Hath heard my low and mournful hymn,
As upward to the loved in heaven
It floated through the shadows dim.
I knew not then that by my side
Thou, dear one, listened to my moan,
While all around me, far and wide,
The glory of thy presence shone ;
Yet now my hand is clasped in thine,
Thy spirit-fingers thrill in mine.

THE WORLD.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE morning twilight is past, and the great Sun is rising over the sea, which is to shine on the ruins of all the old despotisms. The lovers of darkness can be accommodated only for a little season, except they go down to their own place. In vain they evoke the shadows of the ancient night to cover them, and to brood awhile over the chaos of old governments, creeds, systems, and hypotheses. There is no reply, save the deep, startling echo of that mighty voice, whose earnest prayer for light and liberty expresses at once the idea and demand of the age.

Much remains to be done before the world will receive, in a grateful spirit, the light it so much needs. Infatuated men and nations may still be blinded and false to themselves, and, like France, bow to oppression, and kiss the very hand that forges their chains! but Liberty is the birthright of Humanity, and in God's own time they will awake. It is for those who are now conscious of the right and sensible of the wrong, to be active in the divine work of human emancipation. In this labor of love and patience, the true man will bear his part. The measure of personal influence may be small, and the sphere of individual effort circumscribed, but feeble means and efforts are sometimes serviceable in a great cause. The heavens are made luminous by many stars, and some are so small as to escape the notice of the careless observer; yet they shine, and their mission is glorious. We would regard the demand of the times, and we desire to aid, if we may be so fortunate, in hastening the realization of the sublime prayer, that now stirs the profoundest depths of every true soul.

Man's course is onward. Every year records his progress in the science of life—in knowledge, virtue, and usefulness. Every

day serves to widen his sphere of thought and action, and each passing hour offers a new problem for solution. The present is no time to dream and be idle. Free thought and speech, and earnest effort, are imperiously required. Nor is this demand likely to remain unanswered. Men are beginning to think freely and rationally, and this is the next step to consistent action. A bold assaying spirit is abroad, and all things must be resolved into their elemental principles for examination. The causes that operate in the world of mind, no less than the laws of matter, with their results—whether immediate and sure, or remote and uncertain—must pass the ordeal of a searching analysis. At this stage of his progress, man begins to reason from principles, and is qualified to judge with some degree of precision concerning their specific tendencies and effects. The light of reason discovers the true philosophic standard by which all things are to be judged, and all our ideas, theories, and institutions are seen to be valuable, only so far as they may be instrumental in working out the higher destiny of man.

The hero of to-day has a nobler struggle—one in which the intellect and heart are engaged. The change is everywhere perceptible. It is seen in every moral movement, in the institutions of all countries, and in the literature of the age. The general policy of all nations is gradually assuming a more pacific character. The voice that counsels peace, is heard in the palaces of kings, in the halls of legislation, from the judgment-seat, the pulpit, and the press. All over the civilized world man is beginning to feel for his brother, and the aspirations of every true loving soul go up after a blessing for the spirits that sorrow and the hearts that bleed.

Man has well-nigh gained an altitude from which he may overlook the defenses which time, custom, and prejudice have reared around the institutions of the Past. Those monuments, durable as the sculptured marble, tremble at his thought. The soul, like the sea, flowing back into its own depths, becomes mighty, and with each advance the fabrics reared by the Ages are shaken and borne away. The progress of the world, like the billows of the deep, is characterized by certain periods of recession. The great wave that not long since swept all Europe,

is setting back only to be succeeded by another that shall bear down and submerge the last barrier to the freedom of the world.

It is encouraging to the philanthropist, that with this progress of mind, there is a growing spirit of harmony among the nations. There is more of mercy and peace in the world now, and less of cruelty and war, than in the ages past. We are not to form our opinion here, from an occasional outbreak of passion and riot in the midst of a dense population, not from the fact that man still struggles for Liberty and the exercise of his natural rights. No. These, under certain circumstances, may be the concomitants of his progress. But we are to remember, as essential to an enlightened judgment, that the love of war, and the mere passion for martial glory, has ceased to be the common impulse of man. True, the great, fearful, and *final* struggle is yet to come. The green earth may receive another baptism of blood and tears, but humanity, in its last and mightiest conflict, shall gloriously triumph. The human elements are still restless and unsettled, because the *divinity* will not repose until it shall overcome the *wrongs* of the world. The great thought that is born in the midst of tribulation and anguish, is an inspiration from the Heavens. Every battle for the Right, is at once a prayer and a prophecy. And, oh! how earnestly do the enslaved millions thus pray! Have we not heard their deep and solemn petition? But yesterday, the mystic voices came up to us from the regions of silence, and echoed through the hallowed shades, where Genius and Liberty once found a birth-place, a home, and a sepulcher together. The rotten thrones of Europe shook, and even Rome trembled on all her hills, as the voices came from beneath—from the great tomb that incloses the ashes and enshrines the memory of dead Empires. Despotism may stifle, for a brief hour, the myriad voices that prophecy its ruin, but God is mighty and Humanity shall speak again! Far over mountain and plain—beneath the gloom that shrouds the crushed and bleeding forms of Hungary and Poland—the utterance shall come in words of FIRE—words that shall thrill the hearts, and flash from the tongues of awakened millions, in the approaching hour of their deliverance.

In this period of transition—with the old dynasties of error

and oppression falling into ruins on every hand—we need light in proportion to the dangers of the passing hour. The midnight tempest, when thunder answers to the voice of thunder, and the winds howl fearfully among the mountains, may awe the traveler; but not till the light flashes out from the heavens to show him the way, is he prepared to go forward. So, it is not the mere commingling of moral elements—not the thunder of the shock, when old systems find their equilibrium—not the echo, nor the shadow of a great thought, will realize the wants of the age. But the spirit-fires which the armies of progress kindle in their rapid march; the beacon-lights that shine in darkness, from the valley and mountain, or gleam from the face of the troubled sky—these reveal the ascending pathway, through which Angels invite us to our destiny.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

THERE was a shadow, with edge of light,
And shape of fear in its fold,
Like the dim outline of a human corse,
'Neath a pall that was fring'd with gold.

And I saw it still wherever I looked,
On the earth, on the pleasant sky;
In the broad sunshine, in the starless night,
That shadow was ever nigh.

It bound my heart with a mystic spell,
And I gazed with a growing fear
On the earth I loved, on the quiet sky,
On the sunshine broad and clear.

I strove to smile on its boding shade,
Or gild it over with light,
But the shape fled not, and the haunting shadow
Was round me by day and night.

I 'looked on the face of the young and fair,
As the shadow over them fell;
But they gave no sign to my earnest prayer,
"Is it well with thee, is it well?"

The old man wept as he felt the sweep
Of its darkness over his soul,
For he knew that no angel ever, in time,
Should the stone from his sepulcher roll.

The brave and good, and the infant pure,
Laid down in its silence drear,
And came not back, of their weal to tell,
To those who had loved them here.

But, blessed be God! the gleam of light
Over its gloom was unrolled,
And the shadow of death has passed away
From my soul, with its visions cold.

Oh, happier time, when loving bands
Are with us by night and day,
And we feel the touch of invisible hands
Still leading us on our way.



Engd. by A.H. Ritchie.

V.P. Pittman.

THE SPIRITUAL ERA.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE most splendid creations of art, and the mightiest achievements of science, stand visibly before us, and are eloquent witnesses of the power of human endeavor. But the supremacy of Mind over the grosser elements, and the adaptation of material agents to the physical interests and pursuits of men, have too often served to diminish faith in God and the soul, and to inspire an irreverent and irrational confidence in earthly objects and human attainments. Man could not lose sight of his relationship to the inferior kingdoms, intimate and obvious as the connection has been, and while his noblest conquests are chiefly in this department, they may possibly check his higher aspirations and materialize his thoughts. Indeed, this is but the natural result of a too intimate association with the external world. Entranced by earthly objects and pleasures, many noble minds had ceased to feel the presence, or to believe in the existence, of the Spiritual World; and thus men grew old, and careless, and sordid; for how should they exhibit the elements of a divine life, when they acknowledged no real relations except such as unite us to the objects of sense? And so the Christ of immortal hope and charity was scourged and crucified, and the graven image of a dead faith was enshrined in the hearts of men, and worshiped in temples consecrated to the Holy Spirit.

But we are entering on a New Era in the world's history. Another period of human development opens upon us with its wondrous revelations. A new sphere of thought and a wider theater of action call for the consecration of our powers. The old systems which removed the Infinite to an inconceivable distance from the worshiper, leaving a measureless expanse be-

tween God and humanity, unaccompanied by any intervening gradations of being, left—it was only in the mind's ideal—a vast and unpeopled solitude on the spiritual side of man. He felt no more the presence of his spirit-brother at the hearth-side; and feeling that he stood alone, and on the very brink of this great chasm in the realms of life, he was filled with dark contemplations, and turned toward the earth-side of his nature, where alone he could conceive of intimate and tangible relations. It is true man was not wholly abandoned and left to his groveling. When the soul was withdrawn from the sphere of sensuous life, Angels walked before him in dreams and visions of the night, and, by an infusion of high thoughts, and the presentation of divine images, sought to awaken him to a consciousness of his spiritual relations.

At length the lethean spell is broken, and the unwelcome thought that we are separated from the Divine presence is losing its dominion over the mind. The idea that the Spiritual World is far away, is likely to perish amid the dawning light of the New Era. The present revelations assure us, if we were never satisfied before, that there is a realm to which the human spirit sustains intimate and eternal relations. Even now we dwell in a world of invisible causes, where viewless hosts come and go, and watch over us, whether we sleep or wake. Here we may study the higher faculties and affinities of human nature, and find the elements that nourish our faith and impart to the inner man a divine impulsion. The spirit of inspiration is not paralyzed, and can no more be confined to the deified records and ruined fanes of the storied past. It moves invisibly among the generations of mortal men, to subdue the proud and self-righteous, and to exalt the humble to a companionship with angels. It consecrates new altars in the dwellings of the poor and lowly, and kindles immortal fires that shall warm the hearts of millions, and scatter the last shadows of the waning night. With this perpetual inspiration, this inflowing of love and wisdom, life becomes significant and momentous; the path of human duty is made plain and beautiful, and we realize, at last, that the inmost soul is indeed the temple of the living God! Sublime and solemn thought!

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE! We congratulate you on the signs of promise which accompany the advent of the New Year. To you the morning of the Resurrection has indeed come! The stone is already rolled away from the door of the sepulcher, where so many wept over their buried hopes. During the past year great numbers have heard, as it were, the voice of an angel, calling them from the death of unbelief to a living consciousness of the life immortal. Angels are now their companions, come to soften the asperities of outward existence. The pale mourner, who heard a requiem for the dead in every passing breeze, and wildly, from the depths of his grief, questioned the silent stars for some tidings of the absent and the lost, now feels that the objects of his devotion are neither lost nor absent. To his awakened consciousness and illuminated vision they are ever present, and stand unveiled before him in the beauty of their sublime estate. Not from afar do they speak to him now, but the very sanctuary of his earthly home is hallowed by their presence and their ministry. Seraphic fingers touch the chords of mortal life, so long and so rudely swept by every storm of passion, and the golden strings vibrate to the music of celestial spheres. To thousands life has a new, and deeper, and a holier significance. To-day a flood of light and inspiration is sweeping over the world, and the spirits of the awakened and redeemed, beautiful in the sphere of divine activities, walk before us. The world wherein the interior soul shall yet realize its aspirations, appears to the recovered vision of man. Once more Seres and Prophets gaze into the opening heavens, and are amazed at the light, as if a great orb had suddenly appeared in the firmament, before whose rising splendor the stars might retire, and the sun delay his coming. Go in spirit to the poor captive, and for a while share his lonely lot, where night is unbroken, and darkness spreads her sable wings over all his waking hours, while the years pass slowly and uncounted away. Open the prison doors and release the captive; let the sun shine on him, the free mountain air fan his cheek, the music of birds and the incense of flowers charm his senses once again; and the intense joy of recovered freedom shall witness to us all how grateful to the aspiring soul, in the midst of

its darkness and imprisonment, is the spiritual light, liberty, and inspiration of To-day!

But this is not alone a season for congratulation; it is an occasion of peculiar responsibility, and a time for earnest thought and self-examination. When old foundations are unsettled by the force of new ideas, and a revolution, in the minds of men and the institutions of a people, becomes inevitable, great prudence and sagacity are necessary on the part of those who sustain intimate relations to the movement. Even the wisest counsels, if sanctioned by the best example, may not wholly restrain the thoughtless in the hour of their delirium. Every revolution, whether in the political, social, or religious ideas and systems of the world, is attended with individual examples of great extravagance and folly. The most sacred cause may not hope to be exempt from such unhappy illustrations of human rashness and weakness. Men are not all philosophers. Thousands who were never moved by a deliberate and rational conviction, yet act their part in the daily affairs of the world—and they must act—and if action be not the result of calm reflection and far-seeing intelligence, it may be the offspring of blind impulse or sudden caprice. The annals of history are disfigured by numerous instances of this kind, wherein the vilest passions have run riot, and madmen have claimed absolution, for their recklessness and self-abandonment, in the abused names of Freedom and Reform. Let the friends of the great spiritual movement, which is now attracting the attention of the civilized world, consider these things, and wisely improve the experience of the past, that we may escape the consequences of misdirection, fanaticism, and passion, and be filled with the spirit of wisdom, which is the spirit of God.

THE PORTRAIT.—We were disappointed in not obtaining, in season for the present issue, a biographical sketch of a distinguished friend who resides at a distance from New York, and whose portrait we designed to publish in the January number. The portrait that accompanies this number is substituted, in this emergency, to redeem our promise to furnish one every month. It was engraved by Ritchie, from a daguerreotype, and a crayon drawing, by Miss Annette Bishop, and as a specimen of art requires no apology.

THE TRUE WISDOM OF REFORM.*

A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

BROTHER BRITTAN:

MONTAGUE, MASS., Nov. 16, 1852.

You will see by this that I am not easily wearied in my efforts to send you something that may be of use, in the way of material for the press. This time, however, the matter does not come *from* me, but only *through* me. You may be somewhat surprised at this intimation, but it is, indeed, true that I have become a "medium," though of a kind somewhat peculiar, perhaps. I write mainly from *impression*, though my hand is moved some—sufficient to give me the prompting word at the beginning of each new topic, and also to aid me in making corrections, when from any cause the thoughts are but dimly and imperfectly impressed. At first, I was very skeptical as to the reality and value of this apparently uncertain capacity. But I have at length, after many tests and much experience, come to regard myself as, under favorable circumstances, a reliable medium.

You will have some opportunity to judge of this, when I assure you that the article I now send you was received in this way, without the least effort at independent thought on my part. All the exertion made by me was to follow the impulse given to my *mind and hand* simultaneously. The invisible person, to whom we are indebted for the noble thoughts contained in this article, is a personal friend of mine, a brother minister of great promise, who was early called from his field of labor, though not, I think, until he had left much good seed behind him, especially in the minds of the young. You are at full liberty to give the name, as you will find it in a note, and also to give such a history of the origin of the article as you may think best, by way of introduction. I no longer hesitate to have my name fully identified with this movement, for hence-

* The one who dictates the following article is aware of the apparent strangeness of the attempt thus to make known his views, upon a subject of this character, to the inhabitants of the material world. But at the same time he feels the importance of what is here said so deeply, that he can not refrain from making the attempt, however strange and doubtful the experiment may seem. To those personal friends who may receive a copy of the present production, he would say, do not lay it aside with contempt, as something which is in its very nature incredible, but rather *read and ponder* until you shall understand and *feel* the force of the great truth it contains.

forth I regard it the great work of my life. In sending it to *The Shekinah*, I am only following out the direction of the one by whose dictation it was written.

Most truly yours,

HERMAN SNOW.

ESSAY ON REFORM, BY THE SPIRIT.

We of these heavenly spheres can not understand the apathy with which life upon earth seems to be regarded. So much seems waiting to be done, that we wonder how any one can remain idle or indifferent. You of earth can not fully see the subject as we do, but you ought to feel *more* deeply the importance of your efforts to reclaim and elevate your fellow-men. Most men are so depraved in folly and error, that they can not feel the dignity of their mission, and they need some one to speak a living word to their souls, or they must still continue to slumber in wretchedness. You, and others like you, must meet their wants in this respect, or you can not fully perform the work given you to do.

We wish much to impress you with the great truth, that man is born for good ends, which can not be secured without mutual aid and sympathy. This thought should awaken every slumbering soul to new life and action. You can not be too earnest in this respect, nor can you make too great sacrifices in order to meet with your highest reward. Now is the time to act efficiently in the good cause of human welfare. The harvest is now ready for the husbandman; will you not shake off your lethargy, and take hold of the great work with true and efficient zeal? We will help you with our invisible presence, and aid all your efforts that may tend to the good of men. Much may be done through spiritual effort, but we need material instruments to work with. You, and others like you, can coöperate with us effectually and gloriously. We need your help, and you need ours—shall we not thus coöperate with each other and with God? Must man suffer without help? Must we, who rejoice in glory, weep to behold his woes? Must we rejoice while he weeps? No; we must rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep, more and more, as we become exalted in our moral natures. We wish to speak now of the duty of man

toward his fellow. You must consider, in the first place, that many are more to be pitied than blamed. They are not the merciless monsters we take them to be. Their hearts are much more capable of good impression than we think. They have fallen, it is true, into many wicked ways, but they can be recovered, if we are faithful to our trusts, as the followers of Him who came to seek and to save the lost.

The means of doing this are not so difficult and doubtful as some would seem to imply. The way to do good to our brother man is not so dark but that every sincere soul can find his way through it. We of the spirit home can see it more clearly, it is true, yet you of earth need not be long in doubt, if you strive sincerely to know the path of duty. We can not do the good work *for* you, but we can do it *with* you. Must it be in vain that sincere men labor in the cause of philanthropy, on account of the misdirected efforts of some who have a zeal, but without knowledge?

We have sought earnestly to do good among the mortal race of man, but our efforts have been defeated through the misguided zeal of some who seem to think themselves the perfect standards of mental acuteness. Much may yet be done if we are willing to work wisely in the appointed way of God. Much will be done when men make up their minds to act with us in the great and glorious sphere of God-appointed duty.

We desire to make you, and others of your class, feel that you are instruments which ought to be in constant use, for all should be instruments in much more than mortal agency. We wish you to feel the greatness of the work before you. We wish you to understand what God requires of you. We make no vain allusions, but speak the words of heavenly wisdom, when we say that you may be fellow-workers with us and with God in the great cause of truth and humanity. Is not this a worthy office? Is it not one which should call forth your noblest thoughts and efforts?

We wish now to say a word in regard to your duties toward God. It is not to bend the knee in meetings for prayer, which are so often as heartless as they are formal. It is not to make long your faces at the corners of the streets, on the day of public

worship. It is not to meet together to concert vast schemes for human aggrandizement. But it is to let your souls so blend with all goodness, that you can not help loving Him who is the source of all light, and wisdom, and excellence. When this shall be the case with you, it will not take long for you also to become wise, and good, and lovely.

You need much to have your hearts touched as with a living coal from God's altar. You need much more of that spirit of loving devotion which dwelt in Him whose merit it was to do his Father's will. You can not otherwise make yourselves pre-eminently useful to man, or acceptable to God. You must not think that I am addressing you alone. I mean every one who has the power to do good and doeth it not.

We come now to speak a word in regard to many particulars in which men err in their efforts to do good. There is much more *good intention* than actual efficiency in the world. We wish, if possible, to say something that shall tend to remedy this deficiency. You, and such as you, should look well to the means you employ. You must not only labor, but labor *wisely*. There is no want of ways in which to act—ways which are at once wise and efficient. Go forward, then, as the appointed instruments of God. Be guided by His hand, and you shall not fail to do the work of His appointment. We of the spirit-home see plainly the mistakes into which men fall, and will try to make them manifest to our brothers in the flesh. In the first place, there is too much *self* mingling in men's actions, even in the best of causes. *Strange* is it that the beauty of virtue should thus be marred by the soiled hands of those who labor for its perfection. Let the cup first meet the platter with a bright face, and then may all be cleansed and become pure and beautiful.

Most persons think that the great evil of society is in some especial external defect. But it is time for all to know that from the abundance of *the heart* the mouth speaketh; it is time to understand that the great malady that afflicts the race, has its roots deep in the hearts of men. You, and such as you, should probe deeply that the wound may be healed, not *slightly*, but *thoroughly*. Now, in order to do this, the nature of sin should be better understood. This is not *always* a self-inflicted

calamity—much less a God-appointed curse. But the evil comes from ignorance much more than from willful wrong-doing. Hence, the nature of the remedy is manifest: men must be enlightened concerning the will and ways of God. You can not, so fully as ourselves, understand the beauty which appears when all these are rightly understood and regarded. But you can surely understand, with painful distinctness, the godless ways of those who forget the wise order of nature in a grossly sensual life—a life which, at its best estate, is nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. We wish much to impress upon the minds of all the great truth that *God reigns*, and that His laws *must be* observed, on pain of misery in all its untold forms. There is a most beautiful harmony extending throughout the whole of creation, where the will of the Creator is faithfully observed; but, oh, the discord that now reigns in some of its dark corners! We of the spheres lament most deeply that it should be so, and gladly would we do our part that the discord may be hushed, and the darkness dispersed. Much of the sin and suffering that prevails in the world is owing to a want of knowledge in regard to the purposes of the Creator in the original designs of His creation. There is a harmony of design which, if it could be rightly understood, would throw a shade of brightness over the whole of mortal existence. Much more is there of beauty than of deformity, even now, in what relates to the condition and history of the human race. There is much that presents a bright side to the thoughtful observer. But still, there is much also that is dark and discouraging to all who can not see the end from the beginning. We of the spheres can look further into the order and progress of things than men in the body, and hence we have more faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and in the overthrow of error and wrong. But yet our thoughts are most deeply interested in all that is now taking place, the end of which is the elevation and happiness of man.

You, and such as you, can help this onward movement of the great cause of truth and humanity in various ways. You can help it by first *helping yourselves*—by imbibing more deeply of that deep-dwelling life which can alone make you acceptable and efficient laborers in the field of God.

Much of this sin and suffering of men is owing to the imperfect operation of the social machinery in which all are involved. In order that this sin and suffering may be removed, it is necessary that this social machinery should be remodeled, or, at least, greatly repaired. Much may be done toward this by looking more deeply into the abuses which now prevail to an extent so lamentable. This is indeed *absolutely necessary*, before much can be accomplished in the elevation of man. Much may be done toward this desirable end, by a wise attention to the vast amount of mental imbecility and ignorance that now prevail in your midst. You ought to feel deeply the calamity of this ignorance, and to strive earnestly that it may be removed. The great end of all effort should be to enlighten and elevate. It is this which should call forth the most earnest effort on the part of all who love God and man. You can not feel too deeply upon this subject of human ignorance, nor can you labor too earnestly, or make too great sacrifices that it may be removed.

Again, you should feel that mankind are "brothers all," and that when one suffers all should suffer with him. This thought of human brotherhood lies at the very foundation of all philanthropic effort. It must be better understood and felt before much can be done toward a human redemption. Jesus taught this truth most plainly, and deeply must all his followers feel it, if they would be true to the spirit of his life and death.

The great difficulty in the way of this necessary state of mind is an inveterate selfishness, which looks only to the well-being of a very small number of God's children—of those only who are included within the outer circle of self. This is a most inveterate evil in the way of all enlarged effort, and it must be removed or we can not succeed. Do you ask how this is to be done? I answer, by making more deeply and universally felt the great truth just uttered, that the welfare of one is the welfare of all, and the welfare of all is the welfare of one. Much has always been said of the dignity of human nature; and this is just—humanity *is* an undoubted nobility. But if this be so, why refuse to recognize and honor that nobility, even when clothed in rags, and deeply degraded? Humanity can by no means forfeit her birthright by any such accidental circumstance.

My brother, do you not know that God has made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell upon the face of the earth? and do you not feel that what God has ordained should not be slighted or disannulled? You, and such as you, ought to be firm and consistent in this respect. It will not do to despise the beggar and worship the prince, nor to make more distinctions than God himself has made. You should not fail to do battle for the right, even in the face of titled nobility. You should do homage only to *God's* nobility, who are quite as often found with the oppressed as with the oppressor—with the beggar as with the millionaire. Much that is said about the rights of man is useless, because it is not sustained by consistent practice. Much is mere bombast—mere senseless sound. Much that is said about human dignity is to be classed in the same catalogue. All that is said and done in behalf of the race of man is but a mere trifle, compared with what should and *must* be done before the great work, in which angels and all good men are engaged, shall be fully accomplished.

It is sad to think how little progress has been made in elevated and consistent views of man and his destiny. We of the heavenly spheres look with pity upon poor, down-trodden, bleeding humanity, and would fain extend a helping hand; but we can not approach, so as to make our presence felt and regarded. You, and others similarly constituted, can supply the wanting link which shall connect us with our brothers in the flesh, and thus a great and lasting impulse may be given to the work before us.

We must now glance at the end which we have especially in view in this address. You are aware that the great object of all moral effort should be the elevation and happiness of individuals and of the race. But in order to secure this, it is necessary that all should labor together as one individual. We must not lose sight of this in the remarks that are to follow. We must not think to promote the welfare of one at the expense of the many. We must not fail to act with large and liberal views, if we would act *efficiently*. We shall not fail, however, to secure the well-being of ourselves, when the well-being of the multitude is secured. But you should not think that every one must take

care of himself, for this is the way to make it sure that no one will be *truly* cared for.

When we understand fully the great work before us, we shall not fail to labor effectually in the way of God's appointment. When we understand more fully the great evil in which the world is involved, we shall no longer labor to no purpose. We shall no longer strive to promote, first and foremost, our own happiness at the expense, as it may be, of the rights and happiness of those around us. The great difficulty in the way, I repeat, is an inveterate selfishness, which looks not beyond a very narrow circle in the work of philanthropy. You are required to strive to correct this great mistake of mankind, and in your efforts you may rely upon such coöperation as we may be able to give. Not in vain will be our efforts thus to do good to the erring, suffering race of man, if we do but labor in the appointed way of wisdom and love.

Much has already been done toward spreading abroad more just views upon this great subject of mistaken philanthropy. But much, *very much*, remains yet to be done, before the great work can be fully accomplished—that work for which we would more fully prepare you and others, equally fitted to be instruments of good in God's hands.

In conclusion, let it be said, that in order to attend fully to the great work of human welfare, it is necessary to be ready at all times to act efficiently and faithfully, each in his own appointed sphere. You, and many others, may act as our especial instruments and helps. Others still, who have not the capacity you have, can act in another, but a not less important way. All can indeed do something in the great work of humanity. But all are not equally favored with the means of acting *efficiently* in the work. Yet all have *some* power of good, and according to what they have, so must it be required of them. You can not feel so deeply as do we the greatness of the work of which we speak, but you ought to feel it *far more* sensibly than you do; for without a deeper feeling, you can not possibly act with the power and success of which you are capable. You must not, then, rest satisfied with your present state of thought and feeling upon this subject, but you must strive most earnestly, with

the help of all the appointed means of God, to become more elevated and true to the grand ideas which should ever be before you. Then, and not *till* then, can you hope to become, and *to be*, what God has made you capable of becoming. Then only can you *be* in your real characters, what you *must* be before you can enter with joy into the upper spheres of God's spiritual creation.

H. W.*

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

BY V. C. TAYLOR.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—JESUS.

THE true import of this injunction has hitherto been but little understood, from the circumstance that the religious world have failed to discriminate between Universal Love and the distinctive nature of affinitive attraction. Without knowing the dissimilarity of the two, many have endeavored to assimilate the promptings of a benevolent nature with a feeling of congeniality toward the objects of their compassion; thinking that *without* the presence of such affinity, the emotions of *benevolence*, simply, could not fulfill the literal requirements of the text. When we view the distinct and specific provinces of Nature's laws—or, rather, when we reflect that man scarcely realizes his amenability to them *at all*, we cease to wonder that his experience should be regarded either as wholly incidental, as respects its relation to conducting causes, or as the agency of a capricious and fancied deity. Let man fully realize the efficiency of Nature's laws—let him know, that as there is not a particle of matter in the universe which is exempt from the control of *grav-*

* The above article comes from Rev. H. Wittington, formerly of Leominster, Mass., but now of the blessed Spirit-home. He does not feel *fully* satisfied with it, owing to the present imperfect mode of making known his thoughts. The article is, however, in the main correct.

itation, so there is not an emotion of the human mind which is not subject to the sway of the *moral* law, and he will set about analyzing the relation which he sustains, morally and physically, to this system of Divine economy. To illustrate the narrow and confused views which mankind have entertained respecting the supremacy of natural law, in distinction with an imagined and special providential dispensation, we will suppose that the inquiry be raised, What causes the falling of an apple from the tree? and the absence of any thing important in the circumstance, leads to the answer, simply, *gravity*. And if a squirrel, in springing from bough to bough, should chance to loose his footing and fall to the ground, it would *still* be referred to the *same cause*, without the intervention of any foreign agency. And let the low, uncared-for inebriate, in plodding his way by night, be precipitated to the ground, and receive such injury that death immediately ensues, and yet it is only a "*misfortune*," associated with nothing more than the natural sequence of cause and effect. But let the *distinguished citizen* be brought to an untimely end, by falling from an elevation, and forthwith *gravitation*, instead of being the primary and sole cause of its own *self-action*, is but the *agent* of a *special* but *inscrutable Providence*. Ignorance of the actual existence, ubiquity, and omnipotence of Nature's laws, is the fruitful source of all the errors of human conduct. We inveigh against an over-wrought conformity and servitude to the rules of conventional life; which, in proportion as these are departures from the edicts of natural law, is commendable; yet, it were well if we knew more fully than we do that our *every action*, to secure the good which our well-being demands, must be done by *RULE*: and it is the *neglect* of this which has frustrated many of the noblest impulses of the human heart. Can we *love* other than by rule? *i. e.*, can the *nature* of our love evince other than its legitimate *results*? If it center upon *self*, can it confer aught above its own sordid nature? Can it manifest the fruits of conjugal, filial, or universal love? "Can ye gather figs of thistles?" Here arises the distinction between love and affinity: if the former have reference to objects beyond itself, its aim is to *confer*, from an impulse of benevolence, without the thought of reciprocation; while the latter, in one sense, is selfish; because,

from the necessity of its very identity, its action is restricted to the sphere of its own homogeneity. Love that is unselfish, confers its largesses alike on *all*; while an affinity can *not*—it can only beautify its *like*; and ceases to *be* an affinity, when it seeks an affiance with any element unlike itself. Let us, then, no longer reproach ourselves at not feeling a congeniality toward the objects of our charity, for this is as impracticable in *all* cases as to effect the assimilation of oil with water; but on the other hand, let us guard against the fallacy, that the exercise of our benevolence is not obligatory toward any, except the subjects of our affinity. Unless a constant vigilance is exercised over our affinitive relations, the necessary proximity of its objects will stifle the holier impulses of our benevolence. But this liability by no means implies, as theology supposes, the *absence* in the soul of the higher attributes; it only denotes their greater degree of *interiority* from the sphere of ordinary realization; for when the soul is penetrated to its deepest recesses—when it is stirred by the eloquence of its own inmost emotions, then all preference arising from the circumscription of mere personal congeniality ceases, in the higher and more ennobling desire of blessing without partiality, or the bias of self's predilections. Jesus said to his disciples, “If ye love those who love you, what reward have ye?”—the import of which has been conceived to be only an *obligation* to the exercise of universal love; whereas, a more close introspection into the nature of the precept, shows that it has a significance far deeper than the extrinsic authority of his *utterance* of it could impart: and that is, it was the unfolding of a principle of *natural law*; the conditions of whose action is recompense to its subjects, only through the reflux effect of *bestowing*, without the consideration of selfish acquirement. To think of fulfilling the letter of this injunction, on the score of *duty* simply, involves not only an impossibility, but an absurdity. Acts of charity, prompted by motives of duty, would, it is true, confer all the *physical* benefits on their recipients that they would if they sprung from feelings of the most disinterested benevolence; but nothing more could result from such actuation. The full action of the law of love could not be brought into exercise by a feeling so *mechanical* simply, as that of obli-

gation; nothing can set its whole machinery in motion but the single pure desire of blessing, for the sake of *others' good*. The subjects, then, of this Divine ordinance, are "a law unto themselves," and will never fail of receiving a recompense for all acts done under its *surveillance*, precisely commensurate with the motives by which they are prompted; and should man "take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth;" yea, should he retire to creation's farthest *verge*, still, *there* and *within* him is the monitor, whose sleepless vigilance is ever ready to record upon the tablets of an undying consciousness, the righteous verdict, merited by his every sentient action. If the heart is touched with sympathy at a brother's need—even though the boon it would confer is beyond its power to bestow—or if it be the gift but of the "widow's mite;" still, if *love* be its attendant, the gushings of celestial peace, uprising from the fount within, will fill the blissful soul with a joy which nothing but a heavenly charity can bestow; while, if the appeals of want fall unheard upon the ear of the insensate soul, the blight of its own conscious deformity is the direful recompense which is awarded for its insensibility.

Know then, O man! that thou art the subject of an ordinance founded in Infinite Wisdom; the inflexible condition of which makes true happiness to thyself the sure and abiding guarantee of *love* to thy *brother*. See that thou impose no restraint upon the impulses of that love; for nothing but its continued action can bring peace and riches to thy soul. Let its gifts flow forth in increasing abundance—for, as the rocket, which pierces the evening sky, so is the *efflux* of the benevolent heart the *motive power* of its upward flight, in its ceaseless course of progress.

OLD FRIAR BACON.

BY C. D. STUART.

WILT thou believe me, if I tell a somewhat waking dream,
In which I saw, through mottled glooms, the face of Satan gleam?
The middle watch of night was past, and I had read 'till late
Of strange old Friar Bacon bold, and all his mystic state;
'Till, wearied, droop'd my eyelids down, my head sunk on my breast,
And sleep and dreams came trooping on, but brought no quiet rest:
I dream'd, and saw within a tomb—a high, old sculptur'd tomb—
Deep in a dark cathedral's vaults, all canopied with gloom,
Old Friar Bacon, bending o'er a red and glowing grate,
Whereon a cauldron held, methought, the molten seeds of fate;
And ever, as the Friar stirr'd the large and roaring flame,
He held an antique book that bore a cabalistic name;
The book of knowledge, born of thought since first the world began—
All knowledge worth the treasuring, or worth the thought of man—
And here and there a page he mark'd, and as the leaves unroll'd,
I saw on each a recipe more precious far than gold:
One spake how man could bind the Earth obedient as he will'd,
Another said how peace might reign and war and strife be still'd,
And others gave the key to power, defying time and space,
Unlocking secrets new and strange to bless the human race.
The hour was come!—the cauldron hiss'd obedient to the flame,
The Friar raised his antique book with cabalistic name,
He paused a moment, pondering, e'er among the seeds of fate
That precious volume should be cast—a moment, 'twas too late!—

For while he held the book up-poised that clasp'd such good for man,
A thund'rous sound, as from the ground, through all the dark vaults ran!
Down crash'd the tomb, the gloomy vault, the old cathedral pile—
One smoking mass of ruin mix'd, from corner-stone to tile—
And buried in the mingled mass the Friar, learned and brave,
Lay with his cauldron and his book—a treasure-freighted grave.
'Twas then I saw, above the place and on the ruins, stand
A carrion brood of shaven monks, who erst the Friar bann'd;
The plague-seed of the ages they! and fierce they grinn'd and sung,
"So perish all, who dare to teach with aught but priestly tongue."
When straight among them rose a form—a proud and stalwart form—
With shoulders broad and face severe, and brow to mock a storm;
The semblance of a cowl he wore, and grouping close the band
He laid upon their shaven pates a red and flaming hand:
"Well done, my monks—well done and said," the swarth new-comer cried,
"You'll do to serve my leaguer'd state and build my empire wide;
I had not hoped this Friar bold to compass in my reign,
But thanks, O monks and mother church! the rebel you have slain!
Such doughty deed should have reward—an ample one it shall;
Yours shall be high and favored seats within the heart of hell.
Aye, each! for sure, with book and bell you brought him to his doom,
You made him hide his truth in vaults—you forced him to the tomb.
Brave thanks, my monks and mother church! for you will Satan pray
All hell to keep you shorn and shrived, 'till past the judgment-day;
For never yet such friends had I, since first the world began,
Such faithful friends, to bend and break each truth-discerning man."
The monks they grinn'd, but ghastlier, they knew their master's tone,
His brand was on their pates and souls—they were henceforth his own!
Aye, Satan's brood, those shaven monks, whereat methought I roar'd
And woke, to hear my w—— remark, "Why, how you've slept and snored!"

FISHBOUGH'S MACROCOSM.

A REVIEW.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

A most extraordinary book is here presented to the world. The author is a man of most acute and profound intellect, great research and comprehensiveness, and withal an over-speculative tendency. His generalizing powers are grand, and his analysis subtle, sharp, and discriminative. His style is clear and cogent, and he sets before you his most abstruse and metaphysical conceptions with admirable perspicuity and force. There is no trouble in understanding him. You have not to look back over his chapters and paragraphs to debate his meaning, and assure yourself that he means what he says, and says what he means. He is easily understood, racy, and so prolific in illustration, that he carries you along like a race-horse. There is also a scientific aptness and precision in his terms and phrases, and a skill in emphasis that guarantees his positions their true appreciation. There are no mannerisms or Carlyleisms in the book—no plethora of words, nor constipated phrase. The style is as free as air, and as lucid as the sunshine. For purity, perspicuity, and force, it resembles the style of the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," or the style of Professor Taylor's "Physical Theory of another Life," or Dean Swift's style. I am pleased to see books written in language so clear, racy, and cogent; and hope that such a style will soon run out of fashion and out of the market—the conceited mannerisms, oddities, and obscurities of the Carlyle school—a style invented and intended to, and, like the apparition of the broker, shows off a small meaning in immense proportions, a ruse to get stale ideas and small-talk bled up to a profitable

investment. The chapters are also arranged with commendable order; each one leading you on, and introducing you to the next, with but one or two exceptions, where they appear to be thrown in out of their regular order. Thus much for the *manner* of the book; but concerning the matter of it, I have a few words to say.

It is not my purpose to notice *all* the theories and objectionable assumptions of the book; such would require more time and thought than I can devote to them at present. But I design only to notice one or two of the main positions assumed, and what strikes my mind as untenable and fallacious.

The author is exceedingly speculative, and his generalizing powers so quick and perspicacious, that he is led to insist upon, as important and conclusive, the remotest resemblances—forcing dim and distant analogies into his service which would not at all be observed, had not his generalizing tendency been so strong. I find no fault, however, with our modern writers on those deeply interesting and important subjects, for their speculative proclivities. Those who strike out new ideas and systems, true or false, belong to the progressive party, and carry the age forward; they agitate thought, keep up a stir among our ideas, excite inquiry and discussion, canvass facts, institute inductions, and save the world from settling down into a dead conservatism, and stereotyping errors. They are the pioneers and explorers, who discover and settle the *terra incognita* in science and philosophy, and although their first accounts, charts, latitudes, descriptions, etc., of the newly-discovered countries may be, in many respects, erroneous and imperfect, and highly exaggerated, yet there is always *some* truth in them. When they, and those who follow them, become better acquainted with their locality, climate, etc., they are able to correct their former errors and discrepancies. Yet we should strive not to be wholly carried away from, and lose sight of, old landmarks, by purely speculative theories, but mingle with them a *wholesome* conservatism.

The author's cosmology is that of the "Vestiges of Creation." He resolves the entire stellar universe, analytically, into a "universal fire-mist," or an all-pervading, heated, and luminous vapor, which nucleated at sun-points, and formed nebular agglom-

merations, etc. When the world-analysis has reached this fire-mist point, at which neither is so exceedingly rarefied and attenuated, it is then on the borders of the "realm of Spirituality," and that just beyond it, this elemental, and subtilely, and universally diffused universe, found its existence to be spiritual! But what this "realm of Spirituality" consisted of, is left in very great obscurity. It is certainly not believed to be matter, because matter stops at the fire-mist point; yet it is an entity—a substance or a *something*. To say it was a *spiritual* substance, gives us no clear idea; in attempting to grasp at it, our minds instantly revert to and rest upon a fine and subtile sort of matter, and in striving to reach it we can not keep such a conception out of our minds. To say that it existed in the Divine Mind, is no relief; of what kind of substance was *it*, and what was he busied about from eternity before he began to create? And was he alone and buried in a sort of somnambulic trance, in the incomprehensible inane, before he aroused Himself to the work of outer creation? If this all-pervading fire-mist was the immediate outgrowth of an all-pervading Divine Love, what idea have we or can we have of that all-pervading Love, but that of an all-pervading and *living heat*? In attempting to conceive of an all-pervading Divine Love, our minds irresistibly revert to and rest upon a kind of all-pervading heat. Try it and see. My idea of it is a gentle, genial, and living warmth. My conceptions can not go beyond that without stupefaction, and becoming transcendently metaphysical; and here I think we will be obliged to stop. The idea of matter, in *some* form or other, steals into our thoughts despite our greatest efforts to keep it out; we can not escape from it, or reason it out of our heads. And, indeed, is this fact not *prima facie* evidence that matter in some form *did* always exist? The old Swedenborgian notion on this subject appears to me the most rational and tenable. Swedenborg affirms Heat and Sight not to have been created or creatable, but to have always existed as the outer correspondences—the ultimates, basis, and continents of Divine Love and Wisdom. And Davis has something very similar to this in his eternal matter endowed with eternal motion. Thus, if we stop at the fire-mist point (beyond which, after the greatest mental effort

of which I am capable, *I* can not go), we have the all-pervading Heat as the eternal Body of the Divine Love, and the all-pervading Light as the Body of Divine Wisdom, and we get rid of much vain and idle speculation.

Our author says, that by matter he means *physical substance*, as contradistinguished to *spiritual* substance, and that the "realm of Spirituality," just beyond the all-pervading igneous vapor, possesses the properties of *affection, thought, and volition*, and these again, are the attributes of *personality*, and hence involve the idea which he means to convey by the term God. God, therefore, was "spiritual substance"—a Personality, and prior to the *willing* of creation, the only Being or *thing* in the universe. Now, to say nothing further of the difficulty of conceiving any of the Divine Spiritual Attributes, without an ultimate or material base—to say nothing more of the impossibility of conceiving Divine Love, without mingling in our conception the idea of heat as its ultimate, or of the Divine Wisdom without mingling in the idea of light as *its* material embodiment, the description of the Divine Being, as here set forth, is dismal in the extreme! A Being dwelling from eternity, alone in the silent solitudes of immensity, and having no outer creation—no outer objects for his Divine Intelligence and benignant solicitude! This conception of the Divine Person will be the more awfully gloomy when we take into consideration the author's explanation of all that we can comprehend of that Divine Being, namely: "an undegenerated *human* being—a *perfectly* constituted man, expanded to *infinitude*!" On what did he stand? What did he see out of Himself? What did he do with his hands? It does seem to me, that all attempts of a finite intelligence to adequately conceive the infinite God, out of and beyond the *manifestations* of Himself in the things of Creation, and *especially* out of and beyond socially, morally, and celestially redeemed and regenerated Humanity, on all Earths, are utterly futile and idle! What do we know, what *can* we know, of the absolute and infinite God, other than the *manifestations* of Himself? Out of and beyond the system of things he has ordained, we know Him not. He dexterously conceals Himself within or behind each unfolding of himself, and has in effect said to us,

“Strain not your eyes in looking after that which they were not made to see, but content yourselves with the adorable beauties of the visible. On Earths, I dwell in the human heart, and thence in the human mind; they are my brightest earthly tabernacles, and the completest and fullest earthly manifestations of my glory. Open your hearts to the reception of my Divine Love, and expand your minds to the reception of my Divine Wisdom, and I will flow in more abundantly with my Divine Spirit, and you shall know more of my glory. By my fruits in you, ye shall know Me.” Let us, therefore, leave off this idle grasping after an infinite God, and betake ourselves to the more practical theology of a Divine Spirit manifested in universal Man.

Leaving this branch of the subject to be treated of further when we come to consider the author's chapters on “Law Agency and Divine Agency,” and “Providence,” we will turn for a few moments to that which is really original and one of the main ideas of the book, namely, the seven-fold division and harmony of the Divine Mind, and thence, correspondently, the seven-fold division and harmony of all things of the creation.

It is no doubt true that the material creation, in its whole and each of its parts, corresponds to its Creator, and whatever may be the attributes of its Creator, and whatever may be their number and nature, we may, *a priori*, expect to see those attributes, their number and nature, disclosed and represented in the Creation. For it is a self-evident proposition, which our author lays down on page 52 of his book, “that each and every effect is germinally contained in its cause, and hence, when developed, necessarily corresponds to its cause.” If, therefore, the Attributes of the Divine Mind are susceptible of a seven-fold division, that division will be shown forth perpetually from the lowest to the highest, in all the series and degrees of all created things. We can not be mistaken here. The cause foretells the effect, and the effect corresponds to the cause. Now, are the attributes of the Divine Mind capable of this seven-fold discrete classification, and does it branch off into a corresponding classification in the “Macrocosm,” or universe without? This is a great question, and lies at the root of the author's system.

How the author was led to the discovery of this seven-fold classification, which he alleges has so immensely assisted him in his investigations, and lent its potent solvent to the clearing up of the amorphous mysteries of Creation's growth, does not appear. Nor does it appear what the "independent processes" were by which he reached other conclusions, fundamental to his system. But as the story is but half told, and the "Microcosm, or Universe within," is yet to follow, our suspicion that he derived his information through some *back-door* source, may be ill-timed and premature. All sources of information are equally legitimate, and if the information is accordant with the fact, we find no fault with it; our indomitable curiosity alone has begot the suspicion. Brother Fernald says, that "so far as he is capable of judging, the author has succeeded in showing a wonderful seven-fold unity in all that exists." We can not agree with him. We are not satisfied that such is the fact, although the theory is a rapturously beautiful one, and has every thing to commend it to the poetic *fancy* of the reader. We can not but regard the most, if not all, of his seven-fold discrete unities as exceedingly *arbitrary* and unsatisfactory. So speculative an intellect, and one so quick to discover, and powerful and ingenious to trace analogies, as Brother Fishbough's, would find its proper nutriment in intellectually elaborating a system, which, without a constant appeal to *facts* and their analysis, would be superlatively imaginary. And should it, by any "independent process," or otherwise, become preoccupied by a system, the danger is greatly augmented.

It seems to me that Brother Fishbough, from some such obvious seven-fold unities and harmonies as are discoverable in the diatonic scale of music and the prismatic ray, has caught up a notion that it is a fundamental law of all outer and inner being, alike of Creator and creature, and that nothing can exist, or does exist, that is not determined into this seven-fold division. With this preconceived theory he appears to have set to work, with his acute and powerful generalizing sagacity, to trace the analogical evidences of it in the different sciences, and the things around him on the earth. Accordingly, as was to be expected, the remotest analogies are quickly perceived and *forced* into his service, while the

more palpable and obvious ones are disregarded or wholly overlooked. If it be true, as Brother Fernald says, that he has succeeded in making out a case, I must say that I never knew a case of so much importance carried by such slender and fanciful evidence. Take, for instance, the seven-fold division of the human and Divine personality, which the author gives us on page 57. "1. Subjective Love, or Love as an abstract quality of the personal essence. 2. Subjective Wisdom, or wisdom as an abstract quality of the personal essence. 3. Subjective Volition, or volition as an abstract power of the two previous elements combined, and a procedure from them both. 4. The essences having the properties of love, wisdom, and volition, embodied in *personal organism*. 5. Objective Love, or love as related to outer forms. 6. Objective Wisdom, or wisdom as related to outer forms. 7. Habitation, or a complete system of outer objects and conditions related to the whole personal nature and desires, and in which such nature and desires become embodied and represented."

Could any thing be more *arbitrary* and *imaginative*! Could any division be more *forced and fanciful*! Here is the starting-point; and if the seven-fold division fails here, it necessarily fails throughout the whole circle of outer Creation; a failure here is a failure everywhere. And what cautious and conservative intellect, in a matter so vital and vast, can confidently rely upon so arbitrary and fanciful a postulate? To make up the sacred and charmed number, *seven*, Love is made to act *two* parts, subjective and objective, and its *relations* insisted upon as discrete divisions. The same may be said of Wisdom, which is also made to play two notes, subjective and objective, and *its* relations seized upon. Furthermore, what is "Subjective Volition?" Volition is *love in action*, and *always* objective. It can not be subjective. And what in the name of reason are "the essences having the properties of love, wisdom, and volition embodied in personal organism?" If we are to deal in relations, we can have a seventy-fold division, instead of a seven-fold one.

Those who have looked critically into the relations that numbers bear to the things of the Creation, or have examined care-

fully the different numbers as indexing the *degree* of advance or development of any mineral, vegetable, or animal, will not fail to have become satisfied of a *tri*-unity in all things; indeed, he will see that it is impossible for any thing to exist and not be a trine. All and each thing, without *any* exceptions whatever, are in this triune order, or are *composed* of end, cause, and effect. For every effect contains the cause *by* which it exists, and the end *from* which it exists; and the two latter subsist together in the former. The *end* is the substance or matter from which the effect is produced, and the *cause* is power and order *by* which the effect is produced. All three simultaneously subsisting together, and bearing the relation toward each other of inmost (end), internal (cause), and external (effect), they together forming a unit, just as the yolk, the white, and the shell of the egg together form one. This alone is the single classification—the Divine classification of all things natural, spiritual, and celestial, which God created. This classification “extends through all extent,” and is the law of all natural and spiritual being, because in God is this triunity. His divine love is the End of all ends; His divine wisdom the Cause of all causes, and His divine Creation, or external Universe, the Effect of all effects. What a simple, clear, and practical division or classification this is, compared with the obscure, forced, and arbitrary one of the author!

But it is not my purpose, in this communication, to review elaborately this part of the author’s production, and follow him in detail through his numerous seven-fold classifications. My purpose, more particularly, is to notice the *Theology* of the book, as disclosed in his chapters on “Law Agency and Divine Agency,” and “Providence,” and hinted at in various other chapters. Moreover, a principal design in undertaking this notice is, to bring to his and your readers’ knowledge, the extent and importance of a law of human nature, and, *a posteriori*, of Nature and God, which appears to be entirely overlooked by Mr. Fishbough in his searching analysis of things.

The author is undoubtedly correct in his view of “Law,” being nothing in itself but the *form, mode, or manner* of being of a vital essence. Of itself it has no potency, no life; but is

utterly spiritless, lifeless, and dead. Law is but the order or formula—the programme which spirit, life, love, wisdom, etc., observe and pursue in their goings forth or development, in the progressive growth of each and all things. And when I read the “Vestiges of Creation,” I did not understand the agency of law in the development of things, as any thing else but the *formula* of development. In this sense, the author of that work evidently intended himself everywhere to be understood. Indeed, when you look closely at the meaning of law, as applied to the things of creation, you are unable to form any *other* conception of it, but that of the form or order which this or that potential essence observes, in its growth or development. Of *itself* you can conceive it as having no vitality. Thus we say the roots, the trunk, the branches, the leaves, etc., are the order, manner, or law of the growth of the tree. “Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,” is the *law* of moral *life*, etc. The *life* of any thing is one thing, its *manner* of life another.

But our author's theory of development and that of the “Vestiges” preëminently differ in this. The latter holds that the amorphous elements of creation were primordially endowed by God with the *life* of all future development, and at the same time enstamped with all the future *laws* of its development; and that God then retired from his work, and left it to develop by its own innate *force* and by its own innate *law*; while Fishbough affirms the instant and constant influx of the Divine Power and the Divine Law into each and all things of the creation, and that he is immanent in all things, and continuously flows into them, upholding and developing them eternally. Here is their great point of difference. The former is a God *outside* of creation—away in the unimaginable depths of time and space. While the latter is a God immanently present and vital in the inmost, Mr. Fishbough affirms the doctrine of Divine influx as fully taught by Swedenborg. There can be no question as to the constant influx and immanent presence of the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom in all things. Here he is immensely in advance of the author of the “Vestiges.”

But our author, on page 67, says it was *optional* with God to

create. This has been so well treated by Brother Fernald, that I was first inclined not to add any thing further; but inasmuch as it has a bearing upon what I have yet to say, I will add this further to what Brother Fernald has advanced. Option means *choice*, and to choose implies a *knowledge* of what is to be chosen. To have a knowledge of any thing implies its existence. Of course all the outer universe of creation must have existed in idea in the Divine Mind, before he decided to outwardly body it forth. And if it existed in his idea previously to its outward development or incarnation, it must have *eternally* existed in idea; because that ideal universe, if the result of an intelligent volition, still must have been *known* to have been chosen, and of course still preëxisted. Hence, the inevitable conclusion is, that the creation, as it has been, is now, and will hereafter be, in every period of its existence and development, had an external spiritual preëxistence! Moreover, to will is to subject Omnipotence to the dominion of motive, and bring Him under the law of necessity. The Divine Life is *essentially and involuntarily creative*. Creation is a law of its being, and wholly *spontaneous*. God is essentially and eternally creative.

But I must come to the more important part of this review. The author, in his chapter on "Providence," (XXV.) sets forth the most particular and especial voluntative government of the Divine Wisdom, in the minutest as well as the greatest thing in creation—a Providence so special and particular as that nothing can be more so. "If (says he), as we have seen, law of itself has no creative force, but is simply a mode of action prescribed and predetermined by the archetypes and intentions conceived in the Divine Mind; and if to the realization of each succeeding stage of creation, however great or minute, an additional and voluntative influx of Divine formative Energy was absolutely necessary; and, moreover, if the same constant influx is necessary to sustain the life and motions of the system after it is in being, then it follows that every event, from the birth of a world to the falling of a sparrow, or the rustling of a leaf in the summer breeze, is, in some sense, a *Providence*; that is, it was provided for in the predetermined course of Divine intelligent volition and causation."—Page 249. Though all, the least as well

as the greatest thing, was determined upon in the original plan, yet God acts upon each, not *directly* and personally, but through laws, *intelligently* and *voluntarily*; by, as it were, when this thing is to be raised to a higher place, or that thing depressed to a lower—when this globe is to be brought forward to a high degree of development, and that one held back, etc.—by a stronger or less degree of the Divine Influx; by so modulating, moderating, changing, withholding, or granting influx this thing or that thing, according to the volition of the Divine Mind, is changed, retarded, progressed, or destroyed. Very true, he does not do this *directly*, but through *intermediates*, and according to law. Yet he does it intelligently and *voluntarily*. Hear him. “By withholding his inflowings into the universal system as a whole, He could cause universal stagnation and dissolution to ensue, or that by increasing these inflowings, He could stimulate all firmamental developments, and solar and planetary motions to unwonted activity; or that by diminishing His influence in one portion of space, and increasing it in another, He could cause the dissolution of some worlds, and the absorption of their materials by others, or that by modifying His influences upon the electric, aerial, and subterraneous forces of a particular planet (such as our own), He can cause floods to deluge the earth, or subterranean fires to overwhelm cities, and destroy such human beings as must otherwise stand as obstructions to true progress; or in a similar way He might cause a rarefaction of the atmosphere in one locality, and a condensation in another, and thus cause a current of wind sufficiently violent to cleave the waters of a gulf, and afford a dry passage for a particular people, through whom He designed to effect great purposes.”—Pages 251, 252. And on page 253 he says: “Similar remarks are especially applicable to the Divine Government of the *human* world.” And then he goes on to show how God acts thus, through influx, and according to law, *voluntatively*, upon nations and individuals. Hence, according to our author, every action of Man, as well as every event in history, every formation of every globe, as well every growth of every tree and every acorn, has a *voluntative* and *intelligent* source in God. That this *will* of God is special in the most special things, and general in

the most general. That God has a special Will for every blade of grass to grow, every sparrow to fall, every earthquake, deluge, or pestilence. That He has originally willed (and consequently known) and still wills, each leaf to spread itself or rustle, each apple to fall, as each comet to whirl, or each firmament to glow. Read the chapter carefully, and see if this is not his unmistakable meaning.

Now I am utterly at war with this theory of Divine Providence, and I think I can show Mr. Fishbough to be so himself. I think I can show that all the laws of Nature, or the operations of the great kingdom of Creation (excepting what is done through the *conscious will* of man), do not exist and continually subsist through the *voluntary* and *intelligent* action of the Deity. That they are *spontaneous* and *involuntary* on the part of the Deity, and correspond to the spontaneous and involuntary system or apparatus of man's physical nature, which now I will briefly essay to do.

We have before stated that Mr. Fishbough holds (and so do I) that man *epitomizes* the Universe and God—that he is the “Microcosm,” and in every particular a true correspondent of the Great Whole, and of God. That our “best conception of God is that of an undegenerated and perfect human being amplified to Infinitude,” and that Nature is a true correspondent of God. Hence, all the laws, essences, properties, and tendencies that we find *in* Man, the Microcosm, we find amplified and exemplified *out of* him, in the Macrocosm. His material nature and the laws of his physical economy, correspond to the physical universe and the laws of Nature, and his spiritual nature corresponds to the Spiritual Universe. Man is a portable and practicable volume of the creation—a synopsis of it, an epitome; and by the study of it we learn the laws of all, *pro tanto*.

Now it is a well-known fact in physiology and psychology, that a great portion, perhaps the two thirds, of the life of man does not fall within or under his *consciousness* or *volition*. A great part of both his physical and spiritual existence is *unconscious* and *involuntary*. The laws of his physical economy, which correspond to the “laws of nature,” perpetually operate, independently of his will and consciousness. The cerebellum,

or little brain, is the center and seat of all the involuntary and unconscious operations of his life system, and the cerebrum is the center and seat of all the conscious and voluntative operations. The cerebellum *functionizes* all the *living* economy of our organism, and is the microcosmical source of all our (apparently) spontaneous life ; while the cerebrum is the center of our moral, intellectual, and self-conscious existence. The latter is characterized by all our voluntary and conscious movements, thoughts, etc. ; the former is characterized by all the involuntary and unconscious movements of the life-forces of our system. Belonging to this involuntary and unconscious existence of ours, are our digestive powers and apparatus, our circulating system, our respiratory system, our muscular and osseous systems, etc. And to be more particular, in order to appreciate the full force of this correspondence, our heart beats and our stomach digests, our lungs breathe and our liver secretes the bile, and our every other secreting and excreting gland or organ, from the kidneys to the papilla, perpetually perform their functions independently of our *wills*. Moreover, the life-forces in each organ, vicera, gland, muscle, membrane, fiber, cartilage, or bone, from the greatest to the least, attract to or repel from themselves their proper or improper particles and nutriment—they deposit them, then again sublimate and refine them, and fit them to enter still higher offices, etc., all unconsciously to us, and without the agency of our volition. What would become of us if we had to *will* every pulsation, breath, secretion, excretion, deposition, digestion, and sublimation ? What sort of creatures would we be, if we had to pour a *continuous will* into all the multifarious operations of our physical economy ? If every fiber and hair had to grow through a special will directed to it—and to will all those things implies a corresponding *knowledge* of their minutest as well as their greatest *modus operandi*—and who knows the human organism well enough to perpetually will all these things ? The harmonious and constant operation of all those functions are the laws and life of our physical system, which by physicians are called the *vis medicatrix natura*. They constantly and, when unobstructed, infallibly operate according to a sort of indwelling *intuition* : a law of their own. They regulate their movements,

govern their actions, remove their obstructions and inharmonies, and are constantly at work building up our fleshy temple, improving it, cleaning it out, and keeping it in order, without the vigilant supervision of our intelligence, or the constant agency of our conscious wills. If their normal operations are impeded or obstructed by casualties or from extraneous causes, they immediately commence removing the obstruction, and restoring the harmony (health). If you cut your finger, or rupture the cuticle, they forthwith set to work to repair the damage, etc.

Now the laws of man's physical and involuntary economy correspond to, or epitomize the "laws of Nature," or all that vast part of the material universe which does not fall under the supervision and control of the intelligent actions and self-conscious will of the *human* kingdom. The only *voluntary* part of creation, therefore, is that part which *man*, by his intelligence conceives, and by his self-conscious will executes. The results of human inventions, arts, and actions, of human knowledge and genius, are the *only* voluntary parts of creation; universal man's thinkings and doings, on all earths, form the cerebral and voluntative kingdoms of Nature. God's volition on earth is *through* man's volition, and the display of His self-conscious intelligence on earth is *through* the self-conscious intelligence of man. All else belongs to the *spontaneous and involuntary* realm of existence, and corresponds to the involuntary system of man's physical economy. Creation, therefore, is no more the premeditated and voluntative action of Deity, than our bodies are the premeditated and voluntative action of our spirits. And the continual subsistence of creation, in all its greatest and least parts, no more the result of the *voluntative* influxes of the Divine Life, than is the continual subsistence of our bodies, in their greatest and least parts, the result of the voluntative influxes of our spirits into them. Trees and grass no more grow on the earths by the voluntative decree of "Divine Providence," than does the hair grow on our heads by our intelligent wills; and "wicked nations" no more sunk and destroyed by earthquakes, pestilences, and tornadoes, through the Divine Will, than the colds, rheums, and disease that range through our nerves, and destroy or torture our bodies, are the results of our self-conscious volition. You

lacerate your flesh, and the involuntary life-forces, or *vis medicatrix natura*, immediately set to work to heal it, without any special volition on your part. So let some disruptive subterranean disturbance cast up a rocky island in the midst of the wild waste of waters, and immediately the *forces of Nature* are at work, to crumble the rocks and dissolve the crags, to make an undulating surface, prepare the soil, and, by-and-by, to make the trees and grass grow—then the worms, the insects, and the birds, etc., without any *intelligent* and *voluntary* action or influx on the part of Deity. I might give the reader innumerable instances of the like sort, but these are sufficient to illustrate the correspondence, and enable him to trace it for himself. What a *rational* exposition of the creation is this, compared to that of the Deity's busying himself with a special and voluntative influx into every cosmical formation, volcanic eruption, wasting storm—into every “rustling leaf,” or “falling sparrow”—into every acorn, apple-seed, or blade of grass! But mark me—I do not say that the Divine Life is not immanently present in, and continually influent into all these things; I *only* say that that influx is *spontaneous*, *involuntary*, and *unconscious*, just as the influx of our life-forces or spirit into our bodies is spontaneous, involuntary, and unconscious; consequently, denying an intelligent and voluntative “Divine Providence” in all things except the intelligent and voluntative actions of man. An intelligent and voluntative Divine Providence comes on to each alone *through* the intelligence and volition of the human race. I see very little difference between the old-fashioned and mythological Divine Providence of God *outwardly* putting forth a huge plastic finger and forming the acorn, by an express volition and action, and that of His *inwardly* putting forth, by express volition, a spiritual influx, and forming it. There is a great difference, to be sure, in the *mode* of doing it, but none in the *providing* for it. *Essentially*, they are the same.

Now, surely, if Man is a representative of God and the Universe, the creation of all that universe, except the intelligent and voluntary actions of the human kingdom, is a SPONTANEITY, and does not date from a Divine creative *Will*, nor from a Divine creative *Intelligence*, but exists, and forever develops,

spontaneously from the Divine Life. Here the argument which Brother Fishbough so powerfully and skillfully used (namely, the correspondence of the microcosm and macrocosm) in his elimination and elaboration of his theory of creation, is at open war with his theory of the Divine Providence, and his theory of that same creation. If there is truth in that correspondence, the voluntary and involuntary systems of the human organism tally exactly with the voluntary and involuntary systems of Nature and God, of which it is the epitome, and is an unanswerable demolisher of a special, all-discriminative, particular, and universal and *voluntative* Providence, of a Divine Will and Intelligence in the creation and progression of each and *all* things.

This view of the creation and the Divine Providence, gives us an additional faith and confidence in the permanency, infallibility, and harmony of the laws of Nature, and their non-dependency upon *any* Will or *any* Intelligence, but date from a necessary and eternally spontaneous source in the Divine Life. *Will* is notoriously inconstant, mutable, and mortal. Its very nature is transitory, short-lived, and changeable, and we can not even conceive such a thing as an eternal continuity of will, without violating our conception of a *human* being. An ever-vigilant intelligence *from* which to will, or to point out *what* to will, is also contrary to our conceptions of human character. Both Will and Intelligence are *relative* terms, and can be predicated alone of a *finite*, rational, and affectional being; they do not apply to the Infinite. An Omnipotent Will and an Omniscient Intelligence are *spontaneities*. This is all I have to say at present on the subject.

Let all read the book; in it they will find great learning and ability, vast research and comprehension, acute analysis, with a purity and cogency of style, and a fecundity of illustration, that will engage the intellect, captivate the imagination, and warm and cheer the heart.

PITTSBURGH, November 14, 1852.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY J. W. STORRS.

MOTHER, I'm going home ;
The chill night winds will soon moan o'er the spot
Where these frail limbs repose ; but, Mother, I
Shall hear them not.

The sweet Spring-time will come,
With budding trees, and flowers all bright and fair,
And loving bands will roam the hills, but I
Shall not be there.

Summer will come, and go,
And leave the sere grass waving o'er my tomb ;
And the gentle flow'rs which love may scatter there,
No more shall bloom.

But *I* am going home ;
The wings of waiting Angels fan my brow,
And pleasant tales they whisper of that land
To which I go.

I hear of lovely vales,
Through which bright streams of purest waters chime
Where radiant forms with harps of shining gold,
Are keeping time,

To songs of Cherubim,
And Seraphim, which upward ever rise,
Like grateful incense to the throne of Him,
Who rules the skies.

Oh, it is sweet to go
From earth thus early in life's blushing morn;
To leave untasted and unfelt, each woe
And bitter thorn.

Then weep thou not for me,
For though the *form* which thou hast held so dear,
Hath gone and left thee like a blasted tree,
Leafless and sere,

Yet in that quiet hour,
When gentle stars look down most lovingly,
And seem to call the spirit homeward, then
I'll come to thee.

And I will clothe thy dreams
With the soft splendor of the Spirit-shore,
And whisper thee of lands where sorrow's streams
Shall flow no more.

Mother, my hour hath come;
Death creepeth o'er me like a gentle spell.
The world recedes—'tis gone—I'm going home,
Mother, farewell.

SEYMOUR, CONN., Dec., 1852.

THE MYSTIC WHEEL.

A VISION.

J. W. HURLBUT, MEDIUM.

I stood on an eminence which commanded a view of North and South country. The land at the North was broken, uneven, and barren. It was entirely void of vegetation, and impressed upon the mind waste and desolation. Some distance from where I was standing, I saw a multitude of the inhabitants of earth; they were noisy and discordant. Every few minutes there would ascend from this multitude a tremendous shout, as if in triumph of victory. I was somewhat curious to know the cause of the shouting, and after watching them closely for some time, I discovered that it arose from accessions to their number. The manner in which these accessions were made somewhat puzzled me; but after a while the multitude in the center gave way to admit some illustrious comer; then I perceived an opening in the earth, through which there was a constant up-pouring of creation. All that came through were known by some one present. They were no sooner through than their presence was announced, and then the shout went up. On the arrival of every distinguished character, the exultations were loud and strong. The multitude, I observed, were dressed and decorated in every costume of the earth. There were specimens of character from the highest refinement of society, down to the barbarous and naked savage of the wild. They were actuated and governed by the spirit of Selfishness; each seemed bent on securing the treasure he had brought with him. There appeared a mutual fear and distrust of each other, yet all were inclined to combine their strength, as a greater security against an approach-

ing calamity, under which they were in constant dread. Numbers seemed their only security. All comers were welcome; it made no difference from what nation or kindred they came—Egyptian, Jew, or Hottentot, civilized, barbarian, or savage: all were welcome, and for each there was a shout as they joined the throng.

I beheld, between me and the multitude—but near to where I stood—the rim of a Wheel, some twenty feet in diameter, covered with a bright flame, turning rapidly in the air on an invisible center.

I now turned my attention to the Southern part of this plain. How different, O how different! was the scene I there beheld from that which I had witnessed in the North country! Here was beauty and happiness in all purity and love. The scene was lovely beyond description. As far as the eye could reach, it embraced a country whose vegetation was the beauty of perfection, and as varied as perfect. Flowers of the most brilliant hues, and of every variety of form; fountains presenting the most curious devices, jetting forth sprays of sweet-scented water, which loaded the air with incense. There were birds of varied and gorgeous plumage, flying from branch to branch, and caroling their sweet songs with delight. Angels and spirits of the just, robed with light and sparkling with the most radiant beauty, were there. All was love, happiness, and harmony. The life of their happiness seemed to mingle in the atmosphere they breathed; the joy of one was the joy of the whole.

After watching this happy throng for a while, I saw one of their number girding himself, as if preparing for a journey; he was surrounded by his fellow-spirits; each seemed anxious to communicate, and to add a token of his love, to cheer their companion in his mission. This beautiful being was soon conducted, by the angelic throng, to the gate which opened toward the North country; there they bowed their heads in silence, and he was permitted to depart. I saw that he directed his flight toward the North, and soon came near the mixed multitude, and began whispering in the ears of those nearest the South. Soon one of them left the throng, under the influence of the beautiful Spirit, and made direct for the Wheel, which guarded the only passage

from the North to the South country. When he came within a few yards of the Wheel, he stood still and cast his eyes toward the Mansions of the Blest, and appeared to be considering whether he should attempt the passage of the Wheel, or turn again to his companions in the North. I then saw that the man left this passage and examined the country, hoping to find another passage leading south, that he might escape the power of the Wheel. After he became satisfied that his only hope of reaching the happy vale was through the passage guarded by the Wheel, he returned. I saw the man again before the Wheel preparing for the trial. He offered his right shoulder to the Wheel, and as soon as it came in contact with it, every particle of covering was stripped from the arm and thrown as dust to the wind. The man became alarmed, and gathered his treasure, and seemed to consider some time where he should conceal it. At length I perceived that the man made an opening in his body near his heart; in this opening he forced his treasure, and smoothed down the skin to make it perfectly secure, that he might take it with him to the South country. After all was secure, he surveyed the altered appearance of his arm, and again approached the Wheel. I observed that this time he drew near with more confidence; the consequence was, ere he was aware his whole body was completely under the control of the Wheel. In an instant the atmosphere was filled with dust, so as to obscure him from my vision. When the dust had disappeared, I saw the man whirling rapidly on his feet before the Wheel, exposing every part of his body to the cleansing influence of its power. This motion continued until his whole body was covered with light flames. He stopped suddenly, a stream of fire poured from the Wheel against that part of his body where his treasure was concealed. At first, the man was in perfect agony for fear of losing his treasure. The flame penetrated his side, and the treasure was scattered to the wind. It was wonderful to see what a singular effect this had upon the man. As soon as it was torn from him, joy took possession of his countenance, and that which he had bound to his heart and esteemed as a priceless possession, he now regarded as worthless and even ruinous. When all was gone, the shining one came near; then I saw that

the man's eyes were opened, and he could see this inhabitant of heaven. The Angel whispered in his ear, and pointing South, they passed from my view. I turned my eyes North, all was dark, dreary, and forbidding; the discordant yells of the multitude told too truly that they regarded the renovated one as a deserter from their band, deceived and deceiving. Again a melodious shout came from the South; the angelic throng had caught a glimpse of their companion returning with the redeemed one, and as they approached the gate, all Heaven rang with the shout, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

GIVEN AT TROY, N. Y.

FROM THE GERMAN.

YE stars on high, like gems rich set in gold,
I gaze upon ye, like a friend of old;
How would I like to roam o'er your light plains,
Where an eternal light and silence reigns.
Bright in your azure fields, how still ye move,
In your high course drawn by Almighty love.
No raging storms, no threatening tempests lower,
No worm destroys the half-unfolded flower;
No breaking hearts, no loved one moaning, sighing,
Seeking for bliss in vain. Exhausted, dying!
Fain in this world I seek the boon of peace,
I find it not. Battle and strife ne'er cease;
And what I do and learn is not a part
Of me, myself. Oh, no! 'tis not my heart
That turns to you, ye dazzling orbs so bright,
And heavenward turns, beyond your streaming light.

L. W.

SPIRITUAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

DEAR BRITTAN :

As you preserve the facts connected more particularly with the department of spiritual science, permit me to record the following, which I can assure you is strictly reliable. I make no comments—offer no theory ; time will throw sufficient light, I hope, upon this whole subject, to enable the world to arrive at a truthful explanation of the whole phenomena we are now witnessing in every part of the United States, connected with the so-called “Spiritual Manifestations.”

In the month of September, 1850, a gentleman residing with his family in Tennessee, arrived in our city for the purpose of transacting some business here and in the neighboring town of Waukesha. While here he accidentally learned that Mrs. L., an old friend and schoolmate, resided in town, whom he had not seen for the space of eighteen years. He accordingly called upon her, and, in narrating past events, he stated his marriage, the number of his children, and that one of his daughters, seventeen years of age, was in Chicago awaiting his return. He was to leave that day for Waukesha ; but before he left, he received a telegraphic dispatch, announcing that his daughter was quite unwell and desired his return. Accordingly, the next morning (Sunday) he left in the steamer, after apprising Mrs. L. of what he had learned.

I will here state that Mrs. L. is well known here as a remarkable clairvoyant, and frequently, at the request of families, she examines cases of disease, particularly among children. On that day (Saturday) Mr. —, a merchant of this city, called for the purpose of requesting her to examine a young child of his, who was quite ill. I was requested to magnetize Mrs. L. for that purpose, and fixed upon half-past eleven o'clock the next

day (Sunday) for the examination. Accordingly, at the appointed time, I placed her in the mesmeric trance, and requested her to examine the case. She remained perfectly abstracted for nearly half an hour (an unusual time), and then exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" I asked her what she meant. She replied, "Her beautiful spirit is free!" Supposing she had reference to the child, I asked if the child was dead. After a pause, she said, "You do not understand me—my friend's daughter in Chicago has just gone to her Spirit home." It was now twelve o'clock. She then gave a brief but beautiful description of the scene before her, and of the spirit's surprise when awaking to consciousness—how it immediately sought for her father, and seemed anxious to impress his mind not to mourn, but to rejoice at her deliverance. Mrs. L. then turned her attention to the father, whom she described as pacing the deck of the steamer, "little dreaming that his beloved daughter had left him for her final home." She then requested that I would not inform her, when aroused, of the circumstance at all, because it would make her unhappy. At the same time she said, "You may mesmerize me again this evening, that I may visit the scene when the father arrives."

At an early hour in the evening I again mesmerized Mrs. L., and she seemed much affected at the anguish of the father, who was then represented as bending over the lifeless form of his dear child. She also described the tender sympathy of the daughter, as she endeavored to impress her father to calm his grief. She said much at this sitting which it is unnecessary to relate. I asked her if I might not now inform her, when aroused, of what she had related. She replied, "You may simply name the fact of her death, and that is all." I did so, which relation made very little impression on her mind, as she gave no credit to the statement. On Tuesday evening following she received a letter from her friend at Chicago, which was opened in my presence. Inclosed was a lock of hair of the young girl's, and the letter contained a detailed account of the unexpected death of his daughter at *about twelve o'clock* on Sunday, and containing this expression: "Little did I think, while walking the deck of the steamer, that my dear child was expir-

ing, and no friend to care for her present." The letter was somewhat lengthy, and filled with those sentiments and expressions that we should naturally expect, but which it is not necessary to repeat here.

Yours truly,

JAMES P. GREVES.

DEATH OF MESMER.

BY F. H. S.

AN old man on his death-bed lay, an old yet stately man :
 His lips seem'd molded to command, though quivering now and wan,
 By turns a wild and wandering fire shot from his troubled eye,
 In flashes as the lightning gleams athwart the lurid sky ;
 And sculptured forms of olden time, in their strange beauty white,
 Stood 'round the chamber solemnly, all robed as in ghostly light
 All passionless and still they stood, and shining through the gloom,
 Like watchers from another world, stern angels of the tomb !
 'Twas silent as a midnight church, that dim and mystic place,
 While shadows cast from many thoughts, o'erswept the old man's face ;
 He spoke at last, and low and deep, yet piercing was the tone,
 To one that o'er him long had watched, in silence and alone ;*
 " I've found a gem no mortal man again may ever find,
 A gem that has the hue of fire deep at its heart enshrined ;
 To you who long have loved me, I confide the noble thought,
 That came to me from heaven with a glow of glory fraught.
 You oft in health have seen me take another by the hand,
 And by a spell mysterious hold his will at my command,
 And then, by what to you might seem alone to be my dower,
 Impart unto the one I spell'd a more than mortal power ;
 Know you that with me in the dark, deep silence of *the* tomb,
 Shall not sink down that brilliant star now rising through the gloom.
 Though branded as a wicked art, imbibed by me from hell,
 Though cradled long in embryo, its mastery shall compel

* L'Elson—his pupil.

The men of future centuries—no matter in what lands—
To hail with joy this blessed power—‘*This laying on of hands!*’”

* * * *

The cold lips mov'd no longer, the great soul had ta'en its flight,
With the twilight shadows sinking behind the pall of night.
Those words, that broke so fitly the still and solemn gloom,
Where stood those statues ghastly, stern watchers of the tomb,
Where pressed the young man fondly the old man to his heart,
As if his holy love could life to that cold form impart:
Fulfill'd his prophet-words have been—and laying on of hands,
Has millions taught that earth to heaven is link'd by Spirit-bands.

MOUNT TOX, Dec., 1852.



WILL THEY WRITE THEIR HISTORY?

IF the spirits of men who peopled the earth in past ages can come back to us, and speak intelligibly through the very elements that surround and pervade our being, what may we not anticipate from their future disclosures! By patient investigation of the laws that regulate this intercourse with immortalized beings, the modes of communication may be perfected, so that our inquiries concerning the past may be satisfied. The antiquarian has long been seeking to discover, among the ruins of ancient empires, the secrets of their actual life; but hitherto only the silent monuments of the dead, with their mystical lore, have answered to the earnest questionings of the living. But why may not the representatives of those buried nations, over whose earthly homes the winds of time have swept the dust of centuries, yet speak to us, and supply the missing pages of human history? These remarks are suggested by the following brief but interesting communication from an intelligent lady who resides in Massachusetts.

S. B. B.

It is perhaps too speculative to be allowed, but if communications are made to us, as we believe, by spirits, which develop the common affairs of life truthfully, we may expect that revela-

tions of greater moment will be given. The minutia of our laws are to us all-important, and the revolutions of empires may be traced to the every-day circumstances of the meanest subject. The cry from the poorest in the realm, "Give us bread!" has cost the king his crown and his throne. Thus, while the inquiry is made, "What if these are spiritual raps? what if furniture is moved—what does it amount to?" may be partially answered by reading the article in a late number of the Telegraph, headed "Prophetic Impulse." The writer has opened a page in the volume of Spiritualism which has for some time past been dimly suspected by me to contain what he has in part revealed. The communication from Joan of Arc confirmed a suggestion which occurred to me when reading one of Bayard Taylor's letters from Egypt, after having examined a ruin in the desert. "While I was examining the central chamber, I heard a sound as of some one sharply striking one of the outside pillars with a stick. It was repeated three times with an interval between, and was so clear and distinct that I imagined it to be Achmet following me. I called, but on receiving no answer, went out, and was not a little surprised to find no person there or within sight. The temple stands at a considerable distance from any dwelling, and there is no place in the smooth sands on all sides of it where a man could hide. When I mentioned this circumstance, on returning to the boat, Achmet and the raïs immediately declared it to be the work of a *djin*, or afrite, who frequently are heard among the ruins, and were greatly shocked when I refused to accept this explanation." He was not acquainted with the law of spiritual communications, and was ignorant that cultivated mediums are generally requisite to obtain them intelligibly. May it not be hoped that the long-buried secrets of antiquity may be thus discovered, and the hieroglyphics which have puzzled even a Champollion to decipher, may thus reveal the forgotten history. I will indulge the thought that some one, a medium, as well as traveler, shall visit these relics of earlier ages, and draw from their obscurity shadows of the past, which shall be so vividly portrayed to the mind's eye, that the antiquarian may be corrected or confirmed in what has been the study of his life. Cheops, Ramases, the Pharaohs, may have

the desire that their history should be known to the races who now roam over their once fertile fields. The love of fame, the desire and expectation of an eternal remembrance, "a fancied life in others' breath," caused the building those immense pyramidal sarcophagi, but changes of government had erased all knowledge of the builders and their glory, until the key was discovered to decipher the characters found graven or printed on the stones of the interior. The once proud Nineveh is now showing forth the treasures buried thousands of years past, and the learned have deciphered some of its history from the inscriptions found. But let the spirit of Sardanapalus give his own account, and how meager would the knowledge we have appear to his recital! Let him tell the anguish he felt when in despair he consumed his palace and his treasures by fire. Let him tell the causes which have combined to bury his capital, that great city, twelve feet below the surface of the earth, until its location was unknown, and where the plow has for years marked its furrows, and the yellow grain has ripened and fallen beneath the sickle of the reaper. If those spirits, who on earth were intelligent, can now communicate to us, let those who are now intelligent mediums endeavor to obtain from them something which may not only satisfy us who believe, because our reason is convinced that these communications are from a sphere distant from the realm of imagination, but may confute the skeptic, and satisfy the most unbelieving.

LAURA WEBB.

Down through all the subordinate gradations of being, the human mind is enabled to pursue the chain that connects it with the realm of materiality; and here it has lived and labored for centuries, until the relations of the soul to superior existences—relations not less intimate than those which unite us to all terrestrial creations—have been veiled and forgotten. S. B. B.

PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAIT.

Given from impressions received while holding a sealed letter against her forehead.

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

J. K. INGALLS.

This writer possesses a noble heart and mind; the character is open and revealed. By every expression and action this man will indicate something of the nobleness of his nature. Those who have known him long and intimately have found him a true man and faithful friend. He is extremely conscientious, has a great veneration for truth and goodness, and is never so happy as when the words and deeds of men accord with the promptings of these attributes. He is cautious, but not timid. When conscious that he is established on a true foundation, he is firm—has much self-respect, and will rest on his own conclusions.

This person has a strong regard for friends, and affection for home; he is happy in the domestic and social relations. He esteems woman, but, in his mind, virtue and intelligence constitute her chief attractions. Contention disturbs his spirit; he loves peace and harmony, and would take great delight in any movement that would tend to harmonize society, and to bring about a greater equality in the conditions of men.

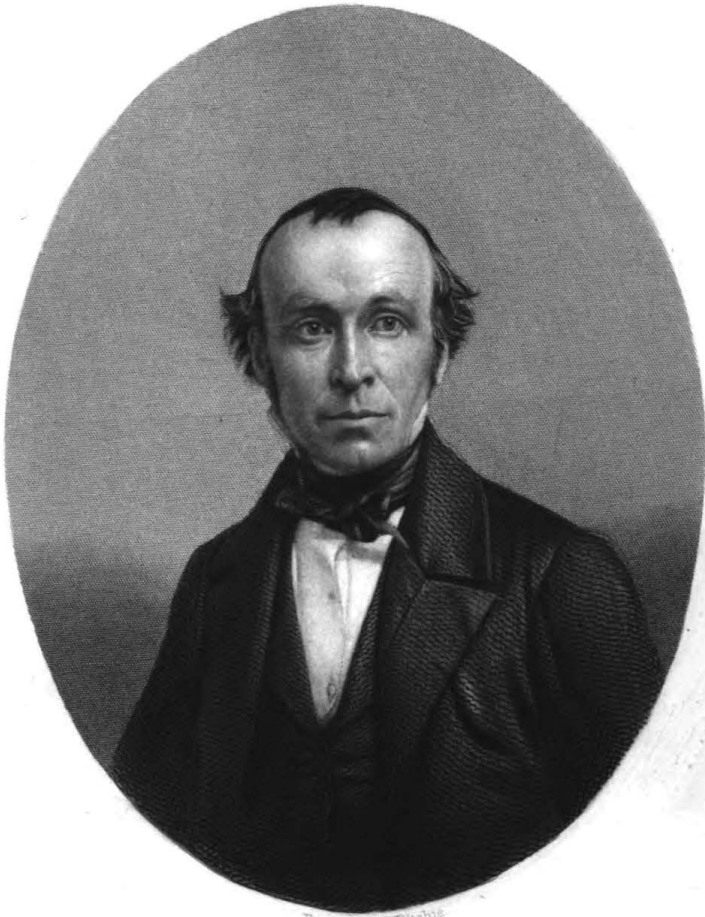
This person is original in his ideas, and many of his sentiments are beautifully expressed; but he often feels more than he has power to reveal. He is agreeable in his manners, and will be likely to attract many persons to him, especially those who know him best.

The heart is often filled with a feeling of devotion which language can not express. The spiritual nature greatly predominates, and it would be well for the world to follow his example.

A protracted and intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Ingalls affords us the most complete assurance of the entire accu-

racy of Mrs. Mettler's impressions concerning his character. For his unwavering devotion to his deepest convictions, he lost his place as a minister of the Universalist denomination, having been disfellowshipped by an act of the New York Association, *because he would not acknowledge the Bible as "the ONLY and sufficient revelation" to man.* Without complaining of the mistaken and uncharitable policy of his brethren, Mr. Ingalls peaceably retired from the ministry, and engaged in secular pursuits. It affords us great pleasure to say that he carried with him the spirit of meekness and forbearance which had characterized his whole life, and, in his retirement, he still preaches to men, eloquently and truly, by the force of a good example, and the living exemplification of the Christian virtues. S. B. B.

REV. J. B. FERGUSON, Editor of the *Christian Magazine*, an independent religious periodical, published at Nashville, Tenn., has for some time been inclined to very liberal Christian views. His preaching, and the pages of his journal, have clearly indicated the progressive tendencies of his mind, while the evil spirit of intolerance has appeared through Alexander Campbell as medium, and is determined to make war on Mr. Ferguson and the *Christian Magazine*. Mr. Campbell was never eminently distinguished for his candor as a theological disputant, and in this case his articles are certainly written in a supercilious tone, while they indicate an ability to dogmatize at the expense of reason. In every attempt to damage the reputation of Mr. Ferguson, to impair the force and credibility of his views, or to diminish the extent of his influence, Mr. Campbell betrays a disposition to excite the elements of denominational pride, pre-judice, and popular resentment, seemingly with a view to coerce the conscience of a FREE MAN into submission. Mr. Ferguson replies to these attacks in a firm, dignified, and temperate spirit, which we greatly admire. His earnest defense of the liberty of thought, unlimited investigation, and private judgment, entitle him to our cordial fellowship. S. B. B.



Engr'd by A.H. Ritchie

James Richardson

REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Dedham, the beautiful shire of Norfolk County, some nine miles south of Boston, and is now in his thirty-fifth year. Mr. Richardson, we believe, is an only son. His father, Hon. James Richardson, a prominent counselor-at-law, still resides at Dedham, in the enjoyment of a green old age—probably the oldest practicing lawyer in New England—and though past eighty, not only filling several county offices, and president of two insurance companies, one of which insures over eight million dollars of property, but manifesting, still, as much interest as when young, in intellectual and literary pursuits. He studied law with Fisher Ames, and was his partner in business up to the time of the death of that distinguished Federalist orator, when he formed a co-partnership with Hon. Theron Metcalf, now one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in addition to a very extensive practice for more than half a century, he has held a prominent position in the State as a member of the convention for forming the Constitution, as Senator, Councilor, etc., etc. He married late in life a lady many years his junior, who was daughter of the earliest wholesale hardware merchant in Boston (a gentleman who owned a country seat in Dedham), and who, in addition to a superior education in an English academy, gave his daughters as well as sons the opportunity of travel. She died, however, in early youth, leaving two children, a son and daughter, mere infants, to the arms of a heart-broken and inconsolable husband, and her pure spirit rising to meet her lost babe in a brighter sphere, shed an odor of piety, gentleness, and love that still remains to rejoice the memories of her many friends. With the same epidemic that deprived the mother of

life the son lay for many hours insensible, and all hope of his surviving her was given up; but at length he revived, although to live through a puny and delicate childhood and youth, many years of which were passed on a bed of pain and sickness. From his mother came his deep religious fervor, as well as his love of art and strong musical taste, and on her knee, as she sat at the piano, he learned the simple songs and Scotch ballads which she loved so well, before he could articulate the words; and he has often declared that the joyful anticipation of meeting this beloved parent, in higher spheres of light and life, was one of the principal causes of the delight that he always felt at the thought of death. Through his mother he inherited the blood of those old reformers of the church, the Plymouth pilgrims, as she was a lineal descendant of Mrs. Governor Winslow, the first person married in New England, through her son, Peregrine White, the first white person born in the Colonies. Thus deprived at a most tender age of a mother, the irreparable loss was in a measure supplied by his maternal grandmother, and by the widow and daughter of Fisher Ames and Madame Wainwright—all ladies of the highest culture and of remarkable talent—the latter, mother of Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of this city, being so much distinguished by strength and brilliancy of mind, by great liberality of thought and uncommon conversational powers, as to well deserve the title often applied to her of the Madame de Staël of New England.

The boy's native taste for drawing, music, and art, received every encouragement, especially from Miss Ames, a lady of rare accomplishments, and took the place with the delicate and sickly child of the outdoor sports of more robust boyhood. And yet from his infancy he loved nature with an exceeding love, and the woods and the wild and lonely scenes of natural beauty were his greatest delight. And not a flower that bloomed, not an expanding leaf, not an animal that stirred the silence, or insect that hummed in the air, or bird that made it vibrate with melody, but was to him a familiar friend. To this, we have often heard him say, he attributes his boundless love for freedom, naturalness and simplicity, his utter dread and detestation of all tyranny and oppression, of all that is formal, affected, and

artificial, and especially his strong dislike and opposition to all doctrines that discredit and decry Nature, or that are not in full harmony with her divine revelations. The intellectual and cultivated society which he found at an early age among the literary people that frequented his father's and grandfather's dwellings, was increased by the addition of the students in his father's law-office, among whom the boy always remembered with peculiar gratitude the distinguished Horace Mann, who evinced then that affectionate interest in childhood which afterward led him, when other ties were broken, to make the children of the whole State his family, and to become the great apostle of education and common schools. At this time the boy's fondness for books grew to be such a passion, and such was his entire concentration and absorption of mind in the volume before him, that to arouse him from his abstracted state it was often necessary to shake him to get him to his meals, and he read with avidity books generally regarded as suited only to those of riper years. And so still and quiet was the little invalid, that he seldom spoke above a whisper, or uttered more than the little monosyllables "yes," or "no," except on very great occasions; and when teased to leave his book by his sister, older than himself, for play, he was obliged to appeal against her to the housekeeper or servants, that he might be left to read in peace. This stillness was owing, probably, partly to his living and associating with those much older than himself, at a time when it was the stern precept "that children should be seen and not heard," and partly to the effect of pain and weakness, for his friends now are disposed to complain of an excessive fluency and rapidity of utterance, of an over-talkativeness, rather than of any silence on the part of our friend, whose ready reply to all attacks on the subject of his garrulity are, "Remember that the first fourteen years of my life I hardly spoke at all, and I have all that time to make up." When yet but a child of a few years, it was a source of great satisfaction to him to gather other children in a very large drawing-room in a distant part of the mansion, that was seldom used, and there, dressed out in ministerial robes imitated for the occasion, to conduct a solemn service. From that time he looked forward always to preaching as his profession, was often

dubbed "the little minister," and pious old friends of the family looked forward with hope to the time when they should see him occupy the sacred desk. Though his father was a worshiper at a Unitarian church, the son early in life became interested in "a revival of religion," so-called, in which his religious feelings were more excited than ever before, yet even at that time the reason was so much developed that he could not receive the popular doctrine of the atonement, finding it impossible, as he said, to think with the assumption that Christ and God were one—"How God could let himself be killed to appease his own wrath." This was at the close of his sixth year, and though he had not learned to write as yet, on retiring to his little bed at an early hour each night, after saying his prayers—being constitutionally sleepless—he accustomed himself to make little hymns and sacred poems, which he sang by himself in the morning before rising, after reading a number of chapters in the Bible, during his first course of reading that volume through. One day he repeated one of those poems to some playmates of his sister, and they begged it for "a composition" to take to school. The teacher, a very pious lady, immediately took a peculiar interest in the productions of the young rhymester, and his father, who had given a class poem, and a poem on graduating from Cambridge, and also a poem as well as an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that institution, thinking, perhaps, that the child might yet make something, though so feeble and sickly, did not frown on his verses. Thus he became a rhymester, and much pleasure was derived by the family friends from the boy's early drawings, rhymes, and singing. Placed under the tuition of a neighboring minister to fit for college, the same propensities, with an increased love of rambling in the fields and woods, and studying nature's lore, accompanied him; and next to writing rhymes to the fair daughters of his teacher, he rejoiced in singing and leading the choir at the village church. At the age of twelve his class was fitted to enter Cambridge, but an attack of bleeding from the lungs compelled him to give up the hope of going with them, and he was forced to leave his studies for a while, and spend several months in recreation. At school, though an easy linguist, we learn from his venerable

teacher, who is still living, that he was most distinguished for the zest with which he pursued his algebra and other mathematics, and for the extraordinary quickness and pleasure he manifested in solving difficult problems.

In college, where on entering he was the youngest and smallest in the class, though always, from his love of nature, exceedingly fond of natural science, he was most remarkable for his deep and earnest investigations in mental philosophy. Though pursuing with his class the college studies and the various modern languages, with their literature, and gaining quite a distinction among his fellows as a writer, he was most interested in reading such writers as Goethe, and the metaphysical works of Cousin in French, and of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, etc., in German. He had little sympathy with the philosophy of Locke and Paley, whose works were then the college text-books, as his consciousness of innate ideas (*cognitiones à priori*) made him opposed to the materialism of the former, and his devotion to the eternal and unchangeable Right led him to condemn the system of policy and expediency advocated by the latter, and he has never ceased since to battle these systems and their supporters in whatever form or disguise they appeared. The opinions and theories that have been more lately known under the name of "Transcendentalism," Spiritualism, new views, the new philosophy, Emersonism, Parkerism, and which thus early in his career Mr. Richardson commenced to advocate, were then strange and startling to the minds of all; for Emerson had not begun to write or lecture, nor Parker to preach; Goethe was an unknown mystery in this country, and the works of Cousin, Kaut, Hegel, etc., were sealed books. And his devotion to what was then an entirely new and unpopular philosophy with scholars generally, made him the subject of severe animadversion, and got him the name of "infidel" and "heretic," and afterward, by way of opprobrium, the new title of "Transcendentalist;" but still the boy kept on his course, faithful to his own convictions, though growing daily more sad and lonely, till the appearance of Carlyle's most original and earliest work, "Sartor Resartus"—of which he wrote the first review published in this country—and of Emerson's "Nature," gave the sad and quiet youth to feel that he was not

wholly alone, and to weep tears of grateful joy at finding that there were at least some around him who could sympathize with him, and who dared to utter sentiments which, however unpopular they might be, his earnest convictions compelled him to hold dear. Somewhere about this time he aided in collecting from various reviews and magazines "Carlyle's *Miscellanies*," which were published under Mr. Emerson's editorial supervision, first in this country; and he wrote articles for the *Democratic Review*, and elsewhere, giving his views on modern philosophy and kindred topics. He still continued to be a great reader, an almost omnivorous devourer of books, whether of science, history, romance, ethics, or philosophy, and we have learned from his college companions that there was hardly a book or an edition that could be named with which he was not familiar. This led to his being chosen librarian of the oldest of the club libraries—that of the Institute of 1770—Secretary of the Davy Club—a society of natural science—and of the Harvard Union; and this, and his connection with musical and other associations, as President of the College choir, called around him a circle of peculiarly gifted and brilliant young men, and such was the magnetic influence of his mind, that we have heard him assert that, among all his intimate companions and friends, there never has been a single individual who did not come, sooner or later, to sympathize earnestly with him in his views and philosophy. In the middle of his collegiate course he was again brought to the very door of death by the bursting of a blood-vessel; this compelled him for a time entirely to abandon his studies, and such was the prostration produced by great depletion, loss of blood, and low regimen, that for years he walked on the brink, as it were, of the grave, suffering continual anguish from violent spasms, pain, and weakness; and though now full of buoyant life, health, and activity, he still confines himself to the simplest and most meager diet, never having drank any thing for years but pure cold water.

The great central principle of Mr. Richardson's philosophy—the universal inspiration and divine origin and destiny of man—led him, while yet a boy, to take an earnest interest in those great movements of philanthropic reform, at that time just com-

mencing, which assert the dignity and worth of man, and whose object is to free, elevate, and advance mankind, and form them into a band of brothers; and always since, in every position, and under all circumstances, whether in good report or evil report, he has shown himself a devoted advocate of the great principles of temperance, freedom, peace, and universal democracy. And at the early stage of the anti-slavery and temperance enterprises, he endured his full share of the persecution that in various forms was inflicted upon their disciples.

Although his college life was so much broken in upon by illness and consequent weakness, yet it was not without its fruits; and the interest with which his lectures before college societies, and his other dissertations, were listened to, and with which his youthful efforts in verse and prose in the College Magazine, which he helped to edit, were read, indicated already a power to impress the minds of others, which gave promise of a future influence and distinction. On graduating, he gave the parting ode or poem—a printed copy of which before us gives evidence of the fine imagination and poetical genius of the youthful author. It commences with the following appropriate imagery:

“ A shadow steals across the sun,
And dims our morning sky ;
A tear bedims the light of joy
That gladdened every eye.
The echoing tones of mirth no more
Our hearts with rapture fill ;
The laugh of brighter hours is hush'd—
The festal song is still.”

He was still a boy in his teens, having grown in stature some two or three inches afterward, when he graduated; being regarded as too young by some years to commence the study of a profession, and his father, already quite venerable, hoping perhaps to engage his interest in legal pursuits, and thus connect him with himself in business, did not encourage his immediate entrance into any professional life.

In the year immediately preceding his graduation—a time of uncommon commercial distress and ruin—his father, then the largest real estate owner in his county perhaps, by the dishon-

esty of a land agent, the loss of factories by fire, and the universal financial pressure, found himself so much involved as to be compelled to exercise the greatest economy, and he doubtless would have failed, had it not been for the credit of his great integrity, as he was generally known by the *soubriquet* of "the honest lawyer." These circumstances prevented our friend from pursuing his travels abroad, as had been the practice in the family and with his young associates, and compelled him to give up his poetic pursuit of belle-lettres, music, art, and esthetics, and forego literary dilettanteism in general, and devote himself to the hard, stern labors of life. And from that time forth the puny and delicate boy, nursed in indolent luxury, who had never lifted a finger to work, gave up his ideal life, and entered without sigh or murmur on his course of severe practical duty, which he has never forsaken since, even scarcely for leisure to take breath and begin anew, regarding this necessity as the greatest blessing that ever befell him. And it has become so much the habit of his life, that what would overtask and destroy the energies of most scholars seems mere play to him. So at first he was employed as clerk of the county courts, whose archives and folios, recorded in his plain, neat hand, may still be seen. He was soon engaged, however, as principal of an academy in New Hampshire, and afterward near Providence, Rhode Island, with three assistant female teachers, in the same capacity.

But though he gave up his life of idealism, we should do him great wrong to say that he sacrificed for a moment his ideal, or forgot those great principles of a liberal, humane, and divine philosophy—the great eternal truths of man's divinity, which have always been dearer to him than life; and amid all his other duties he considered the dissemination of these truths to be the one great purpose of his life—his peculiar mission. So, in spite of obloquy, reproach, and persecution, the stigma of zealots and the hatred of bigots, he has never ceased or slackened to promulgate, through books and readings, by conversations, lectures, and letters, these views so precious to his own soul, so essential to the progress and salvation of the world; and it is remarkable not only that every intimate companion and friend of his, at whatever period of his life, by some mental magnetism

has become a partaker of his cherished views, but that in every place where he has resided or visited for any length of time, these peculiar views and philosophy have come to be truly respected, and by this extensive and mighty influence of quiet thought upon minds prepared to receive it, our friend has already had a widely-diffused effect upon the views and opinions of the age. We hope ere long to see a statement made by Mr. Richardson, in his own way, of his "Philosophy of Humanity." This much, however, we may gather from his published discourses, essays, etc., of his views:

That God is the universal spirit or life of the world; in essence, truth; in thought, wisdom; in feeling or relation, love; in character, holiness and goodness; in action, justice; in manifestation, beauty.

That every human soul is divine; an embryo angel; an image; an epitome of God with the germs of his divine attributes. In other words, that every soul has an innate love and perception of truth, holiness, justice, goodness, and beauty inspired by God in it.

That all men are inspired of God, whatever be their condition, race, or hue.

That God holds the same relation in every respect to man, and man to God, at the present time, as ever before in human history.

That no nation, whether Hebrew, Roman, Chinese, or American, can claim any peculiar relation to the impartial Divinity, to the universal Father, who is no respecter of persons, and whose inspiration, according to an ancient writing, gives all men understanding.

That no man, or set of men, whether called prophets, priests, or preachers, in ancient times or now, were any more fully or divinely inspired than the rest of the race, though some may have *trusted* and used this inspiration more than others.

And that the writings of men of the present day are as much dictated by the divine Spirit as any older Scriptures, and are as holy, good, and useful in their teachings; that the writings of the followers of Jesus, during the eighteen centuries of the "Christian dispensation," are *as much* inspired of God as those of the

followers of Moses during the first fifteen centuries of "the Mosaic dispensation."

That the divinest revelation in any age, is that which is most adapted to the wants, and most fitted to reformation and improvement of that age.

That the divine and holy Jesus was but a fuller manifestation of the Spirit, trusting more entirely to its teachings; a more obedient son; "an elder brother;" but that all are with him Sons of God and divinely taught.

That hence, whatever be the excellency and the divinity of other teachings, each human soul finds in itself—in the voice of God, and the utterances of reason and conscience—within it the truest guide, the highest and most authoritative teaching.

That all men being thus equally God's children, and inspired of him, should be recognized politically, ecclesiastically, and socially, as equals and as brothers.

That the true state is a Democracy. That the true government is individual—of the divine Soul; that the true church is that of Humanity, and includes all men, poor and rich, low and high, wise and foolish, saint and sinner, in its fold.

That the mission of Jesus and the true Church is one of present human salvation; enfranchisement from the woes and sufferings of poverty, ignorance, disease, vice, and crime; the building up of the kingdom of heaven on earth. That the only true education is the development of the highest faculties of the God-inspired soul; that learning is only useful as a confirmation of the higher wisdom of the spirit's teaching; that the truest religion is the aspiration of the soul and the effort of the life after harmony with the Divine Spirit; and that the soul progresses eternally in the higher spheres of the Spirit-world.

At his entrance upon the labors and duties of life, Mr. Richardson found himself gifted, as we have said, with a peculiar faculty of interesting other minds, and especially those of the young and unsophisticated; and to this, doubtless, has been owing his remarkable success as a teacher, whether public or private, in the school-room or in the pulpit.

It was this, together with the tenderness and humanity of his nature, that led him, at an early period of life, not only to interest

himself in the development of thought in those about him, but to give his time and means to the education of youth of talent and genius who "were given to him." In this way, too, he has been materially assisted in his mission of disseminating the great principles of "the spiritual philosophy." In the bosom of the lovely and accomplished family of which his three assistant teachers were members, and where also some fifteen of his pupils, both male and female, resided, with the patronage of many of the finest families in Rhode Island as well as neighboring and distant States, he spent some of the happiest years of his life, forming the acquaintance and friendship of the most estimable and distinguished minds in his vicinity and in the country.

But the time had at length arrived for him to make more particular preparation for his destined profession as a public teacher of the Gospel; accordingly, he returned to the University of Cambridge, where he spent three years more in theological and philosophical investigations; often, when engaged in examination of some important subject, studying eighteen hours a day. On leaving his studies, though receiving several highly flattering invitations to settle in the vicinity, his desire of promulgating his views in a new field led him to Connecticut, where he was ordained by Drs. Dewey, Lamson, Parkman, and other eminent divines of the Unitarian Congregational Order, in the picturesque manufacturing village of Southington; and with the expectation of spending a year of devotion to the cause, there he procured and furnished a pleasant mansion. But his peculiar views and earnest enthusiasm excited such attention and interest, not only in that but in the neighboring towns, that his church became crowded with hearers, and his one year was extended to two; though he received pressing "calls" to go elsewhere. And when leaving his parish to become pastor of the First Congregational Society of Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he could have greater facilities for exchange, he carried the hearts of his people with him; and the tie of affection that bound them together has never for a moment been severed. Though promising to remain at Haverhill only till their church edifice, destroyed by fire, had been rebuilt, he continued there for several years, preaching and lecturing before churches,

lyceums, temperance and anti-slavery societies, attracting crowded houses by the utterance of his earnest convictions, and building up a large and substantial congregation. At length, a violent attack of influenza brought on his old affection of bleeding; and a severe inflammation in the chest, that prevented him from using his pen without extreme suffering, induced him to give up for a term all pastoral relations, and retire to his paternal acres in Dedham, where he engaged himself in labors in the open air, particularly in laying out lawns and grounds, and in extensive planting of fruit trees, shrubberies, hedges, groves of forest trees, etc. But he still continued to preach every Sunday, to lecture on temperance and human freedom, and to repeat his lyceum lectures in winter, beside contributing extensively to magazines, reviews, etc., and unanimous "calls" from Albany, N. Y., Chelsea, near Boston—where Mr. Richardson was the instrument of building up a flourishing society—with invitations from Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., Greenfield, Kingston, etc., in his native State, gave evidences of the interest with which his views of Christ's great gospel of humanity, were received wherever he went, and obtained for him a wide reputation for building up churches.

The elements of his success as a preacher are, first and foremost, a strong unquestioning faith in the truth of his views, that leads him to utter his convictions with the most intense earnestness. He tells his audience that they are all-children of God, and shows that he *feels* them to be such. He tells them that they are brothers, and strives to make them feel that they are so. Add to this a graphic, picturesque style and a musical voice, and our description is complete; for, though bold and original in his ideas, he has nothing of that subtlety and mysticism in his thought, so attractive to many minds, but is extremely clear and plain in his enunciation of truth. We have only listened a few times to Mr. Richardson when on a visit to us at Bridgeport, at the time of the inception of THE SHEKINAH; but we were so much interested in one discourse of his especially, as to take his text, "I heard a great voice from heaven, saying, Come up hither!" as the "motto" for this magazine. Mr. Richardson's publications, besides numerous essays, poems, and a few

magazine stories, are "Discourses on Theology and Religion;" "The Nature of Divine Revelation;" "The Relation of Religion and the Pulpit;" "A Plan for the Freedom of the Pulpit;" "The Nature of Sin and Evil," etc. Perhaps the most perfect poem in that vein that he has ever written, is the following, entitled, "God's True Temple."

Not by vast piles of sculptured stone, uprearing
 Their massive towers and fretted spires on high,
 With splendid pomp and costly pride, appearing
 To scorn the poor and humble passer-by:

Not by the rich and swelling congregations
 That daily crowd the broad, luxurious aisles:
 Not by the pulpit's eloquent orations,
 And melody that sense and soul beguile:

Not by most-solemn rites, nor by receiving
 The holy bread and consecrated cup:
 Not by vain doctrines and long creeds believing,
 Do we the temple of our God build up.

For God's true temple is Humanity,
 That now unfinished and in ruin lies;
 And would we its divine restorers be,
 And raise it up in glory to the skies?

Wherever weep the enslaved, the poor, the lowly,
 Or fall the tempted, frail and sinful ones,
 There with a purpose high and spirit holy,
 We'll haste to succor these our Father's sons.

And inward purity and love combining,
 That Spirit fair which moved our blessed Lord,
 Shall build them up as stones, all fair and shining,
 Into a LIVING TEMPLE of our God.

And thus shall we, in lofty virtue growing,
 Founded on Jesus as our corner-stone,
 Be pillars of that holy temple, showing
 That God's true praise is love of man alone.

"The Might of Truth;" "The Changes;" "Speak out thy Thought;" "Better One Single and Alone;" are all in the same vein. A poem, entitled, "Trust in Man," that expresses more

strongly, perhaps, than any other of his productions in verse his sense of human worth, concludes with—

Have faith in man, thy brother :
 In the dungeon's gloomy cell,
 All chained and manacled, there sits
 A murderer, grim and fell ;
 And, like the moonlight on the cloud,
 Or sunbeam on the sea,
 Clasped to his heart, his daughter fair
 Sits on the convict's knee.
 And the murderer lifts his blood-stained soul
 Up to the Father's throne,
 And prays that God would shield his child,
 Left on the world alone.
 Oh, may not that prayer of faithful love
 For his deep, dark guilt atone ?
 For e'en in the basest felon's breast
 Is a spark of humanity.
 Then trust in man—thy brother,
 Whoever he may be.

Among other writings, Mr. Richardson contributed a number of valuable articles for Downing's famous "Horticulturist;" and in the very last number edited by him, his lamented friend, Downing, thus speaks of the subject of this sketch: "If Mr. Richardson preaches half so well as he writes, his hearers are indeed to be envied," etc.—(See "Horticulturist" for August—article, "Review of June Number.")

Even in his articles for the "Horticulturist," Mr. Richardson contrived to give expression to his peculiar views; and we find a poem in the last volume, commencing—

Oh, tell us not that Paradise
 Bloomed in the distant past,
 Ere culture o'er the darkened world
 Her radiant light had cast.

Oh, talk not of a golden age,
 In centuries dim and old,
 Before creative art began
 Her wonders to unfold.

No! Paradise is yet to come;
And, in the future years,
With unimagined glories crowned,
The golden age appears.

In a lighter and more delicate vein is the following, which we extract from the September number of that popular and high-toned literary magazine, "The Knickerbocker," entitled, "Youth and Nature."

There's a light gone out of the sunshine,
A glory from the day;
The stars are dimmer to my sight,
The moon, that hushed the holy Night,
And filled my soul with calm delight,
Hath lost its ancient ray

The brook, with its veined pebbles
And its painted muscle-shell;
The delicate mosses on the brink,
The crystals within the rocky chink,
The feathery ferns that stooped to drink—
All sights that I loved so well.

With the breath of the apple-blossoms,
And the scent of the new-mown hay
Which the starry buttercups illumine;
The violet's far-diffused perfume,
And the glory of the roses' bloom,
Have passed from my life away.

And the voices of the Spring-time
Carol no more to me;
Nor, singing on its stony bed,
The brook, by hidden fountains fed.
Answers the robin overhead
With the old melody.

The lowing of the cattle,
As they sought the fields at dawn;
The hen, with her dear, domestic note,
The cooing from the pigeon's cote,
And chanticleer, that strained his throat
To wake the tardy morn.

All these have forgot the music.
 They sang in mine ear of yore ;
 The colors fade in life's gairish light, .
 The early bloom has turned to blight,
 And the beauteous shows of earth invite
 My heart to joy no more.

For Youth, that painted their colors,
 And tuned their songs for me,
 No longer peoples the earth and air
 With its forms and sights, divinely fair,
 But hath left my lonely heart to share
 Naught but their memory.

And yet, as over my spirit
 Their freshening Memory breathes,
 Fragrant with odors from wild-wood bowers,
 And thrilling with music of by-gone hours,
 Sweet garlands of dewy, youthful flowers
 Around my brow it wreathes.

And again, in the genial Spring-time,
 I feel the youthful glow ;
 Again heaven's sparkling eyes grow bright
 With something of their ancient light,
 And I hear again, with dear delight,
 Birds sing and streamlets flow.

But Mr. Richardson is best known to the friends of the "*Univercælum*" and "SHEKINAH," as a devoted Spiritualist, believing in the near relation of the soul to the great Spirit, and its intimate connection with higher spheres ; advocating the principles of this philosophy, and topics akin to it, with earnest thought, and with fearless utterance of pen and tongue. As such, we claim him as a true friend and brother, knowing that the dissemination of the great principles of a rational, humane, and spiritual philosophy is to him infinitely before all gain, emolument, or worldly honor.

In all our intercourse with society, we have found no man more ready to pity and forgive the failings of the weak and erring, or self-sacrificing in efforts to vindicate the right, and to assist those who require his manly sympathy and efficient aid.

MY SOUL NOW AND AFTER.

BY SEÑOR ADADUS CALPE.

Who may deny to our soul that it is a mysterious being? Who may deny that it is a compound of wonderful powers? Where is the materialist who may convince the most candid peasant that his thinking principle is a bulk of matter? He who would pretend to teach such a doctrine should be accounted by us among those wretched beings who *ad summum* aspire to be the most beautiful animals on earth, or else the largest ones. But there are philosophers, calling themselves spiritualists, who would be ashamed of bearing the hated names of atheists and materialists, and nevertheless they try with all their brains to make so dark the wondrous existence of the soul—while embodied in this case of matter—that their philosophy turns to the same, it denies emphatically our spirituality and immortality.

Kant, the profound Kant, the man of the German Spiritualism, he who makes parade of being the strenuous defender of our spirituality, says: "It is impossible to prove those two powers assimilating us to God, fountain of immortal spirituality." The *savant* of Königsberg assures us of but two ways of proving the existence of things, namely, *à priori* and empirically. It is useless to prove our spirituality and immortality; because, we can not put on foot consequences which we built on hypothesis or suppositions, born from the habitude contracted by us of thinking them such. He infers: "We say that our soul is a spiritual substance, because we conceive it so, and we add that it is immortal, because it is out of the idea conceived by us of a simple and indivisible substance, to say that it is under the burdensome weight of corruption." Having made us, as philosophers, a present of such revolting ideas, he decrees *more legislatoris* as social dogma, the spirituality and immortality that he has just

denied. Beautiful contradiction, which shows better than a hundred volumes that those two faculties are embodied *à priori* in man! Beautiful contradiction, which shows us the abyss where men of systems are willing to lead us! Beautiful contradiction, which proves the bounding of men while they are half flesh! Beautiful contradiction, which makes those who feel in their interior the strength of a principle, which straitens them to believe in their godlike divinity, and pour out a flood of tender tears! Beautiful contradiction, which, shortening the philosopher, increases the spirit of those who smile, while reading his simultaneous yea and nay! Unhappy humanity, if you permit yourself to be drawn by systems! Wretched intelligence, if you offer holocaust to the philosophers, who teach you what they do not feel, crowning themselves in this wise with laurels which grow green while they have body, and are converted into dust at the first step toward the grand portico of Truth! Philosophers, materialists of all ages, we do not believe you, we have better teachers: God and our own souls.

Do you believe that we are going to prove the spirituality and immortality of the human mind, by telling that it is without extension, longitude, and deepness? are you willing to think that we are going to prove it by the tendency which we feel for perfectibility? Do you think that we are going to show it by this insatiable thirst for the future? Do you believe that we are going to manifest it because the mind is never satisfied with material objects? Do you suppose that we are to make the subject clear, by seeing the just man persecuted, poor, dejected, forgotten on earth, and the wicked exalted, loaded with riches, and honors? Reflection which made Rousseau burst into this exclamation: "If I had but these two proofs of the Spirit-land, it would be more than plain truth for me, to be convinced that it is another world better than this I tread upon." Do you think that we are going to show it by all your common-places? Nay. We are going to prove it by our soul, by itself, by what it feels, by what takes place in it, by what consoles it, by what makes it fly to heaven, being yet in the dungeon of the body. Alas! you who have no other God but money, nor other future but money, nor other horizon but money, will not understand us! Alas!

ye who cast your supreme happiness upon material enjoyments, upon fame—the breath of caprice—upon honors and things of earth, you will not understand us! Oh, ye who inspire the ether of life for the sole eating, you will not understand us! But, on the contrary, the unhappy, the helpless, the believer in one bountiful God, the persecuted for the holy cause of thought, of freedom, of dignity of soul, he will understand us perfectly well. And you, too, shall understand us fully when you may find vent for the smoke of the worthless passions which at present intoxicate you. Oh, how despairing must be the life of man on earth, if when he endures torments, when he suffers for the sake of intelligence, for liberty, for his grandeur; or else for the bad social organization, for the egotism of his fellow-creatures, would concentrate himself into his mind, and find but matter, chaos—naught at the other side of the fleshy horizon which surrounds him! Let us look at the wretched and burdened under the bulk of misery, of want, of the injustice of those who environ him, let him come into himself and ask his soul, his conscience, his Ego: does God see me? Oh, yes! he answers; then fear nothing. Have you to go to the Spirit-land? Oh, yes, I feel it, I almost touch it, and I see the Almighty far away in the infinite border of the vaporous, divine, sublime horizon, who is waiting to compensate the sorrows I devour in this heap of matter! and this wretched one throws himself into a delicious ocean, swims joyfully into eternity, believing that there is a God who hears him and is waiting him; that there is one, who loves him with heavenly love; that there is one, who is not matter at all. What comforter does not find man in those celestial instants, when losing the sight of the craggy tops of the commanding hills of the earth, meets with him who is going to remunerate his anguish! What a sweet reciprocity is established by the Creator among the creatures! What an unspeakable fruition does he not experience who sees the matter entering into dust, and his spiritual part flying to identify itself with the just, bounteous, intelligent, powerful, wise Will of the everlasting Being! All ye, unhappy, put your hands on your breasts in those moments of the soul's activity, and you shall see that you are spiritual and immortal!

God and soul! What a reality and what an image! God and soul! What an endless ocean and what a drop! God and soul! What a happiness and what a fulfillment! God and soul! What a light and what a sparkle! God and soul! What a truth and what a relief! Here, in this secret, intimate, heaven-like position of our conscience, the spirituality and the immortality of our thinking principle is seen ten thousand times better than in all the theories of the philosophers, who strive to teach us that we are immortal.

When I suffer and I am thinking of one who is looking at me and fighting strenuously against the sufferings, I leave aside my flesh, and I know my immortality and spirituality. Who may proportion to me this peace of soul, which I meet with in the conformity of my will with that of God? What thing is there on earth which may replenish more abundantly my ambition than the idea of my spirituality? Who reaches the boundaries of my hope in those instants? The space is wanting of fullness for the infinity which my spirit travels over.

And this intimate sentiment, this supreme conviction, this beatific calmness would be an illusion? Would be a mere conatus? Would be a fallacious dream? Makes nature useless? Is it possible that it laughs at our mind's persuasion? Nay: this proof of our spirituality and immortality is fully convincing, and I will confess with loud voice that I am imperishable on the other side of this world: that there it is ease for trouble, rest for battle, wisdom for stupidity, life for death, spirit for matter.

Now many will tell us: well! let us set on foot that we are spiritual and immortal; but what are we after the cessation of our compound? Where are we going? What will we do? The answers are black clouds, everlasting fogs, impenetrable darkness—total ignorance of what will come to pass to us in those regions which are only distanced from us the short space which our body, liable to corruption, occupies here; but from the visible things we go up to the invisible, as he who ascends from a deep valley to the raised top of a mountain, whose single step makes him discover the most wide horizon. What will I become after the dissolution of my compound? Will and intelligence, as now. Where will I go? To the Will

and to the Intelligence. What shall I do? I shall will and understand.

The will of man is a blind power of endless energy, of unfathomable egotism, of unsearchable continuation, of marvelous pertinacity. Let us look at it in the union with the body. Every thing which does not agree with it vexes it, tortures it, makes it go down into a hell; every thing which is not identified with it, maddens it, and occasions to it the tediousness of death. The will—or the liberty of our soul—is the most egotistic faculty, and the more inclined to be lord. The will is eminently powerful, so to say *more humano*, and nothing is able to oppose its wishes. Thus the gospel says: “Believe ye, and say to this mountain, go into the bowels of the sea, and you will see it buried in the abyss.” To counteract this power, is to force its existence. Let us clear this subject a little more. Look at that man swimming in the middle of an ocean of welfare, of pleasures, of honors, of wordly glory: how happy he is! You err: he is more wretched than misfortune. He loves a woman, and is not loved by her: his will is contradicted, his egotism is offended, and consequently the riches are for him a burdensome load, the pleasures bitterness, the honors smiling sarcasm, the glory torture. He wants to be loved, he wishes to see her identified with him; he wants to see this disdainful woman renouncing her will for his love, for his own will, and being impotent to obtain such a justice—as he calls it—lives flaming, he is burnt by a devouring fever, he annihilates himself, he flies out of the world, he hates every thing, he is in the torture of the rag, he finds himself in the whirlpool of hell, because his *conatus* is not cloyed, and his lungs are bursting at every breath. Look at the niggard who longs for riches. The ray of sunlight which rejoices nature, makes his face saddened, because it is not gold; sciences annoy him, because they are not gold; men are his adversaries, because they, too, long for gold; his sons are a curse, because they spend his gold; his wife is an anathema, because she is the motive of his losing gold. Every thing opposed to his will of getting gold is a hell. Look at the married man, or woman, who had the unlucky lot of uniting his life to hers—or to his—who don’t think the same, feels not the same, wishes not the same as he

desires, and you will see wry faces more ferocious than those of the last judgment of Michael Angelo, contortions more awful than those of a possessed, a life more melancholy than the agony of shipwreck dreams, more restless than the nightmare itself, breaths more anguishing than the rattling of death. Every thing contradicting his will is a hell. Look at the babe who almost knows to say but, "Mamma:" its little angel face is gloomy, its eyebrows are arched, its little eyes sparkling fire, its little hands are contracted spasmodically, it bites, kicks, stretches itself, and finally the fits put an end to its life if you counteract its powerful will. Speak of every age, of every class, of every epoch, of every situation, of every atom of your existence, and you will see that the least contradiction to our will is an endless matter for the most cruel torture.

Now turn your eyes toward other scenes. One who longs to be beloved, is adored: Oh, how happy he is! how heaven-like is his breathing, how swift the hours pass over! how delicious for him is the world he treads upon! He smells but sweet perfume, he abandons himself to the charming realization of his beautiful ideal, the world is but a point for his soul; if you don't call him to the life of the body, he forgets even his heart-source of love—enraptured as he is, contemplating the person of his love. Oh, how magical is the force of our satisfied free-will!

The very virtues, even the wisdom, if they are opposed to our will, are copious matter for sorrow. Hope! what is it but an everlasting anguish? Is there another torture more bitter than hope? The breath is buried in the throat, the breast goes up and down, the heart palpitates, the temples flutter, the ears feel harsh sounds, the uneasiness kills us. And why? Because we are aware of seeing our will arrested.

Attainments, science, wisdom, are a martyrdom. The more we know, the more we want to know; the more we grow deep in knowledge, the more our mind is overwhelmed by the desire of improvement; and, as our will of knowing every thing is contradicted by a natural law of our existence, we are crushed, we despair, we annihilate ourselves. The life of wise men is a hell, because their will is never satisfied.

Then, here on earth to be happy is to be seconded, and to be

unhappy is to be restrained. For this, and for this only, we all are unlucky. Question every living man: are you happy? And all will answer you with a flood of lamentations, all born from the contradiction to their will. Jesus Christ, with that divine philosophy characteristic of his words, shows us the leading way to happiness or misfortune, to glory or to hell. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Elsewhere: "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done;" and so in a hundred places. It is an eternal truth, that the more man will identify his will with the Almighty's, the more his lucky fate is determined.

And if it is a hell in this world to be contradicted, it is not less tormenting to be ignorant of wonders surrounding us. Human intelligence is an ethereal genius, wrapped up with transparent gauzes, which flies from pole to pole, from this star to the other, from this world to the invisible one, with a pine torch in his hand, whose smoke clouds the objects which it pursues with avidity and longs to see. This pine torch is our body.

The acknowledgment of our existence, our consciousness, our reflection, our memory, the different acts that compose the whole, are at every breath muddled by the smoke of the body. Although our consciousness tells us its existence several times, we don't perceive it; although our reflection makes us compare the objects many times, we are wanting of points of contact; although our memory reminds us the greatest part of the facts or types we have seen, very often we forget them, or they become dark, or they are deadened, or they are converted into slight, vague, imperceptible sensations, making us drive to despair, because we do not see them in a clear light. Question the wise man, if it is not a hell to be ignorant of a question, to be unable to untie a system, to be impotent at getting the causes of things, the principles of the visible phenomena? Question every body, if it is not a true hell to forget an idea, to wish to conjure up from the depths of the soul a thought, and to lose even a token of what is half seen by us in dark clouds? And those astronomers who walk over the skies, how often are they burned in the hell of their ignorance? And those metaphysicians who fly over the spirits, how many times they light in the mud? And those divines who fly round about Deity, how many times, they go down into the

abyss? And this knowledge given to us by our consciousness, how many times is it darkened? The life of man on earth is a trial, in which the will and the intelligence endure hard probations, and our happiness or unhappiness depends on the manner of exercising them. Soul is will and understanding, but body is hindrance and darkness. And now we turn to the same: What will we be in the coming world? Where will we go? What will we do? To will and to understand. Let us now set on foot some principles, while we are living, and after we shall reach the other world, where we must love and understand.

God is light, our souls the particles of its rays: God is the motive power, our souls the secondary ones: God is the deep ocean, our souls drops of its living water: God is the whole, our souls are the parts: God is fire, our souls its sparkles. Incarnated by God in this material case, we come into the world to sympathize with him, to form a fragment of his immeasurable will, and we must not counteract him for our own sake. Look at the mysterious tree of life and death. The prohibition of eating its fruits was an ordinance of the Almighty, to see if the free will of man could be identified with his own: to will with him is life, not to love with him is death, to will and to understand like him is glory, the contrary is hell. Now the will of man being amenable to his desires, if it is conformed to the will of the Maker, lives the everlasting life; if not, it dies forever. The particle of the ray of light becomes opaque and earthly: the secondary wheel resisting the force of the great Motive Power dashes itself to pieces: the drop of water is engulfed by the wave of the Ocean: the part is separated from the Whole: the sparkle goes astray from the Flame and dies. If man living his common life, half flesh half spirit, endeavors to conform his will to that of the First Cause, and strives to make wider the circle of his intelligence, drawing nearer to the Divine Wisdom, he must be sure of his happiness in the Spirit-land; but if he parts and wanders, his ill-luck must be everlasting. The life of the Spirit-land is but to understand and to love.

Let us come down to the material world, let us look for two men: one of them devotes himself to the will of God, seeks his wisdom; the other strives to counteract the Lord's will, indulg-

ing his appetites, and obscures his reason with the smoke of the flesh. Both are lying in the bed of death: their symptoms show plainly the nearness of the last moment; their breaths, notwithstanding, are quite different; their faces, too; their gestures have nothing common among themselves. The first is tranquil, undisturbed, shows his conformity; he is accustomed to say: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The second has a demoniac appearance, wishes not to leave his body; he is agitated, he hopes hopelessly. The first expires, his body remains pale, his members feel the last shivering fit, his will and intelligence begin to swim in eternity. Scarcely the soul has left the body; we see the warmth of vitality yet making efforts; but his will and understanding go forth on the road to unknown regions. His memory recollects the scenes on earth, but the remembrance is peaceful, makes him composed, gives him the consciousness of himself; but all this is done in a trice; it seems to him that he is sleeping and dreaming; he relishes the dream, his will was accustomed to God's will, he dreams of light, of unknown worlds and extraordinary powers; he flies, he goes up into delicious mansions, he sees every thing he was wanting when awakened, he knows every thing; the impossible is now easy for him, he enjoys unspeakable fruitions peacefully, calmly, conformably, he is intensely happy in view of the things passing under his eyes, he is full with joy, he wants to communicate his pleasures, he cries with loud voice—and is awakened by its echo—exclaiming, Love! Wisdom! God! He went into eternity; he gives a salutation and offering of love to the Creator, his will is his, his intelligence is his, his desires are his, nothing counteracts him, nothing dashes him; he loves, and his love makes every thing divine; he understands, and the intelligence is a delicious joy, which inspires him, enraptures him, puts him in ecstasy, and assimilates him to God: behold heaven! An eternal will identified with that of God, an everlasting understanding, infinite in duration, as the wisdom of the Almighty.

Let us look steadfastly at the bed of him who on earth understood but his passions, and swerved his will from that of the Supreme Love. His will makes superhuman efforts not to allow his soul to quit his flesh; he clings to the body with all the

interest of his egotism. There is seen a tremendous wrestling among both elements of existence; at last the very efforts of the former and the endeavor of the second—which is flung into despair for the hindrance of it—determine their dissolution, and the wretched one expires, groaning, rending, and clamorous. His will and understanding are sunk into a dreadful nightmare; the contradiction and doubt are two awful ministers; the remembrance of what he has suffered living the life of the world—because his will was not accomplished on earth—exasperates him, irritates him, tortures him, and makes him furious. The want of intelligence—his soul rapt with anguishing darkness—the hatred which doubt inspires in him, condemns his existence; every thing offered to his sight counteracts his will and ideas, disgusts him, torments him. The want of taste—which is but ignorance—presents to him as odious every thing that is amiable; in the anguish of his nightmare he distrusts the being of God, because his perverted will and understanding are contradicted everywhere, and then in his madness he curses as when he was on earth, saying, “There is no God!” In this moment his very wailing awakens him, and he sees—far away, like the distant twilight, the unfolding wisdom of God; and sunny hills, and beauty never dreamed of, rise amid the mists. He wants to see distinctly those wonders which are leaving him, he wants to understand the things revealed by that placid light, everlasting dawn of the immensity, but he is unable to get a clear perception. Here the eternal struggle begins. Ignorance becomes furious, because it does not comprehend what he wishes to see clearly; his will is on thorns, and takes the awful appearance of an infuriated man; his spiritual light is darkened, his features are horribly wrinkled, he vomits words of fire, his teeth are set, his hands are spasmodically contracted, he is shivering convulsively, he plucks off his hair, he wallows, he cries, his breast goes up and down with rattling breath, he spurns rashly the decrees of heaven, he confounds himself into chaos, cursing him who counteracts his will. Behold the hell of him whose life is of the flesh!

Both are departed into those spiritual regions, where all that is said and done by us is mirrored, although to make us un-

derstood in this world, we have represented the awful materiality.

Let us consider what is passing in our interior, and we will be bound to say, that hell is the want of knowledge, and to wish without obtaining what we desire; and heaven, or glory, is to understand, and to will with the Divine Love.

It is true that many men do not believe that life is in those two immortal faculties. Wretched! they who cipher their transitory existence in other things; a day will come in which they shall wish to love and to be loved, and they will see their will coerced forever: they shall strive to understand, and their intelligence will be blackened by the ignorance which was their God on earth. * * * * *

Such is the idea cherished by me that my soul will be in the Spirit-land; if I err, God, everlasting Love, and infinite Wisdom, will forgive my error, and enlighten my mind, that I may go peacefully into the eternal regions, as a sparkle of light to the Sun, as a drop of water into the Ocean, and will grant me to sympathize with him as the compass with the pole.

NOT DEAD, BUT CHANGED.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

I SAT and mused o'er all the years gone by;
 Of friends departed—and of others going;
 And dwelt upon their memories with a sigh,
 Till floods of tears, their hidden springs o'erflowing,
 Betray'd my grief. Soon, a bright light above me,
 Voices saying, "We're near thee yet to love thee,"
 Dispell'd my tears. I raised my drooping head,
 And asked, "Who, who, the dead?"
 When the angelic host around me ranged,
 Whispered within my ear, "*Not dead, but changed.*"

DEATH.

The following verses, which have the point of some of the old authors, were written with the hand of Miss Catherine E. Parker, medium :

DEATH is not the end of knowledge,
But the open door
To that sphere where Wisdom showeth,
Where the tree of Knowledge groweth,
And upon the mind bestoweth
Love and Truth.

Death is not the end of life;
It is but the birth
Of a life that knows no ending;
But for God and Truth contending,
Learn, through higher spheres ascending,
Life's true worth.

Death is not the end of joy;
But it shows the way
To a bliss that knows no telling—
To a joy all fear dispelling—
Guiding us from this dark dwelling
Up to day.

Death is not the end of love;
True love can not die.
Earthly loves are but reflections—
Yet they weave us sweet connections
With the new and pure affections
Of the sky.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS,

IN FORMER AGES AND DIFFERENT NATIONS.

MR. WILLIAM FISHBOUGH has recently delivered a course of lectures on spiritual phenomena in this city. As these lectures embody many facts illustrative of the intercourse of spirits with men, we conclude that a brief analysis of their contents can not fail to interest the reader and to subserve the interests of the cause to which this work is especially devoted. The object of the first lecture was to prove that the alleged spiritual occurrences of our own day are neither new nor incredible.

After his introductory remarks, Mr. F. went on to state, in substance, that intercourse with a source of intelligence superior to man was known, according to accredited histories and traditions, among the most ancient inhabitants of the earth. This remark was applicable to our first parents in the garden of Eden, and to different individuals in subsequent times down to the general deluge. Among the subsequent heathens there gradually arose a sacerdotal order, called the Magi, who, together with many isolated individuals in more private life, enjoyed communion with the invisible world by means of dreams, visions, clairvoyance, etc. As means of procuring this spiritual association, there were certain *arts* known among them, among which was the art of closing up the outer and developing the inner senses by means of narcotic potions, unguents, fumigations, and magnetic manipulations. It has been ascertained that these arts were among the pagan mysteries.

But the ability of conversing with spirits, by these and other means, was not confined to the Magi, but was recognized and enjoyed by many others. Confucius acknowledged the existence of such communion. Pythagoras and Plato taught the doctrine of guardian spirits. Zenocrates, Empedocles, Ocellus, and

many other ancient philosophers, with their respective followers, also taught that super-mundane beings frequently and sensibly interfered in the affairs of mortals. Socrates not only taught the doctrine of the presence and active influence of spirits, but professed to be personally and sensibly under the constant guidance of such a monitor; and by way of establishing this claim the lecturer went on to cite several instances of warnings, monitions, and prophetic impressions to which Socrates was subject, all of which were remarkably verified.

That spiritual intercourse extensively prevailed among the ancient heathens, was sufficiently proved by the Mosaic statutes against having dealings with familiar spirits, these being expressly recognized as *heathenish* practices. It was also proved by the case of Saul and the Witch of Endor, and many other cases recorded in the Old Testament.

The numerous instances of angelic visitations and other spiritual experiences which occur in the history of the Jewish patriarchs, seers, and prophets, were alluded to, but not particularized, as the accounts were familiar to every one. Facts were cited from Josephus, to show that spiritual intercourse was not entirely suspended between the last of the Jewish prophets and the coming of Christ. The numerous instances of spiritual and angelic ministrations, and other spiritual manifestations mentioned in the New Testament, were passed over with specific allusions only to some instances of what would, had they occurred at this day, have been called "*physical manifestations*." Among these were voices and music in the air; the sound from heaven like the rushing of a mighty wind, and other remarkable phenomena which took place on the day of Pentecost; the liberation of the apostles from prisons, in several instances, by the hands of angels, in one of which instances the foundations of the prison were shaken as by an earthquake; the bodily transportation of Philip by spiritual power, etc. If these occurrences had taken place at this day, they would have been regarded with at least as great incredulity as that with which they were regarded by nearly all the world at that day.

After a reference to the many prodigies recorded by Josephus, as preceding and portending the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus,

which the lecturer considered as evidence of the interposition of spiritual power, he proceeded to discuss the question, whether there was any evidence that spiritual intercourse was entirely suspended at the close of the apostolic age. The assumption that it was, was the grand *à priori* argument against the reality of modern spiritual manifestations. But the proof of the cessation of the spiritual communion, the lecturer thought, was certainly not to be found in the New Testament. It rather intimated a continuance of the same, or similar spiritual gifts to those which were enjoyed by the first disciples, to all who remained faithful. The lecturer then proceeded to cite from Dr. Mosheim, and other church historians, what he considered as irrefutable testimony, that the communion with the Spirit-world was continued after the apostolic age. The power of working miracles even existed in the church, and its existence was generally recognized, at least as late as the third century. Martyrs, while undergoing the most cruel tortures upon the rack, were soothed and strengthened by radiant beings who appeared to their opened inner senses. Ammonius Saccas, a Christian philosopher, who opened a school at Alexandria in the latter part of the second century—a school perhaps the most celebrated of all Christian antiquity—openly taught the *art* of procuring communion with spirits. The monks, cremiles, and mystics of subsequent times, generally claimed to have communion with invisible sources of intelligence. So deeply-rooted was the belief in *evil* as well as *good* spirits, in the third century, that *exorcists* were appointed in the churches, to expel the evil spirits from the bodies of persons whom they afflicted—the forms of exorcism being similar to those used by the apostles. In the fourth century St. Ambrose publicly cited the testimony of spirits who spoke through the vocal organs of men in the flesh, as spirits now do—in proof of the falsity of the doctrines of Arias, and the testimony was rebutted by the followers of Arias, not by denying the reality of spiritual communications (which it does not appear had then ever been denied by Christians), but by saying that Ambrose had *bribed* the spirits, or demons, as they were generally called, to give such testimony.

The testimony of Eusebius was cited in respect to the spiritual

experiences of Constantine—especially in respect to his vision of the luminous cross which he saw at mid-day in the heavens, bearing the inscription “Conquer by this,” and also in respect to a warning which he received in visions respecting a certain conspiracy which was formed against him by his enemies.

Passing over the numerous stories of the middle ages, concerning miracles, prodigies, interviews with angels, conflicts with devils, and other occurrences, implying the presence and active influence of the Spirit-world—many of which stories were confessedly fabulous—the lecturer proceeded to relate what he considered some well-authenticated spiritual experiences of St. Theresa, a nun and subsequently a prioress in the convent of St. Joseph at Avila, in Spain, and who lived in the sixteenth century. Being given up wholly to devout interior exercises, this person was sometimes so powerfully operated upon by spiritual influences as to be taken up bodily in the air without visible agency, and that, too, in sight of her bishop, and numerous other persons, who testified to the fact. She was also subject to frequent visions and trances, and saw and described spirits.

After briefly alluding to the spiritual experiences of Joan of Arc, of Martin Luther, of Paracelsus, of Jerome Cardan, of Dr. John Dee, and of Lady Davies, the lecturer proceeded to relate some astounding facts recorded by Joseph Glanvil, and supported, as he said, by the concurrent testimony of many of the most intelligent and reputable witnesses from all parts of England, respecting the infestations of the house of Joseph Monpesson, a gentleman of wealth and standing, residing in Tedworth, England. These infestations commenced in the year 1661, and continued almost uninterruptedly for the two or three subsequent years. They were referred, by Glanvil and others, to the agency of a “familiar spirit,” associated with an idle drummer whom Mr. Monpesson had offended. The manifestations consisted first of violent poundings upon the outside and roof of the house, and of drummings and other unendurable noises in a particular room. These noises were so loud sometimes as to disturb the neighbors in the village. After the disturbances had been kept up almost nightly in this form for some months, the furniture began to be hurled about the room, the

old woman's Bible was hidden in the ashes, a board was seen to move in the room in the daytime without visible hands, and at the request of a person present it passed back and forth, up and down, as often as twenty times. This was seen by several persons who were in the room at the time, and who had come to investigate these strange occurrences. On several occasions besides this the invisible agent manifested intelligence. The most rigid investigation, protracted for years, by curious and intelligent persons from all parts of the kingdom, failed to trace these occurrences to any other than a spiritual origin. The lecturer saw in all this a remarkable coincidence with the occurrences which took place not long since at the house of the Rev. Dr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn., and stated that they were only specimens of numerous cases of the kind, related by Glanvil, More, and others, as occurring in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

These were probably spiritual phenomena, whose unfolding was favored by some remnants of Oriental magianism, or magic, and of the Druidical mysteries which had filtered down through the ages and grown into their last forms, being practiced by men in the flesh and men out of the flesh. At all events, there seemed then to have been an extraordinary irruption of the powers of the lower spiritual spheres, favored probably by a diseased spiritual state of persons in the flesh, and even perhaps by some peculiarities in the surrounding physical, magnetic, or odic elements, as characterizing those times.

The lecturer then proceeded to relate similar occurrences from the history of the New England witchcraft, but in this part of his discourse our space will not permit us to follow him. He stated that his object was not to prove the existence of *good* spirits or *evil* spirits, but of *spirits*, and of their intercourse with and manifestations to mortals. He had deemed it his duty to let the facts and records of spiritual history speak for themselves, without any effort to cover up or explain away what seemed repulsive about them. He thought this course very necessary to the evolution of an unprejudiced theory in respect to the general matter in hand, and especially in respect to the varieties of character which obtain among the inhabitants of the unseen

world, and in relation to the dangers liable to be encountered from incautious and illegitimate, as well as the advantages which may be derived from divinely ordered, intercourse with the Spirit-world.

But the lecturer remarked that spiritual manifestations of those days were not all evil, by any means. He then briefly alluded to the visions and revelations given to George Fox; to the "French prophets," so-called, from which the Shakers had their origin, and to the many *divinely* spiritual interpositions by which the early New England settlers were saved from extermination by famine, by the tomahawk, etc. He then spoke particularly of a marvelous prodigy by which the people of the New Haven colony were informed of the fate of a lost vessel with those on board of her, and closed with some practical remarks in respect to the importance of harmony and obedience to the Divine laws, as promotive of the ascendancy of spiritual over physical forces, and hence of the reign of heaven upon earth.

THERE are potent influences acting upon and decomposing the old systems. Every effort to promote peace and good will—every attempt to render man less vindictive and cruel in the infliction of punishment—is a blow aimed at the very foundation on which they rest. Not an instance of Christian forgiveness—not an effort to equalize labor and unite the discordant elements of society—but presents an argument against those exclusive and sectarian institutions which divide and distract the race. Every token of parental affection for an ungrateful child—every tear the mother sheds in secret for her wayward boy—the love of Christ for his enemies—the agony of the garden and the cross, and the struggles and sacrifices of every true reformer—proclaim in eloquent and powerful language the presence of a spirit that will not rest until man is redeemed and the world is free!

S. B. B.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

'Tis a fleeting, changeful river,
Blent of calm and crested wave;
Flowing in and out, forever,
'Tween the cradle and the grave.
Changeful river, ever flowing,
Narrower and broader growing;
Flowing, flowing, ever going
Toward the still and solemn sea.

Forms of light and shapes of shadow
Float upon its troubled breast;
Through the moorland and the meadow,
On! the waters will not rest.

Here, a bud, by churl hand wrested,
Flung into the angry foam;
There, a flower, with blooms invested,
Pluck'd and ravish'd from its home.

Youth and age, and strength and weakness,
Beauty, innocence, and sin;
Pride and power, and love and meekness,
All, in turn, are gathered in.

Time and Death, two grim old warders,
Watch it rise and mark it flow;
Death, upon the still sea's borders,
Bids the ice-wind on it blow.

Changeful river—fond hearts parting !
In that still and solemn sea,
Join'd—to heal the grief and smarting—
Bud and flower with stem, shall be.

For, o'er Time and Death, an angel—
God's strong angel—walks the wave,
Claiming with his trump, Evangel,
All that pass within the grave.

Claiming for his Lord and Master,
By the flaming cross he wears,
All—though batter'd by disaster—
All the sullen river bears.
Changeful river, ever flowing,
Narrower and broader growing ;
Flowing, flowing, ever going
Toward the still and solemn sea !



A CHANGE in the religious systems of the world is necessary, and we believe inevitable. The old ideas in which we were educated; the dark mysteries and unfounded superstitions of a corrupt and fabulous Theology, must pass away. Man may no longer invest the spirit of Love with immortal hate, or fill the future with ever-wasting elements of destruction. The systems of government and religion founded on the prostrate rights of man, must fall. These old forms must die. The indwelling divinity will not long quicken these poor integuments. Its abiding place is not in the sepulchres among "dead men's bones." It must, and will, go out to pervade and animate, with a diviner life, new and more congenial forms. Many will linger behind to weep over the old body, but the true disciple will still rejoice, and "leaving the dead to bury their dead," follow the spirit in its heavenward flight.

S. B. B.

THE CELESTIAL LIFE ON EARTH.

NUMBER THREE.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

IF God, the source whence all men derive their existence, is a perfect Being, of course humanity, the creature of that perfect Being, must possess within it all the harmony, perfection, and glory of its creative source. Can an imperfect creature come from a perfect Creator? Is not all that God does or creates perfect? An imperfect creature would show that only a part of the creative perfection was exercised, which would be tantamount to saying that *its* creative source was imperfect. The entire creative perfection goes forth in all God does. He does not exercise a part of it on one thing, and a part on another, but reflects his glory and perfection in all things, setting them forth spiritually and naturally perfect and complete. He creates nothing imperfectly, but puts forth his glory and excellence in all. Man, therefore, must have been created perfect, and endowed with all the attributes of the Deity—not infinitely, for perfection is not infinitude, but perfectly. God is embodied in the humanity; its life and being substantially *is* God. He is its great heart, and his divine life pulsates through all its arteries and veins. Though the outward expression or manifestation of this one divine life be indefinitely varied, yet here is the essential unity and harmony of the race. All one and perfect in God. One in origin, and one in destiny. One blood and kindred, united by a consanguinity more profound than brothers and sisters. “All members of Christ’s body.” The “Holy Spirit” is the great soul of humanity, from which every action of man starts into life.

Each thing is endowed at its creation, and continually endowed, with the laws of its existence, which regulate and govern it in all its future being. The Divine Author has imparted, and con-

tinually imparts, to each thing of his creation its system of laws, by which it is controlled in every period of its existence. They form part of its nature, and are indispensable to its being. They are also complete and perfect, and need no reformatory digests or inductive experience to test their validity or availability. They are always sufficient to their end or purpose, and infallibly govern and subordinate their subject in every degree of its development and position in the great system of things. The globes roll through the heavens in exact obedience to the laws imparted to them by the Supreme Legislator. The tree grows in conformity to the laws of its nature, and grows perfectly, as those laws have free play. The bee builds its cell and gathers its honey; the ant constructs its habitation and lays up its store; the spider weaves its web; the birds build their nests and rear their young; the beasts seek their food, continue their species, and choose or construct their dwellings, all in obedience to the laws of their existence. And so long as those laws are unobstructed or unperverted, and are left free to assert themselves, under their proper relations and conditions, the various subjects of them are *perfect* in their degree—enjoy perfectly the full measure of their being, and are in their heaven—the delight of their lives. The capacities for this perfect state of their being they *bear in their natures*, and when their *outward* conditions and relations are in harmony with their *inward* potencies and tendencies, they disclose outwardly their true order and beauty, and enjoy their utmost felicity. Thus, plant a tree in a soil adapted to its nature, open it to the sunshine, rains, and dews of heaven, and conform it to all the conditions of its life, and it will grow up in its stalwart dignity, grace, and beauty, and blossom and bear fruit abundantly. But dwarf its free and normal growth, by the obstruction or perversion of the laws of its development, and it will encumber and curse the soil with its deformity and uselessness. In like manner is it with all insects, animals, birds, and whatsoever exists.

It is to be remarked that they need no outward code or system of laws, *independent* of and coincident with their inward powers and life, and which was simultaneously ordained to receive them, any more than the shells of the snails or tortoises first

grew outwardly for them to crawl into, or the feathers were made and stuck into the bird; but the inward law, when allowed to outwardly express itself, furnishes itself the only legitimate and eternal order of growth and life.

Now, man forms no exception to this order, unless it be that he comes *more* under this law than any thing in the kingdoms below, having ascended to a higher point in the scale of development. His innate capabilities are fully adequate to his destiny. He possesses within himself his own law—all the laws necessary to regulate both his inward and outward life. He is his own constitution of government or social compact. His own political and domestic economy—a code, technically *non scripta*, to be sure, but still more enduring and perfect than any *lex scripta*. In his divinity and integrity he requires no external ordinance or conventional police to coerce his good behavior, but in virtue of his inherent righteousness, when all his outward conditions and relations are in harmony with his true life, he maintains so uniform and politic a state of social existence as to make his greatest usefulness his highest bliss. He is a law unto himself, and all his social activity blends in the most intimate harmony with the activity of all his fellows. His soul is plenary with the elements of a perfect fellowship—instinct with a thousand harmonies, unheard through the hoarse din of social misrule. Righteousness is *in* us, and stands in no outward code, creed, or confessional. Sovereignty dates from within the soul, whence all social jurisprudence derives its power. And the harmony, fellowship, and true sovereignty, plenary in the soul of each man, but wait for their outward recognition—but wait for right relations and conditions to disclose themselves in the most genial order, and bring “peace on earth and good will to man.” Let but the unity, universality, and equality of the race in God be but practically acknowledged, in all the outward relations, dependencies and reciprocalities of each man, and the true life—the ideal and emotional natures of each will emphatically assert themselves in *esthetic action*, and organize themselves spontaneously into the most consummate order and beauty.

The development of all perfection and beauty in human life and action takes place from *within, outwardly*—from an exhaust-

less source of divine perfection and beauty in the inmost. Humanity is the receptacle of the Divinity—the temple in which it more fully dwells on earth; and it is in, and by, and through the humanity that the divine power, glory, and beauty are more especially displayed on earth. All that is excellent in art, all that is useful in science and admirable in human life, is but the *outgrowth* of the Divine Spirit in universal man—the Divinity manifested in the humanity. The normal channel for the descent and outflow of all the human uses, beauties, and harmonies of God and heaven, is *through* the human soul. The Divinity does not in person, or by his messengers, and independently of man, descend on to earth, and paint the landscape, chisel and polish the statue, sweep the lyre, build the palace, and construct the locomotive and magnetic telegraph—does not appear amid our national assemblies, and present our statesmen with social politics and laws, any more than he stretches forth a plastic hand and forms the oak, with a tiny pencil paints the insect's plumage, or with colossal implements and scaffolding builds the volcanic chimneys—but ceaselessly *through the human soul* works out on earth the representations of his love and wisdom, in all the beautiful and useful arts and sciences—in the sweetest human fellowship, the tenderest sympathies and most harmonic relations and dependencies!

Now, the normal outflow or unimpeded evolution of the divine spirit within, through the *attractive industry* of humanity, is the true life and social order on earth. The highest and fullest revelation of God is the *esthetic action* of each individual—the spontaneous ultimation of his intellectual and passional being into an external order and harmony in exact correspondence with the harmonic internal. The *inner* unity of the race—its unity and divinity in God—in the life of attractive use, freely flows into an *outer* unity, accord, and harmony which it completely typifies. The legitimate unfolding of the inner divine harmonies of the human soul into external order and beauty, as the inner potencies unfold outwardly the flower, is the descent of the Divinity from heaven on earth, the advent of the “New Jerusalem,” “Elysium,” the long prophesied “Millennium,” or the “reign of perpetual peace.” This is

the destiny of man on earth—the destiny with which he is endowed, and which is ineffaceably written on his inmost soul.

The external differences of men, their various capacities, bents, genius, and endowments, but attest their unity instead of their disintegration. The more perfectly they are individualized, the sharper they are discriminated, and the more pointed their differences, the more perfect and complete is their unity and harmony. For it is a law of all composite existence that *the more perfect and distinct the parts, the greater the unity and harmony of the whole*. Witness the various and diversified organs, functions, uses, etc., of the physical organization of a healthy man. The countless varieties on the human plane but perfect their unity in a true social order. There is *no* unity without variety, and no variety without unity. Individual interest and happiness are indissolubly involved in the interest and happiness of all, and each man's true life made dependent upon the true life of all the others. The public and the private well-being are essentially the same, and are divinely accordant and harmonic. In such a social order the divine life would flow freely through all its appointed channels, and cover the earth with genius, art, science, and heaven. The divine Spirit would then circulate through all the veins, arteries, and nerves of the universal man, infusing the life of Heaven into all the individual actions and uses of each member. Then the buried genius of millions, now lost in the impoverished masses, would be lit up with life and energy, and shed unspeakable luster over the world. The "mute inglorious Miltons" and Shakspeares would be redeemed from ignoble obscurity, and the light and life of their bright souls made to shine out in daily and hourly effulgence. The outer expression in use and action of the ideal and passional elements of each soul, unimpeded and unobstructed, which is his highest earthly felicity, flows into harmony with the use and action of every other member of the great human fellowship, thus uniting the public and the private welfare, and disclosing outwardly on earth the inner harmonies and beauties of heaven. But under the present social misrule, no matter where we turn, we see the divine spirit in man struggling with outer compression, perversion or misdirection, or total obstruction. The powers, energies, and capabili-

ties ; the sympathies, attractions, and loves of his inner nature are everywhere crucified, denied or misdirected by arbitrary and blind outer restraints and laws. The very worst thing on this earth is our social disorder—man's legalized and canonical inhumanity to man. A war of all against each, and of each against all, set on and upheld by church and state. There is scarcely one single chord of humanity to charm the ear, and to warm the heart, amid all the multiplied and varied relations of man with man. We find all our best affections, our sweetest loves, strongest attractions, and benignant sympathies turned to hate or repulsion, or darkly quenched by the all-reigning social antagonisms, anarchy and misrule. Life—instead of a felicitous round of enjoyment, a perpetual flow of confraternal and joyous entertainment, and all the diversified streams of genius and art, and all the compassionate sympathies and genial loves uniting, like the colors in the prismatic ray, into one adorable harmony—is a systematic and cruel warfare of misdirected passions, whose hatreds, jealousies, cupidities and deceits fill the world with diabolism and despair. A “reign of terror” spreads a gloom over the earth, and puts the fair and divine face of humanity under an awful eclipse, deforming and damning the race by anti-social and unnatural relations, wherein man at all points antagonizes man. The unity and harmony of the race is practically denounced. Relations of accord, sympathy, and the universal reciprocations of a perfect fellowship—the conditions for the outflow of the divine spirit—nowhere exist ; but instead, disintegration, exclusiveness, inimicality, conflict of interests and passions, discord and dismay. The church, instead of denouncing this state of man, as alien to the spirit of God in him—as the *perpetual crucifixion of the Christ*—raises its voice in advocacy of it, and joins in the cry of “Crucify him !” Instead of affirming the *inherent righteousness and divinity* of the humanity, it denounces it as *essentially depraved* and intrinsically hostile to God—an outcast from his favor, and eternally lost. Instead of administering man consolation and sympathy, in these, the days of his affliction, it terrifies his conscience with inhuman creeds, which sit on his soul like awful nightmares.

No “original sin” or “innate depravity” is chargeable with

this accumulated woe. Inhuman and inharmonic relations and conditions are alone the sources of all these incalculable sorrows! Unless it is a state of fierce fermentation, in order to a speedy purification, and state of accord and peace—unless it is the labor-pangs and throes of the birth of a new social order, and life of esthetic delight—the Exodus of the race from Egyptian bondage and darkness to the land of promise, wherein the Divine Spirit will announce itself on earth, it is unworthy of the Divine favor, and I can not explain it consistently with the Divine Love. The *type* truly has gone before, but the Christ is not yet fully born on earth, *in the entire humanity*, but is still struggling with the “powers of darkness” to subdue, overcome, and cast them out, preparatory to a final advent and eternal sojourn with man.

It can not be supposed, without impeaching the Divine wisdom, that man was intended always to be laid under any other external restraints and conditions than those imposed upon him by his own nature. It can not be tenably supposed that he was intended always to be tyrannized by bills of pains and penalties, creeds and catechisms—that civil police, jails, gibbets, and penitentiaries, synagogues and churches were to be eternally indispensable *fiatures* of his existence. As reasonably might we suppose that while God created man with arms and limbs, to freely walk, run, and work, he at the same time created straight jackets to bind and restrain that freedom. Neither did he intend man’s rule of physical, social, and religious life and conduct to forever lie in statutes and law books, *materia medica*, and in creeds and confessionals, to be diligently studied and prescribed alone by physicians, lawyers, and priests. But He intended man to be his own lawyer, doctor, and clergyman, or, rather, by his true state of being, not to require the attention and concern of those expensive gentlemen. It surely was not designed by the center and soul of all harmony and peace that the individual interest, life, and happiness of each man should inconsist with each, any, or all the others’ interests, life, and happiness. Is it true that we are thus to be evermore at war with each other? Is it an end of the Divine Providence that one man’s glory and happiness should be conditioned upon another man’s shame and misery? that antagonism, strife, and enmity should be a law of

his existence? that exclusiveness, disintegration, and selfishness should be an ordinance of his life? Is confusion, discord, and chaos the work and end of an all-perfect Being? Will it endure forever? Is not the whole Divine momentum against such infernal social misrule? Will not the expansive divine energies, plenary in the soul of each man, ceaselessly protest against it, and sooner or later demolish it to the ground? Will not the Omnipotent, enthroned in the heart of Humanity, whose being is love, and whose law is wisdom, descend through his creatures' souls on to the earth, and forever exterminate this outer strife? Will not the evolving harmony and peace within work the everlasting overthrow of the antagonist interests and relations of man without? It is just as certain as that God lives. He is not always to be thus crucified in the flesh. His "sons" are not always thus to be denied, reviled, spit upon, and scourged, and his Holy Spirit, vital in the race of man, put to open shame. The inner divinity of the humanity will unfailingly reduce all this outer confusion and dismay to a universal accord and peace. Let me here quote in illustration a passage or two from Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary," some words of which I will take the liberty of emphasizing.

"ON THE REDUCTION OF EXTERNALS INTO EQUILIBRIUM.

"1175. There was a great multitude of spirits around me, whose influx was inordinate. They were also complaining that in this manner all would perish. This tumult was heard by me as a murmur of many, thus representing that there was *nothing of unity* among them, *but each at variance with his fellow*—in a word, no society—so that they were threatened with destruction.

"1776. But in the *midst* of these spirits I perceived and heard a gentle sound, most angelically sweet, wherein was nothing but what bespoke order; those from whom it proceeded were *within*, while the disorderly spirits were *without*. This angelic flowing (as it were) continued for a time; it was often repeated, and it was told me that the Lord governs in this manner all those things which are discomposed, or disorderly and inordinate, etc., which are circumfluent or *exist around*. For the Lord acts from a *pacific principle within*, thus peacefully, wherefore *the*

things which exist without, or in the circumference, are necessarily reduced to order. Each thing is reduced according to the error of its acquired nature; consequently the human race and their external principles, which are their phantasies, by which at the present day their actions and conversation are governed. As I was thinking about this subject, I compared the disorderly states of the said multitudes of spirits to a tempest in the air, and to the stormy clouds and the dust flying at the same time through the atmosphere, all which are then *out of their equilibrium*; but in the meantime the *purser atmosphere, or ether, remains in a tranquil state, and, acting by its latent and silent power of equilibrium, is continually operating upon the turbulent state of the atmosphere until it reduces it into equilibrium and rest.*

“1176½. A similar state also exists in a man, when his *external emotions* disturb him, and yet his *internal states are pacific.* The case is analogous in very many other instances.—March 5th and 6th, 1748.”

Now let me quote again from another author :

“There is an omnipotent, purifying, and fraternizing principle, *permeating and pervading* the natural, spiritual, and celestial departments of God’s universal temple—a principle which unites atoms and planets into one stupendous system; which unfolds spirits and angels as immortal flowers; which endows the divine mind with eternal power and loveliness, *and which is the divinely inherited treasure of the human soul*; and this principle is called THE GREAT HARMONIA.”—A. J. DAVIS.

The inner harmonies and excellences of the humanity—the “*purser atmosphere*” or the “Great Harmonia” is the CHRIST WITHIN each human soul, and the true and omnipotent “Savior” of the world, and he will surely triumph over and subdue the “hells” without, and bring “peace on earth and good will to man.” These are the times of his temptation—his agony and bloody sweat—the times during which his divine parentage and heavenly mission are denied by both priest and king, and in which he is cruelly scourged and persecuted by the ribald multitude which he comes to save! But all this he has to go through ere that glorious resurrection morn, when his kingdom, which is an everlasting one, shall be established over all the earth.

A N E W L I F E.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

EVER, evermore regretting
Suns that long have had their setting—
Dreading future steep to climb—
I have lingered, faint and weary,
Looking backward to the time
When my being, fresh and cheery,
Hasted onward to its prime.

Now with brighter visions burning,
From the past my spirit turning,
In the future seeks its home;
Angel-wings are folded o'er me,
And I listen, rapt and dumb,
To the loved ones gone before me,
While they whisper, "Sister, come."

One, unseen, is ever near me,
Buried brother! risen in light;
With his thrilling, angel-fingers
Clasped in mine, my way is bright
And my spirit no more lingers
Mourning o'er its springtime's flight

PSYCHOMETRICAL PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. J. E. METTLER.

HARRISON BLISS.

The writer of this letter is a gentleman of fine personal appearance, agreeable in his manners, and attractive in his conversation. His perceptive powers are active, and he readily discovers the errors of men. Sometimes he might appear to be a little severe in his expressions, especially if disgusted with the improper conduct of others. He dislikes *small transactions*, and can not look upon them with complacency; yet he is kind, and generous, and affable. When his judgment is convinced, he is unwavering in his attachment to his cause, enters into it with enthusiasm, is forcible in argument, earnest in his efforts, and will use all proper means to execute his purpose. He is extremely active, is seldom idle, and has a decided business turn of mind. I think he has employed his energies in this way so much, that he has not given as much time to reflection as he would naturally desire.

This person respects himself, has great self-reliance, and depends much on his own judgment. He has a good share of originality, and will not be likely to pattern much after others, yet he has a high veneration for the aged, and respect for the great and good—he will regard the advice and example of such persons.

The writer is distinguished for his fine taste, which is displayed in his choice and arrangement of outward objects. He is a great admirer of nature—loves flowers and all beautiful things. He will take pains to decorate his home, and will have all things pleasant as possible. He is cordial, and loves to entertain friends, but would like to make his own selection. This person loves his home, and, if he has a wife and children, he is devotedly attached to them.

The perceptive faculties rather predominate, so that he is enabled to discriminate closely. *He is an excellent judge of weight and measure, and these powers seem to have been much exercised.*

Mr. Bliss resides in Worcester, Massachusetts. His temperament and habits are extremely active, and it is worthy of observation that the nature of his business seems to be indicated by Mrs. Mettler's last remark. For some years, we know not how long, he has been a *flour merchant*, and if we are correctly informed, is accustomed to buy and sell large quantities of *grain*. From all that we know of Mr. B., we conclude that the delineation is generally correct.

The letter from which Mrs. M. derived her impressions, was carefully inclosed in a new envelope, and sealed. When returned to us, the seal had not been broken. S. B. B.

GENTLE INFLUENCES.—Austerity and denunciation will not bring the wanderer back, or move within him the springs of virtuous action. Cold indifference and neglect are not the means by which we are to dissolve the congealed fountains of human affection, and win the soul to virtue. The man who employs these as the instruments of reform will labor in vain. They can no more subdue the stubborn heart than the rude blasts of polar skies can melt the towering iceberg and the mountains of eternal snow. Severe coercive measures will not reclaim the erring. Man is so constituted that every attempt to drive him from an error, either of the head or heart, tends to confirm him in his course. If there is aught that will allure the wayward from the haunts of folly and the selfishness of a misguided ambition, it is the voice of friendly admonition. If there is a power in the universe sufficiently potent to soften the heart and to draw the victim of dissipation and vice away from the scenes of his dishonor, that power is kindness. It serves to quiet the fears, to subdue the passions, to enlist the best affections, and thus the victory is gained. S. B. B.



Samantha Nettler.

The Tarragon.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER was born at the pleasant village of Black Rock, in the county of Fairfield, and state of Connecticut, May 20, 1818. Her father, Samuel Beers, was a man of rare probity and goodness, and her mother, whose maiden name was Hannah Judd, had that deep and tender charity of heart and life for which the daughter has become so remarkable.

The subsequent developments of Mrs. Mettler did not have any very strong predetermination in early life; or if any such tendencies existed, they could have been perceived only by those who can read the deeper lines that are traced on the interior being. Such an observer might have seen in many of her habits glimpses of the future illumination.

One of the most strongly determined of her early habits was an intense love of solitude, which she *would* indulge, under all restraints, with the fondness and ardor of a true passion. In those silent hours, when the little truant lay concealed in the sunny grass, did not the voice and look of angels mingle with her vague and solemn dreams of mystery and enchantment? Was not her future life then inspired and projected invisibly on that early period, to be brought out in due time by the fires of suffering and trial?

When Semantha was one year old, her parents removed to the village of Fairfield, where her father kept the County House Prison for twelve years. Mrs. Mettler's religious nature began very early to develop itself, and as she was trained in the school of a rigid Orthodoxy—so called—the Terrors of the old Puritan faith naturally made a strong impression on her highly sensitive mind. She was subject to the most terrible convictions of sin, and in the rambles to which allusion has been made, she often endured the most agonizing distress, verily believing that

the distorted views which she had been permitted to get of herself, through all her religious teaching, as the "chief of sinners," was a solemn and horrible truth. Yet, with all its misdirection, through these exercises the mind, being naturally strong and active, wrought out a healthful discipline, while a deep and truthful religious character was the final result. But a less remote consequence appeared in the form of a conversion, technically so called; and in her thirteenth year she united herself with the Presbyterian Church of Fairfield.

Soon after this event her father was suddenly removed from this sphere of being by an attack of cholera. In the autumn following Mrs. Beers removed to Bridgeport, and Semantha, being furnished with a letter from her Church in Fairfield to the North Congregational Church of Bridgeport, became united with that body, where she continued in the full exercise of her religious duties, according to the light then received, until her seventeenth year, at which time she was married to Mr. J. R. Mettler, of New Jersey.

After various little removes and changes, the young couple went to reside in Buffalo, where they commenced life with fair prospects. Then began to unfold the trials from which were to be evolved the great crisis of Semantha's life. By a sudden rise of the lake Mr. Mettler lost, in one night, goods to a very large amount; and as misfortunes never come single, sickness and bad debts contributed to swell the calamity, until they were reduced to extreme penury and distress.

In the spring of 1842 they returned to Bridgeport, where Mr. Mettler again went into business. At this time Mrs. Mettler began to acquire greater freedom and expansion in her religious views. The first liberal sermon she ever heard was from S. B. Brittan, then pastor of the Universalist Church in Bridgeport. The subject of this discourse was the Day of Judgment; and to her it was emphatically so, for all her old ideas were summoned to the bar, and tried by eloquence and logic, searching and forcible as the refiner's fire.

This sermon had a powerful effect on her mind. She awoke as one who had been entranced, from a long and troubled sleep—woke to feel and to know the divine reality of God's immaculate

Goodness. Yet she did not determine hastily. Three months were spent in examining the claims on both sides; and then her mind was made up on the subject.

In the mean time, as she had been a constant attendant at the Universalist church, the Congregational church with which she was officially connected proceeded to the exercise of their sacerdotal functions. She was summoned to answer for her abuse of sanctuary privileges, and in the struggle which followed, the strength and power of her new faith were put to a severe test. But we find her sustaining herself in an able, and even eloquent manner, during the protracted elaboration of her trial. She was, however, refused a letter of dismissal, and after a while formally excommunicated. Being then entirely free from the restraints of a spiritual despotism, she immediately united herself with the church over which Mr. Brittan was pastor.

But the most prominent tendencies of her mind were soon to be developed in an entirely new direction. In the spring of 1845, she was impelled to take her little lame boy to be examined by A. J. Davis, who was then connected with Dr. Lyon, of Bridgeport. She was impressed with the truthfulness of his delineation, but being unable to account for it satisfactorily to herself, she fell into the old error which has lived as long as the Christian era, and has lately been revived with something more, perhaps, than its old spirit—that of supposing that Satan may cast out Satan—or, in other words, that evil influences may produce good results. Yet this opinion did not prevent further investigation, and as far as she was able she studied the subject very carefully.

Some time in the course of the ensuing summer, Mrs. Mettler herself being ill, Dr. Lyon was sent for, who came, bringing with him Mr. Davis; and when the latter examined his patient, he announced, for the first time, that she was possessed of very remarkable clairvoyant powers for the perception and cure of disease. He also stated that it would require a great length of time to magnetize her, and that some other faculties would be developed by magnetism, which would be of great benefit to the world.

Mrs. Mettler was directly incited to make a test of the truth

of this prophecy; but could she have foreseen through what a long and painful struggle the light was finally to evolve itself, her heart *would* have fainted, strong and determined as it was, before she had reached the vestibule of the inner temple; but

“Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate—
All but the page prescribed, their present state”—

or who could truly accomplish his own destiny? In this case, the benevolence was obvious; for how could she have held out through THREE long years of trial, with a little family around her, and amid all the agonizing distress of utter and hopeless poverty? Up almost to the close of this long period, she had very little, if any, sensible encouragement. And when we look at it, and think how either Will or Faith could, under such circumstances, have been sustained so long, we feel conscious that the history of the world seldom shows a more marked and triumphant illustration of their power. That she was sustained, unconsciously to herself, by the Will-power and the strength of Spirits, one can no longer doubt when he has taken a fair view of the whole case. But toward the last her strength *did* falter, and she ceased making any effort for a considerable time, until about a month before her powers were finally developed.

About this time Mr. H. Gordon, having been called to attend Mr. Mettler, who was ill, Mrs. Mettler asked him if there were any means of inducing a more fixed and effectual coma than had yet been attained.

His immediate answer was, “Yes; and I can do it.”

Taking her by the hand, in the space of a few minutes he had produced a more powerful effect than she had known in the whole three years. She was then magnetized daily by Mr. Gordon, when a remarkable change for the better was soon obvious.

The first that was observed of her clairvoyant power, was a sight she obtained of the cars while asleep; and from that she commenced examining people, friends and acquaintances, as they came in, either from curiosity or in pursuit of amusement. Next, she examined some of her neighbors; and her next step was to compound medicines, and make prescriptions—though in the normal state she had no idea of the formula for any medicinal

compound; and she was but a sorry nurse. In these descriptions, she designated, described, and called by their names, herbs of which she had not the slightest knowledge.

Her prescriptions had generally such an integrity and virtue about them, and her cures were so numerous, that she was induced, by the repeated calls of people in the neighboring towns, to leave her home, and commence visiting and prescribing for the sick. But at first she had a deep repugnance to the idea of making this a profession, and she held back with all her power as long as she could. She had, in fact, at the beginning, little faith in her own prescriptions, and laughed at the idea of people's taking them: But repeated and continual success contributed to establish her self-confidence, which is naturally too small, and in time she grew into a better acquaintance and friendship with the work which was so obviously marked out for her. She did not invoke her own destiny. She did not even recognize it when it came. But when it stood in full relief, statue-like and bold, in the path before her, she questioned it; and when she found that its authority was good, she yielded her whole being to its mysterious and irresistible sway.

As the circle of her good fame widened, she extended her journeys farther away, until at length, by the suggestion of Mr. Brittan, who was lecturing in some of the New England towns on the subject of Psychology, she was induced to visit the same places. In this tour she visited several towns in Connecticut and Massachusetts, remaining some time at Springfield.

While in the latter place, her fame had reached Cabottville, a small village in the neighborhood; and there her power of healing by the hand was first developed, and her first great cure took place. This was of a young lady who had been confined to her bed most of the time for three years. She could neither walk, see, nor speak. The cure was wrought in three applications of the mysterious power, of perhaps a half hour each. In fact, the last half hour appeared chiefly to do the work. In that short space of time, the patient was made to arise, walk, see, and speak.

This was followed by others of a varied character, and not less wonderful. It is impossible, in this place, to give even the bare

outline of her principal cures. A full history of them would make a large volume; and a work is now being prepared for the press, which will supply, as far as may be consistent, the required information. A very large number of them, in the simplest details of the bare facts, absolutely transcend belief; for her journeys could be traced at that time by one continuous chain of wonders, which, in other days, might have been called miracles, and which as truly deserve the name, as many that signalized the labors of the early Christians. Most of these works were wrought by the hand, or what was then termed psychological power. But Mrs. Mettler and her friends now have reason to believe that the influence may be traced to other sources, or to the power of spirits, operating directly through her physical system.

Soon after returning from Springfield, she went to New York; and directly after, in the month of May, 1851, the power of Psychometry was developed. Not being aware that it could be of any special advantage to cultivate it, she kept the matter secret for nearly two years; and then it was brought out by a seeming accident. Mr. Brittan being anxious to obtain some knowledge of the character of a person, applied to her husband, to know if Mrs. Mettler would go into the clairvoyant state, and try to get a view of this person. Mr. Mettler, on being informed what was required, said that she had a more direct and easy way of getting at character than that would be. And then he proceeded to unfold the interesting intelligence that Mrs. Mettler could read character by placing a specimen of the person's writing in contact with her forehead. The experiment was made directly, and with the happiest results. After this she continued to delineate character in this way. Several specimens of her ability in this line have been published in the *Shekinah*; and now it is a regular branch of her profession.

Mrs. Mettler's portraits of this kind are distinguished by accuracy of conception in the whole effect, and by fine discrimination in the limning. It is very evident that she not only perceives the whole spirit of the person's atmosphere, but goes down into the hidden depths, quite below the knowledge of ordinary acquaintances.

During the last year Mrs. Mettler has had many interesting spiritual exercises. Sometimes she is made to lecture, at others to act various dramatic scenes—sometimes one thing, then another—all of which she is said to do with much grace and spirit.

In April, 1852, Mrs. Mettler, with her family, removed to the beautiful city of Hartford, where she continues to reside, surrounded by a large circle of friends, whose general intelligence and refinement render them agreeable to her fine and delicate taste; and to an ever-changing group of the sick and suffering she is the Healing-center.

A few weeks since, the Rev. John M. Spear, of Boston, was directed by an intelligence claiming to be the spirit of Benjamin Rush, to visit Hartford on a certain day; he having had an invitation to go, but had, for some reason or other, relinquished the design. With his accustomed good faith, Mr. Spear set off immediately, not knowing to what point his mysterious summons might be directed. But soon after his arrival in Hartford it was all made clear. He received an impression to visit the house of Mrs. Mettler; and soon after arriving there he passed into the superior condition, when he made a very beautiful address, requesting, at the same time, that she might be, at the hour of 10 o'clock the next day, in a calm and blissful state of mind; for at that time would be unfolded the purpose of his mission to that place.

At the appointed time Mrs. Mettler was solemnly consecrated by Mr. Spear. This office of consecration he has many times performed; and it is said that results, so far, seem to shadow forth corresponding powers in the subjects; whether aided in their development by this process, it is impossible to say.

I select the following from the address of Mr. Spear on this solemn occasion:

“This fondly loved one shall be consecrated to the Charities. Thou henceforth shalt be called Charity. That shall be thy denomination.

“Thou shalt say to the sufferer on his couch, Arise, and it shall be so; thou shalt say to the maimed, Be thou whole, and it shall be so; thou shalt say to the blind, Open thou thy closed

eyes, and this also shall be; thou shalt say to the dying, Arise, and it shall come to pass. Thou shalt pass through the humble vale, over the lofty mountain, over rivers and seas; and the elements shall be at thy command. Nought shall disturb thy sweet placidity. No want shalt thou know.

“This open hand shall bless others, and thou shalt thyself be blessed. This foot shall go and come. Thou shalt mount up like the bird of loftiest flight; and thou shalt never be wearied. Thou shalt ‘go and come, nor fear to die, till thou art called home.’”

This very remarkable communication seems to foreshadow the development of higher powers; and yet, as far as it relates to Healing, it scarcely portrays any thing beyond what Mrs. Mettler has already accomplished; for she is in very truth a most wonderful being.

In her character the strongest traits and the finest, the most powerful attributes and the most gentle, tender, and delicate, are so harmoniously blended, that nothing projects, nothing is unseemly, or harsh, but all is in the most beautiful and perfect proportion. She has Will, Conscience, Reason, Firmness, in a very high degree; but these are shaded away so softly into more feminine qualities, that we should never know she had them were they not called for—brought into actual service; for nothing with her is set up for mere show. Some of the more remarkable traits are delicate discrimination, fine taste, an acute appreciation of whatever comes before her, an overmastering benevolence; and shining in and through all, as the light in gems, is a most rare and exquisite modesty, which enhances and etherealizes the effect of the whole. All her powers are intuitive. She has no learning, no scholarship, no power that may be considered in the slightest degree artificial. She loves goodness, and loves light, wherever she finds them; and the slightest feeling of envy never yet had place in her generous and noble nature.

A PLEA FOR THE MANIFESTATIONS.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

MUCH caviling has been bandied by the wary time-server, by the superstitious devotee, and by the bigoted professor, concerning the utility as well as the reality of spiritual manifestations. They have been ridiculed by the one, and denounced by the other; declared an illusion by this person, and the wiles of the devil by that; regarded by another as too stupendous to be possible; and again by his neighbor, as too bunglingly and inconsistently performed to be the acts of Spirits. All have assumed their entire information of these things, when most have never witnessed a single valid instance.

Said the prejudiced and ignorant and obstinate Martin Horky to Kepler, "I will never concede his four new planets to that Italian from Padua, though I die for it; and the only use of them is to gratify Galileo's thirst for gold, and to afford himself a subject of discussion; but I must confide to you a theft which I committed. I contrived to take a mold of the glass in wax, without the knowledge of any one; and when I get home, I trust to make a telescope even better than Galileo's own." This evinces a parallel disposition to that entertained and exhibited by many who profess to know what is proper for departed spirits to do to sustain their dignity—in the eyes of these professors—and who assail these phenomena as undignified, contradictory, and new-fangled. They publicly declare their horror at thinking of examining them; pronounce them totally useless, and, as Galileo's theory of motion was once pronounced, detrimental to the Church, and should, therefore, be abandoned and discountenanced; but should an excellent opportunity occur when they might slip into a circle, "without the knowledge of any one," and purloin the secret, as did the magnanimous Horky, not a

moment is lost; they sneak in as an omniscient spectator of eminent gravity, to compare their shrewd observations with their vast fund of universal knowledge. They seem to forget the true adage, that "no man is a hero before his valet." Public dignity is not practiced before familiars and in private. Hence a man, being quite different from what he appears, often astonishes the community by a performance not before suspected to be within the sphere of his capability; and disembodied, he may act still more in accordance with his real self; and, consequently, astonish his acquaintances to a greater degree. This class of people have a hankering desire to see, but not to be seen; to hear, but not to expose their ignorance; to believe, but not to disclose their credulity. Their honesty is of the genuine Spartan kind. It matters not what they do, if undetected. Like the boy who stole the fox, concealed it under his garment, and suffered the creature to tear out his bowels with its teeth and claws, choosing death rather than detection.

We now propose to submit to a candid public, some reasons why we believe these manifestations are neither useless, injurious, undignified, new-fangled, nor deserving discredit on account of their apparent occasional contradictions.

That they are useful, an appeal may be successfully made to an unbiassed mind, if a conviction of the soul's immortality be of nothing worth. If so, then the tendency of these phenomena may be of no avail. We contend that they are real, and are attested by myriads of witnesses, sharp-sighted, skeptical, philosophical, intellectual, upright, and learned. They have been examined and cross-examined, closely watched with the vigilant eye of suspicion. All who have bestowed reasonable attention, admit the fact of their occurrence, however variously they may speculate upon their character. The Revelation is established in their minds; but the commentators disagree. Without a revelation, human reason alone could hardly be expected to teach us that man must live forever, any more than it could have foretold man's advent before it transpired. Human reason is no prophet. Its capital, its basis, is facts; and these are the offspring of revelation. The inductive method of Lord Verulam is founded upon this: First, learn the fact or ground-work from observation;

let it be literally revealed; then make your application, and exercise your judgment. Many elaborate and apparently permanent theories have been subverted by the revelation of one fact, or a series. Revelation is, then, not only superior to reason, but absolutely essential to its integrity. The soul's immortality must, therefore, be revealed, to be known. And a subject so momentous as this, so deeply interesting to every human being, needs a revelation accessible to all, comprehensible to all, a standard practical illustration, continuing from generation to generation, codurable with our race, and enacted in every place, and before every mind that will see. It should be a democratic revelation, not an oligarchical, nor a hierarchical; an act performed, manifested to every body, to the poor and ignorant as well as to the rich and learned; not performed privately, before a few, and to rest on their testimony for one generation, and subsequently diluted as it was washed by the current of successive ages, till it could hardly be styled hearsay evidence, and even then riddled by the conflicting views of numerous conflicting commentators. It should be a *bona fide* act, not a recorded tradition. We mean it should be so to satisfy people, not to cause them to merely say they believe, to concur with popular opinion, fabricated by the few for the docile millions.

We contend that a revelation is due to mankind; because if they blindly follow the external developments of Nature for a guide, they would hardly conclude, from observation, that man was destined to survive the decay of his body. Reason would lead them to view the wheels, springs, and chain of a watch, so adjusted as to constitute a platform for the moving power, or principle of motion, to mount as a rider would his steed, and propel the machinery into significant activity. It would then snap a spring, fracture a wheel, or unhook the chain, and prove that the propelling principle had abandoned its platform as no longer adapted to its accommodation and services, and had merged itself into a dormant state, ready to fill that or another station, whenever circumstances demanded its presence. Thus would reason convince us of the oblivion of man, by directing our attention to the primary condition of things. Placing you in the cloudy and shapeless mist of chaos, she would ask you to

predict, from your observation, what form this confusion would assume. Would you predict a globe, a spheroid, an eclipse, a square, a triangle, or a parallelogram? The formation of the spheroid would be the revelation; and any one can judge how nearly the speculation or deduction and the revealed fact might agree. Stationed upon the spheroid, what is to succeed? Air, water, mineral? Crystallization shapes the mineral and exemplifies motion. What next? Disintegration and decomposition transmute the mineral into soil. Then follows vegetation, adding life to motion. Sensation is the next accession, and, with life and motion, is personified by the lowest orders of animated nature. Then advances instinct, or semi-intelligence, and combines with the three prior properties, to form the animal of a higher grade. And finally, man appears grouping together motion, life, sensation, instinct, and reason. Now, who could have determined, from the preceding aspect of affairs, what would succeed in the next stage of development, without the actual revelation? Progress is manifest at each step; and if we should reason from analogy, as mineral has decayed and merged into earth; and the vegetable has decomposed, and its life and motion merged into the common stock; and the animal has become disorganized, and its life, motion, sensation, and instinct merged into the general mass of these properties in the universe, so must man surrender his intelligence, instinct, sensation, life, and motion, most of which he held in common with his inferiors; his disorganized brain must yield the principle of reason, as his disorganized system must yield the vital principle, as the shattered animal must abandon its instinct and motion, as the deranged watch released the mechanical principle of its significant motion. Reason points to the Past, to the Present, and to the genius of Progress, and avers that the human race will, in the course of ages, be superseded by a superior race of beings; and Revelation alone can snatch the human mind from this paralyzing conclusion. These manifestations constitute the essence of this glorious revelation. As all are equally interested, it is strictly applicable to all. It is special as well as general. And thus we find it, open to any who may wish to inquire or examine. It is not confined to the cloister, nor secluded by the college, nor monopolized by the

clergy, nor loaned at an exorbitant rate. It is not abstruse, dubious, elusive. It is free to all indiscriminately, like the names of ordinary articles. It is simple, certain, stationary. The same senses employed by you in daily employments and observation are available here, to establish to your own satisfaction what the manifestations profess to establish—familiar proofs of the soul's immortality. Palaces and cottages, beggars and millionaires, stolid and acute, are alike privileged to witness them. Conviction can be broadcast, without the intervention of pulpit or priest, though their coöperation would be very serviceable; and it would reciprocate their aid, by confirming their long-agitated theme. They may help extend the tidings, and induce people to examine; but they can not impair its truth, nor essentially impede its onward march. Its utility is obvious on its very face. Being useful, these manifestations can not be injurious to society at large, however much they may thin the numbers of the church, and enlighten the people on any other day as well as Sunday. They need only similar attention to that bestowed on any of the rudiments of learning, to be well understood and properly appreciated.

That they are not undignified, we would submit that our ideas of true dignity may be very erroneous. It will not do for us to presume too much upon our knowledge of a topic, with which we are profoundly ignorant. In Dr. Franklin's time, the Philadelphia merchants were desirous to establish a dancing assembly, and drew up some rules, among which was this disgraceful one, "that no mechanic, or mechanic's wife or daughter, should be admitted on any terms." This being submitted to Franklin, he coolly remarked, that "*it excluded God Almighty; for He was the greatest Mechanic in the Universe!*" Here the merchants and Dr. Franklin were at issue on the idea of dignity. Which horn of the dilemma will our scrupulous objector grasp? Did the same Dr. Franklin, who was distinguished for being "eminently great in little things," degrade himself or his office, while in the dignified station of ambassador from America to the Court of St. James, when he entered the press-room of his old printing-office, proceeded to his old press, where two men were at work, and familiarly said, "*Come, my friends, we will drink together.*"

It is now forty years since I worked, like you, at this press, as a journeyman printer." Upstart aristocracy might upturn its divine proboscis at this vulgar breach of dignity. It would arraign the creative skill of God for busying itself in the filthy occupation of giving life to worms, spiders, snakes, swine, ospreys, negroes, as undignified, and obnoxious to its heaven-born sensibilities. Nothing true is undignified; and more especially, when such an absorbing theme as that of our immortality is concerned. The Jews and the Christians differ in their views as to the dignity of manner whereby Christ exemplified man's immortality. Are not men spirits now, just as much as they ever will be? Do they descend to no undignified acts here? How far will they wallow in degradation to acquire wealth, or to gratify appetite? Why should they not be undignified in a few days, or months, or years, after their decease, as well as a few years before? Are they to be completely metamorphosed by transition? Are they to slough off their peculiarities—to lose their identity? If, then, we discover really undignified conduct in the manifestations, it is part of the human paraphernalia, and proves their genuineness. But if we denominate them undignified, merely because they disagree with our morbid notions of dignity, then we may with similar propriety accuse God of demeaning His sublime nature, in condescending to summon into existence the diminutive animalcule and the loathsome vermin, which infest our habitations, or to reduce the proud to offensive corruption.

That they are not new-fangled, we appeal to former ages, to history, to demonstrate. We will not cite the Bible, nor the ancient Classics, nor the experience of Swedenborg and the venerable Oberlin, nor the witchcraft statutes of Old England, nor the mysterious phenomena of Salem, New England, though each would furnish an account of numerous instances of more or less celebrity. Let it suffice for us to present a few recorded facts from the pages of the Biography of the famous Don Ignatius Loyola de Guipuscoa, founder of the order of the Jesuits, a work published in 1754 at London. To certify the date of their occurrence, we will state that Ignatius Loyola died at Rome on the 31st July, 1556, nearly three hundred years ago. A moment after his departure, he appeared at Bologna to a pious lady,

named Marguerita Gigli. She was suddenly awaked from sleep by a noise, which shook her chamber. In the bright moonlight, she saw the saint shine with brighter rays. He said to her, "Marguerita, thus I am going, as you see. I recommend my children to you." He then disappeared, and she went immediately to relate the phenomenon to Francis Palmis, her confessor. Though she had never seen Ignatius, she gave so exact description of his features, that his most intimate acquaintances could not have more faithfully described him. At Bologna they were ignorant of his dangerous sickness. The fathers suspected this account of falsehood; but after a few days, the news of his death arrived, and the precise moment of his departure as announced agreed so well with that of his apparition, that they no longer doubted her statement. During his life, several other occurrences transpired. One was that of a young Biscayan, who was mysteriously elevated into the air, and at other times was rendered so heavy that it was difficult for ten men to lift him. The college of Loretto was disturbed every night by a noise in the chambers. The spirits overturned the furniture and drew the clothes off the beds. They even shook the house with peals of laughter, which were quite insupportable. So closely do these meager outlines resemble the sounds, acts, and appearances now prevalent among us, that we can not well forbear an allusion to them, in order to show that the charge of their being new-fangled is unfounded.

That their communications are sometimes contradictory, we would suggest that many of our own reliable pieces of intelligence often bear a contradictory aspect. This may arise from the imperfect medium employed by them, as we know not how much qualifying matter may fall short of our reception. There may be disturbing or obstructing influences in the way, which baffle a satisfactory transmission to us. How often happens it among astronomers, who believe they possess all the requisite data to determine the exact return of an erratic comet, beyond the scope of vision, that the wanderer confounds all their calculations by a premature or tardy appearance. At one circuit, the planets may be in one section of their orbits; at another, they may be grouped together directly in his path. Their attraction

will affect his passage. And it has eventuated, that a comet has been bewildered by the mighty power of Jupiter, sufficiently to retain him within the meshes of that planet's orbit for months. Having become extricated, the comet has launched forth still more eccentrically than before, and defied all human calculations of his next perihelion passage. Like the astronomer, we are obliged to deal mostly with invisible influences; and it is proverbial how problematical oftentimes are our prognostications. We are too apt to believe we have all the requisite data; and when the phenomenon does not conform to our overweening conceit, we charge it as false. The error is frequently imputable to ourselves. Inattention—not seldom an unconscious inattention—an internal negligence, or an undue and unconscious counter-exertion of our will, may break the chain of connection, and thus incoherency be the result of our own act; or it may even negative the communication, and produce a contradiction with its former tenor. Indeed, we have not always at our command all the elements that enter into the composition of the whole event. Nor should we slight these influences because they are invisible; for all influences are, all substantial realities are likewise. What are happiness, tranquillity, gravitation, action, life, but invisible, and known only by their effects? These are not to be despised; nor are they invariably attainable, comprehensible, in all their bearings. They are sometimes certainly eccentric and unaccountable in their operations.

Believing, therefore, that these manifestations are neither useless, injurious, undignified, new-fangled, nor unworthy of credit, but quite the reverse; that they are real, useful, and deserving our serious contemplation; and tend to establish in the minds of many a consolatory belief, which no other evidence has hitherto done, a belief that departed friends yet live, and are destined to meet them once more alive in a more congenial sphere than this, we will close this brief essay by remarking that our conceptions are observed to be more vivid, when the senses are, in a measure, closed, than when open. When we barely close our eyes, we have a more distinct idea of an absent object than before. When we are overpowered by normal sleep, our conceptions are more vivid than when the eyes are merely shut. When the mesmeric

sleep is induced, they are still more clear. And these manifestations demonstrate to us another step in the series, that a deeper sleep, a farther exclusion of external affairs from our senses, brightens the inner sensorium, and makes spiritual entities plain objects of vision; and thus, in addition, reveals the positive fact of their existence! What though they be superfluous to the implicit devotee of faith, are all minds constructed exactly alike? Are not various degrees of evidence, in almost every important transaction in life, requisite to different persons for the formation of belief? And would he who never doubted, nor ever reflected enough to apologize for a doubt, who had never lost a near relation, to make his belief a matter of vital interest to him, would he debar others from experiencing conviction in the only manner accessible to them? By no means. Be candid then. Discard not before you examine. Hear all sides before you determine. It is not the part of human wisdom to arrogate omniscience, nor to deny any phenomena of which you happen to be ignorant, until you are omniscient. Maintain your manhood. "Prove all things, and hold fast to the good." Forget not that the philosophic Franklin was "eminently great in small things" in this sphere; why not in the next? Is his nature changed? If so, he is no longer Benjamin Franklin. All truly great minds have the same idiosyncrasy. Washington was punctilious to a minute. The Savior circulated and labored among the unlettered and among sinners. He who created the archangel also created the smallest insect.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

EDGAR A POE.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

I PRAY you listen, my dear children. I am a very old man; and the longer I live, the more religiously I become convinced, that there is much to be forgiven to poor frail Humanity. Hast thou an enemy, and dost thou wish him evil for the harm he hath done thee? pause a moment and reflect: is he not, like thee, a child of sorrow in this "dark estate?" Are there not reserved in the hands of Fate, lashes sufficiently keen to draw his life's blood from him, without adding thine also to the number? Think of the afflictions entailed, more or less, upon all human flesh: disappointed hopes and unrequited affections, the corroding pangs of Poverty, vicious associations, a defective moral organization, a weak will-power, with a fearful preponderance of the wilder elements of our nature; the brutal tyranny of Appetite, which hunts us down like a blood-hound, fastening its inhuman fangs upon its own mother, nature, by whom it was generated. Add to these the ravages of Disease, stealing like a deadly viper along our veins, parching up our life's blood, grating horrid discord upon the brain, until each nerve-note of the system vibrates in agony! and then comes the terrible *Finale*—the dark, dread tragedy, Death!

Imagine now, you are standing over the grave of your enemy, and say, would you not exclaim with our own beautiful Irving, "Alas, that I should have warred against this poor pile of ashes!"

It was said by a very wise man, "In my youth I would have written a satire on mankind—in my age I would write their apology." Is not this the unfolding of the divine law of Love in the heart, when the experience of after years serves to "temper our judgment with mercy?"

I.

Thine was a mind of most unearthly cast,
Which held no kindred with its fellow kind.
But, soaring on the pinions of the blast,
It towered mid clouds, while far behind
Earth's humbler millions, wond'ring, shrunk aghast
From sights which strike the weaker vision blind,
While thou, like eagle soaring to the sun,
Hadst deemed thy giant race but scarce begun.

II.

And hadst thou still maintained such dizzy height,
And dreamt thy dreamings out amid the skies,
Thou mightst have shown a bright, unfading light,
But like the setting sun, thou didst but rise
To lose thy peerless splendor in the night,
Which set its seal of darkness on thine eyes,
And, blind and tott'ring in its moral gloom,
Thy traitor, *Genius*, shaped its *Master's* tomb!

III.

Life is a cup—its *surface* sweet to taste,
And he who would enjoy must learn to *sip*,
For, quaffing it with much too eager haste,
Its dregs soon turn to "ashes on his lip,"
And leave his soul a bleached and ruined waste
With all the visions of his fancy nipp'd
E'en in their bud—and thus it was with thee,
O Poe!—poor fallen child of Poesy!

IV.

With bold and fearful power thou didst tear
The mystic vail from all life's hidden things,
And then thy rebel soul was doomed to bear
The penalty which too much knowledge brings:

Life's brighter lights to thee grew dark and drear,
The mortal drooped, though perched on angels' wings!
And now, with all the gifts of Genius blest,
Thou didst but ask of death the boon of rest!

V.

A child of frailty, as an heir of fame,
Men judged thee only in thy darker mood—
Stamped their cold, unfeeling verdict on thy name,
Nor paused to sift the evil from the good:
Yet were there moments when the *liquid flame*
Had ceased with mad'ning heat to fire thy blood,
Oh! then thy better nature proved its worth,
And wore a hue of Heaven more than Earth!

VI.

Ah! little reck we of the fearful throes
Which scorched and agonized thy struggling soul,
When moved by war between those deadliest foes—
The demon Vice, and God-like self-control!
How oft thy crushed, defeated spirit rose
To dare the fight again—this is not told;
We only know, now thou art 'neath the sod,
The *Brute* at last has triumphed o'er the *God*!

VII.

Sleep, Minstrel, sleep! oh, life e'en at the best
Was but as some dark, feverish dream to thee:
'Tis not for us to mar thy "last, long rest,"
With cold upbraidings on thy memory:
As sunset glories in the fading West
Proclaim the Day-god's fallen majesty,
So Genius shines about the gifted dead,
To tell mankind how great a soul has fled!

MEMORY AND COMPENSATION.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

How simple and how mysterious, how pleasing yet how awful, is this attribute of mind ! A distinctive trait in man, its incipient manifestations are seen in all animate and even inanimate forms. In all nature it would seem, indeed, that man was the only thing which does not remember and conform to the great laws of being. The attachments and antipathies, the attractions and repulsions, are, from age to age, and from period to period, transmitted through all forms and kingdoms.

The alkali and acid, though separated for centuries, forget not that they are one, and when brought together immediately mingle and unite in definite proportions. The germ that quickens in the moisture, light, and genial heat of spring, forgets not the peculiar structure of the plant upon which the seed ripened ; and, although drawing nourishment from the same soil with a thousand varieties of plants and weeds, it grows true to its distinctive nature. The young bird goes about the building of its nest with the same confidence as the old. It fears instinctively the creatures and birds of prey, and even the sportsman, which experience taught the parent to look upon as dangerous foes.

This faculty is more individualized in man, and yet there are impressions transmitted from generation to generation. The susceptibility to be impressed with a certain order of ideas is very apparent, and, combined with youthful training, has been the great support of tradition ; for to a mind harmoniously developed and rounded, with a general susceptibility to truth, the utmost care and perseverance of early culture will fail to give a bias toward partial and unphilosophical dogmas, which have no other basis than legends and traditions. All traditions are not taught, but inherited, as with many physical diseases and mental proclivities.

Enough has been said to show the universality of the great law of remembrance, which secures to man all that he is, and all that he hopes *to be*. Is it not, indeed, the record of all life and progress? and is it not the interpreter of those mighty changes which the Divine Mind has effected in all nature? For what is man? Nothing but what may be remembered of him, by himself or others. Blot out this, and you blot out the man. He is good or bad, great or insignificant, wise or foolish, according as it is registered on his memory; a servile victim of oppression, or a heartless tyrant, a freeman or a slave, as his individual or hereditary recollections determine. I think it was the Helots of Sparta who had succeeded in vindicating their freedom in many severe battles, when their masters, as a last resort, after all hopes of subjugating them by ordinary warfare had failed, marched against them merely with the lash; upon sight of which, the emblem of their degradation, they immediately threw down their arms and submitted again to bondage. Thus the noble steed is reduced to obedience to the caprice of a mere child, and the patient ox to bear the weighty load. It is thus that the serfs and slaves of all lands are held in subjection. It is thus that gold has such pernicious sway over the inhabitants of this and all lands. Nothing higher, by which it is possible to rule man, seems to be in the memory of the race now; even monarchs who lord it over men with a high hand and imperious tone, bow here.

But it was as a subject of individual interest that I wished to treat this matter, especially as it relates to the compensation of personal action. The person who is free in mind, whose treasures of knowledge and past associations tend to elevate and give action and scope to the mental powers, feels that he has been *taught* nothing. His faculties are merely unfolded; for though circumstances have had their influence, and the action of mind on mind has awakened thought and stimulated the mental activities, yet each truth has not been impressed, per force, but *embraced* as an old and familiar friend. And friend and familiar it is. It and the soul are one, separated as they may have been by restrictive authority and arbitrary forms.

That is the spirit's portion, which it can apprehend. The treasures of the soul are its hoarded memories, so that man is and

possesses that to-day which he remembers of yesterday. The miser's gold even would give little satisfaction could he not remember the mode of acquiring it. The good man might not be good to-day, had he not the recollection of integrity yesterday maintained. And the vilest criminal would feel no remorse did not the memory of his crime haunt him like a specter. Much has been said and written on the subject of "God's righteous Government," the method by which every good could be rewarded and every crime punished; every work be brought into judgment, with every secret thing, good or evil. And lest He might omit some trivial act of goodness or of unrighteousness, a great book has been devised for him to keep an account of debt and credit with every mortal. But nothing could prove a reward or punishment to any one who did not recognize through memory the specific act as its own. You can cruelly inflict pain, or benevolently confer favors, but in either case the appropriateness depends on the memory of the individuals themselves, who recognize some action or negligence to which it corresponds.

The memory, then, is the basis of God's moral government, *the* book whose records are ever open before him. You may lash and torture the victim and call it punishment, yet if there is no recollection on his part of any act, if he has not the ability to associate the infliction with any deed to which it corresponds, it is not even punishment in the most material conception, much less does it bear any moral relation to the act whatever. The idea of compensation, a term always to be preferred to rewards and punishments when referred to the moral laws, has heretofore been grossly material. It is difficult now for many to conceive how man can suffer unless there is corporeal suffering, how he can enjoy a reward which has no association with something to eat or drink, or with silver or gold. The promises and threatenings contained in the Old Testament, so called, are couched in terms conveying the most sensuous conceptions. Undoubtedly many of those terms are sometimes used figuratively, but the use which those same writers make of the most external occurrences of history, stamps the whole with a materiality unquestionable; nor had many of the writers of the New Testament freedom from the same narrow conceptions.

The whole method by which action is compensated through the memory, can not be presented in these limits. The field of thought itself is somewhat new, and is as extensive as the range of human thought and duty. Illustration and suggestion may serve us better than any course of dogmatism or argumentation. In our external condition, the result of action may not always correspond with what we remember of obedience or disregard of acknowledged natural laws, because the external memory often fails to retain the more internal impression, and besides, we are all more or less ignorant of the very principles we desire to serve. The rule, that we retain a memory of our actions, good or evil, can only have a general application, while the natural and inevitable results of all action must transpire always and everywhere. Compensation, in this wider sense, rests in the very nature of man's being and relations. He is reacted upon in every deed by the whole universe, whether he is aware of it or not. If he violate the laws of health, enervation and disease will be the result, whether he traces the cause in the effect, or blindly charges his God with the visitation. If he violate the social laws, antagonism, oppression, destitution, disorganization, and every wretchedness will follow, whether he understands the laws and does it purposely, or ignorantly refers it all to the inscrutable and inexorable order of Providence. So he who violates a moral principle will receive the recompense that is meet, in the derangement and degradation of his moral being, whether the acts are consciously wrong or otherwise.

Yet, in another light, we hold no person culpable who does not act in opposition to his own consciousness. Indeed, this is the measure of each one's responsibility. This rule, however, will not bear an exclusive application without destroying all idea of responsibility; for no individual ever acted in defiance of a clear moral consciousness. We do not act fully up to our highest conceptions of right; but we never act radically wrong, unless there is a corresponding obliquity of vision. The best fall, it may be, as far below their ideal as the worst. Undoubtedly, however, there is such a thing as "inversion of the natural order," wherein men do not grow better and better, but "wax worse and worse;" but only, we may hope, for a time. In such cases, moreover, as

they depart from the law of life within, their sense of right and duty also diminishes. Whoever, then, subjects the higher nature to a lower, loses so much strength. When he *would* exert his power for some good, he finds that it is gone. The very propensity he has served grows stronger, until its demands become irksome and inconvenient. The habit was easily formed; can it be as easily broken? Will not the memory of having yielded formerly, indispose him, as it did the Helots, for longer conflict? On the other hand, let him meet the trial or temptation he has once conquered, and what strength does the recollection of his former triumph impart, as the results of the first conflicts between this nation and Mexico gave a prestige to all subsequent encounters.

In the very conditions of being is the recompense of action, and he who looks outside of this to find the indications of Heaven's righteous rule, will subject himself to constant self-deception. The whole catalogue of external judgments spoken of in the Bible are simply superstitions. If an individual heedlessly loses his balance on the brink of a precipice, a fall and broken limbs are a necessary result of a disregard of the prime laws of nature. If a people huddle together, from whatever cause, in closely-packed houses, streets, and alleys, and neglect the laws of cleanliness and health, cholera, plagues, and fevers, are judgments sent of God for the violation; or, rather, these results are immutably connected with such action. If the actions are distinctively moral or religious, results of a corresponding character as infallibly follow; but to suppose that physical suffering, or catastrophe, is induced, or can be mitigated, by religious rites and ceremonies, is to confound all classification of laws, and assume that man's spiritual nature is destitute of determinate regulating forces. Any system of ethics or religion which teaches other ideas of retribution, than those involved in the very elements of each organized physical, moral, and intellectual being, is unworthy the reverence of a philosophic mind.

Another idea, equally superficial, represents sin as a work of the flesh entirely, and its consequences limited by the duration of external life. To both it is a sufficient answer, that all retribution is involved in the elements of the nature sinned against, and

that the conditions of being remain unchanged. Suppose the cessation of physical powers and faculties at death; does it, therefore, follow that the spirit, at the moment of separation, will recover from all the degradation it has suffered in bondage to the flesh, and its future progress be unretarded by its memories of former servility? But this conception about the body being the seat of all error and wrong, is most unphilosophical; having no better foundation, that I am aware of, than some obscure passages of Paul, who represented the law of the mind and the law of the body as antagonistic to each other. What, after all, *is* the body, but the mere external clothing of the mind? What *are* the propensities against which we exclaim, but manifestations of love? What is the obstinacy so often detrimental to progress, but the determinating or will-power? What is man's very skepticism, but a phase of wisdom? These three attributes, Love, Will, and Wisdom, constitute the elements of the spirit, here and hereafter. It is the intelligent spirit which sins in any moral sense. It is the spirit which suffers all the results of error.

We speak of some as having good memories or poor memories, but only with relative truth. The spirit bears upon it, impressed in living characters, its whole past history. We may not be able to call them up to sensuous recollection, but they are *there*, and all we are, as spiritual identities, depends upon their existence. What the man is, may as certainly be determined by one enabled to read his memory, as the progressive growth of a plant or tree may be determined by the convolutions disclosed on any section of the trunk; and what has occurred to every human soul is indelibly written on its inmost nature. We have it in our power to treasure a burden of active living harmonies, which shall vibrate through eternity, or a discord, deforming to the soul, and unfitting it for communion with higher spheres of truth and life.

Though we are not now able to read our own memories fully, and to profit by the experience, yet a time arrives in the development of the spirit, when its memories are revived, or, rather, a degree of self-comprehension is attained; for memory is only this: when the past of our individual and of the collective life is seen with startling vividness. Although it might seem that the

nearer we were in point of time to any event, the more clear our memories should be—in a general light the very reverse of this is true. The history of the race is better known to-day than ever before. Questions of antiquity are more correctly viewed now, than by the cotemporaries of the events which gave them rise. By his clearer insight, man can go farther back in the earth's history than all ancient records, and read in the handwriting of God, upon the face of plain and mountain, the memories of the very globe.

And as the spirit shall continue to unfold, the past shall become more and more plain. The aberrations of its individual life and of the life of the race shall be explained; and though much that is now deplored as wrong, shall wear a softened expression; much that is passed slightly over now, will assume an importance unconceived before. Instances are frequent, in which minds singularly elevated are enabled to read, as in a book, the occurrences of ages—in a word, attain a spiritual self-comprehension which discloses the relation of all things and events to the individual soul, the records of time upon their own spirits. Thus must it be with the full developed spirit, when it shall leave this sphere for one of light and wisdom; its enjoyments and its progress depending on its accumulated fund of heavenly treasures, its habitudes of action, thought, and affection. Let each reflect for himself concerning the memories being treasured up for that higher Life.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY C. D. STUART.

Thou canst not clasp the beautiful,
And call it all thine own,
The beautiful is given to all
And not to one alone ;
It is God's love made visible
In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space
To every human eye.

The foam that crests the Ocean wave
And sparkles to the light,
The star that gems the brow of morn
And glorifies the night ;
The brook, the flower, the leaf, the bird—
Whatever glads the sight—
Is God's own loving gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And blessed 'tis and beautiful
That this one gift, at least,
Defies the cruel tyrant's power
And ban of wicked priest ;
For spite of chains, the slave can see
God's love is with him here,
In beauty's light, in beauty's joy,
And beauty's blessed cheer.

And God be praised ! forevermore,
For this, His blessed boon—
The beautiful—which all may share,
And none can share too soon ;
The beautiful, which purifies
And leads us up to Him
Who is its source, and life, and light,
From flower to Seraphim

MAGIC AND WONDER WORKING.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

IN these days of wonderful developments, when marvelousness is excited to its utmost activity by occurrences previously deemed impossible, and while a faithless materialism rails at supposed hallucinations which are widely spreading, the antagonism between skepticism and credulity may in some degree be compromised and reconciled, by an appeal to the thaumaturgy or wonder-workings of former times. A brief chapter on this subject shall now be submitted, with the hope of thereby exciting other and more erudite minds to the further investigation of the same fruitful theme.

First, then, as to the origin and progress of magic, or magianism. In the most ancient times, superior wisdom and capacity alone reigned in the councils of tribes and nations. There was no distinct caste of people to whom the prerogatives and responsibilities of leadership were confined, but these belonged simply to those who, from natural abilities and efforts, signalized themselves, and inspired a general confidence in their favor. Gradually, however, from the desire of parents to transmit their acquirements and their offices to their offspring, and from the exclusive plans of instruction which were consequently adopted, a distinct, and, for the most part, hereditary order arose, whose various branches occupied the kingly and sacerdotal offices, and discharged the general intellectual functions of the tribe or nation. Being free from those sensualizing influences which characterize a more advanced but less simple state of human society, their minds tended in an almost equal degree to observe *outer* facts and phenomena, and to investigate their *interior* principles and causes. During the simplicity of their primitive state, and while their minds were unperturbed by the artificialities of false philosophy, many of them, indeed, seem to have been capa-

ble of those interior perceptions and powers of prescience which are now known under the name of *clairvoyance*, and this, itself, gave them great advantage in the pursuit of knowledge, both as relating to the departments of material and spiritual nature. From the same causes their investigations, from the first, naturally followed the line of analogies and correspondences, with which intuition and their peculiar modes of cultivation rendered them very familiar, and gave them astonishing insights into existences and forces beyond the cognizance of the outer senses. Each generation taking advantage of the transmitted acquirements of the previous ages, and superadding thereto their own proper discoveries, there was soon accumulated a substantial knowledge of many secrets pertaining to the realms of matter and spirit, which the mind in its merely *sensuous* state of development would consider incredible, and by the application of which they performed wonders, which by the uninitiated were regarded as altogether supernatural.

It was in the East, and particularly in Persia, that this class of materio-spiritual investigators took the name of the Magi or magicians; and their peculiar arts were hence, in subsequent times, called magic. Among ancient nations, the Persians were, perhaps, most expert in these arts and mysteries; the Hindoos next, the Egyptians next, the Druids of Gaul and Britain next, the Grecian priests next, and the Roman priests next. But magic existed also in different forms and degrees of development among the Germanic and other nations of central and northern Europe—also among the aboriginal Mexicans, the North American Indians, and even among the inhabitants of the Pacific Isles. Indeed, as the same external causes and internal mental proclivities were, under different modifications, operative among all primitive tribes and nations, an order of magicians arose among all of them, possessing generically, though not specifically, similar kinds of knowledge and artistic attainment, in different degrees of cultivation.

As soon as this order, which may be designated by the common appellation of the Magi, became definitely established among any tribe or nation, a desire would naturally arise to keep their science secret from the masses, partly in order that

they might the more effectually govern them, and partly from a desire to preserve that which they deemed sacred, from the desecrations of vulgar scrutiny and criticism. It was mainly in this way that the sacred mysteries of the ancient heathen priesthood arose, among which mysteries magic was considered as the last and most sacred.

"Magic," in its *primitive* sense, was synonymous with the word "wisdom," and its cultivation was justly considered as among the highest employments of the human mind. Taylor, in his notes on Pausanias, has given an extract from a rare Greek MS. of Psellus, which defines the nature and sphere of magic as regarded by the ancients. "Magic," says he, "indeed investigates the nature, power, and quality of every thing sublunary; viz., of the elements and their parts, of animals, all various plants and their fruits, of stones, and herbs; and, in short, it explores the essence and parts of every thing. From hence, therefore, it produces its effects." And some of these effects are described by the same author, as follows: "This art, therefore, causes certain fantastic images to appear before the spectators. And before the eyes of some, indeed, it pours exuberant streams; but to others, it promises freedom from bonds, delicacies, and favors. They draw down, too, powers of this kind by songs and incantations. But magic, according to the Greeks, is a thing of a very powerful nature. For they say that it forms the last part of the sacerdotal science."

These general remarks prepare us to enter into some of the particulars of the powers, operations, and phenomena, contemplated under the general term magic, as originally defined. These are of three classes, and may be distinguished as *natural*, *materio-spiritual*, and *psychological*.

1. According to the original definition of the word "magic," which made it synonymous with wisdom, all branches of natural science and art, as well as subjects relating to a more ethereal realm of being, were the legitimate subjects of its inquiries. There is evidence that the ancient magi were greatly skilled in certain curious branches of mechanics, and also in some kinds of chemical operations. Salverte, in his treatise, "*Des sciences occultes*," has endeavored to show that many of the prodigies and

miracles which occurred during the process of initiation into the heathen mysteries, were produced by the priests by various mechanical and chemical contrivances, and that in many instances they did not even claim a supernatural character for the phenomena. Pausanias gives the following account of a phenomenon which he himself witnessed, and considered as a prodigy :

“The Lydians, who are called Persic,” says he, “have temples in Hierocæsarea and Hypapa. In each of these temples there is a cell, and in the cell an altar with ashes upon it; but the color of these ashes is different from that of others. A magician entering this cell, and placing dry wood upon the altar, first of all veils his head with a tiara, and afterward invokes a certain divinity, by an incantation barbaric, and perfectly unknown to the Greeks. This incantation he performs from a book, and when it is finished all the wood upon the altar becomes necessarily enkindled without fire, and emits a very splendid flame.”* Whether there was any thing supernatural in this phenomenon or not, it would not be difficult for a chemist of our own day, to cause the ignition of dry wood under similar visible circumstances, even without repeating the “incantation barbaric,” which the magician is here said to have read from a book; and the coloring of the ashes strengthens the suspicion that some chemical mixture was employed in this case.

Though the application of mechanical and chemical arts by the magi were, of course, perfectly legitimate when their nature was properly represented, their knowledge of them enabled them sometimes to practice the grossest deceptions upon the credulous, and to palm off the creations of their own ingenuity as the works of the gods, or of other spiritual powers. A case in point is found in the story of Bel and the dragon, in the apocryphal appendix to the book of Daniel. It was by a multiplication of tricks of this kind, and a gradual declension, from age to age, of the more interior or spiritual portion of the art, that magic gradually degenerated into the form in which it is now practiced, in which it can be considered as little more than mere jugglery. But that in ancient times it was something more than this, is

* Pausan. v; 27

proved by the implied recognitions of the Bible. Moses, for instance, the true prophet of Jehovah, condescended to contend with the magicians of Egypt, when some of the most surprising miracles on record were performed by both parties. Moses did not deny the reality of their miracles, which he would not have been slow to do had he considered them deceptive; but he surpassed them by the magnitude of his, and thus conclusively proved that the spiritual power which aided him was greatly superior to that which aided the Egyptian magicians. The reality of ancient magianism is also recognized by implication, in the account given by Matthew of the wise men (*μαγοι*, *magi*, in the original), who came to Jerusalem to see the infant Jesus, having been apprised of his birth by a spiritual correspondence in the form of a *star*, and which they doubtless saw by clairvoyant, or spiritual perception.

2. The *materio-spiritual* branch of magic, is that by which effects of an extraordinary character are produced by the application of stones, and wands, and various preparations of simple and compound substances belonging to the different kingdoms of nature—also by various magical figures, and ceremonies, and incantations. This is a branch of magic, the conception of which, in the present materialistic age is, perhaps, more liable than any other to be attributed to an ignorant and superstitious fancy. In hastily passing this judgment upon it, however, there may be danger of overlooking some deeply important principles—principles which can be properly appreciated only by a somewhat *interior* exercise of the conceptive and rational powers. I believe it will be conceded that all forces, or dynamic agents, are, at the last analysis, *invisible*, and that the whole visible realm of being is hence constantly pervaded by invisible motor influences, which, in their higher attenuations, may reasonably be supposed to conjoin with, penetrate, and receive vital influences from the domains of spiritual existence. This proposition, to its fullest extent, is rendered more than probable by the late discoveries of Baron Von Reichenbach. This eminent experimental philosopher has incontestibly proved that substances of all known classes belonging to the three kingdoms in nature are surrounded by a subtile *aura*, which is capable of acting variously,

according to the nature of the substance, upon the human nerve, and of producing various psychological, as well as physical effects upon certain susceptible persons. If this is so, then, it is impossible to say, *a priori*, what effects, even of a most astonishing character, may not attend certain combinations of, and certain modes of *directing*, these subtle influences. It was, indeed, a theory of the ancients, that "there are progressions of all the celestial gods into the earth, and that earth contains all things in an earthly manner which heaven comprehends celestially;" that all things sympathize with all, and that those invisible influences connected both with material and spiritual nature, which we have shown to be the source of all power, are easy to be attracted and directed when the proper means are at hand, and the true methods of employing them are known. On this general idea they seem to have based the *rationale* of their magic.

Even before Reichenbach made his late extraordinary discoveries as to the effects of magnets, crystals, and various forms of substance in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and even in the sidereal realms, upon the human nerve, there were facts known to many which seemed to place the probability of the foregoing suggestions on *a posteriori* grounds. I refer particularly to the facts connected with the use of the *divining rod*, so called. From ancient times, there have been persons, in different nations, who, by holding in their extended hand a rod or branch freshly cut from a tree, and carefully watching its movements and their own sensations, have been able to point out the place of concealment of any thing sought. Numerous well authenticated facts might be related of lost treasures being found, and especially of subterranean veins of water, and metallic deposits, being discovered in this way. There is said to be now living in the Hartz mountains a race of people who support themselves almost entirely by this mode of divination, being so well paid for their services as to enable them to live, for most of the time, in idleness and dissipation. It is not to be conceived that this people would, from generation to generation, be supported by this mode of employment, unless there were some incontestible reality in their pretensions. A collection of interesting and authenticated facts concerning the effects of the

divining rod, is given by Dr. Ashburner in his notes on Reichenbach's Dynamics, p. 81-92. See also Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature," p. 436 et seq.

One who is convinced by these facts that the divining rod, so called, is, in the hands of certain peculiarly constituted persons, the medium, or nervo-ethereal conductor, by which certain sympathetic relations are established between the person and the object of his search, will have little difficulty in conceiving the possibility of a more extended and powerful application of the same principle—will have little difficulty in admitting the probable truth, indeed, of all that the old magi, or magicians, assumed respecting the sympathies which, through ethereal media (*the origin of all force*), subsisted between all things, in earth and heaven, and hence of the prodigious and apparently preternatural results which may be produced by those who know how to direct and control those media. And if a rod or "wand" in this class of operations is useful as a medium of sympathies and ethereal forces, it suggests the reason why wands or rods have been employed by magicians of all ages in the performance of their wonders. It also explains why Moses and Aaron, and likewise the magicians of Egypt, "stretched out their rods" when they performed the wonderful miracles which preceded the Exodus from Egypt, and why this stretching out of the rods was (not the *cause* but) the *necessary condition*, on which those miracles might ensue. For the fundamental *cause* of these miracles, in both cases, was undoubtedly *spiritual*, and I am convinced that in the cases of Moses and Aaron, they were Divine as well as spiritual.

Did space permit, we might here explain at length, how the *sacrifices* and *fumigations* employed by the magi, served to *generate* this sympathetic magical medium, and how their various ceremonies and incantations served to *direct* it, and render it efficient; but as brevity is desirable we can only say, that when the sacrifice was consumed upon the altar, its interior molecular or life-forces were exhaled, and passed into that semi-spiritual state which enabled them to conjoin with properly spiritual substances; that the different things sacrificed corresponded to different things in the spirit-world, and were thus accessory to different phenomena desired to be produced, and that their cere-

monies and incantations, accompanied always with a *fixed intention*, were calculated to establish that *rappport* or connection between semi-spiritual essences, and properly spiritual forces, which might enable spirits to act through the semi-spiritual medium, upon things perceptible to the senses, and thus produce the manifestations desired.

The arts of magic undoubtedly existed in their greatest perfection in ancient times; but though they declined with the decline of the ancient priesthoods, and with the development of mere exterior and sensuous philosophies, some remnants of them have existed in all ages, and among all the older nations. Their gross abuse some two hundred years, and less, ago, doubtless gave rise to many of the otherwise inexplicable phenomena of so called witchcraft, as they had been subject to similar abuses in almost all ages previous; but since that time faith in spiritual presences and forces has, among the more *exteriorly* refined nations, gradually died out, and magic, losing the encouragement of public faith in its original pretensions, has now degenerated, for the most part, into mere *legerdemain*.

In Eastern nations, however, some of its more spiritual arts have been preserved until the present day. A fact which may be inserted under our present division, I find quoted from "Buyer's Northern India," p. 375, in a recent anonymous work entitled "*To Daimonion*." A friend of the writer, residing in India, "after reading his Bible one day, laid down his gold spectacles; and having gone out a short time, when he returned he found his spectacles were gone. He knew that no person, except his servants, of whom he had fifteen or sixteen, could have entered the room. Calling them, he charged the theft upon them. To clear themselves, the servants all declared the Brahmin should be brought, to find out which was the thief. The Brahmin having come, ranged all the servants in a row on one side of the room, while the gentleman himself stood by, watching the proceedings. Stationing himself in the center of the room, which was a large hall, the Brahmin placed a small brazen vessel before him, and muttered some incantations. Then, leaving the vessel, he declared that if the thief were in the room, it would, of itself, move to him. To the great astonishment of all,

the vessel began to move, with no visible hand near it, and, sliding apparently of its own accord along the floor, it went straight to one of the servants. The man confessed the theft, and produced the missing spectacles. The writer concludes, 'my old friend was no believer in the supernatural powers claimed by these men; but he was quite confounded at the result, and could never venture an explanation of the curious affair.'"

The wonder was doubtless wrought by spiritual forces evoked by the aid of certain remnants of the magical art which in that Oriental nation had been handed down from earliest times. For it is worthy of remark, that these magicians expressly claim, as did also the ancients, to be in connection with spirits, and to perform their wonders by their aid.

3. The third division of the magical power is that which may be termed purely *psychological*. This, again, is susceptible of two general subdivisions; the first consisting in the art of deluding the senses by appearances, and disappearances, and changes of appearance; and the other being the art of producing astonishing effects upon dead matter, upon animals, and upon human beings, by *direct volition*. Some considerable knowledge of that branch of the art comprised in the first subdivision, is possessed by the electro-psychologists, so called, of the present day, with the experiments of whom the reader is presumed to be familiar. The secret of producing these illusive impressions, seems also to have been fully possessed by the ancient magicians. Thus, says Apuleius (as quoted in Taylor's notes on Pausanias). "By magical incantation, rapid rivers may be made to run back to their fountains, the sea be congealed, winds become destitute of spirit, the sun be held back in his course, the moon be forced to purge away her foam, the stars be torn from their orbits, the day be taken away, and the night be detained." That is, the *appearances* of all these things may be thus produced. The modern Hindoo magicians will also cause appearances to be witnessed by multitudes of people at once, as though lions, tigers, elephants, and other animals, were raining down from the heavens; or will shoot a number of arrows up into the air, and cause them apparently to stick fast, when they will call them down one by one.

An instance is also related in which a Hindoo magician brought a little girl into the midst of an open area surrounded by English soldiers, and after requesting them to abstain from interference with any thing which might occur, threw a blanket over her, and apparently proceeded to stamp furiously upon her, as if to destroy her life; but when the spectators supposed she must necessarily be dead, the blanket was removed and she was not to be seen. After wondering for a time what could have become of her, she was seen to be coming from a distance outside of the ring, and presently she entered the circle again, unharmed. These things our modern electro-psychologists would be puzzled to perform, and it is indeed difficult to conceive how they could be accomplished without the aid of supernatural powers.

But we pass to the second subdivision of this general branch of our subject, and consider some of the astonishing effects related as having been produced upon dead matter, upon animals, etc., by *volition*, combined, perhaps, with some secret subsidiary art by which its forces were rendered more efficient. The following instances will serve as illustrations:

Two Hindoo magicians wish to attest their superior powers. "A stone or piece of money is placed on the ground, and the trial is to see which will first raise it *without touching it*. They advance toward the object, opposite each other, flinging 'enchanted cinders,' and reciting 'mantras,' when both, 'by an invisible and irresistible force,' are repelled and driven back. They again approach with new efforts and excitement, the sweat pouring from them, and blood gushing from their mouths, until one of them gets possession of the stone or piece of money. Sometimes one of the combatants is thrown violently on the ground by the nervous power of his antagonist; and, taken up breathless, he lies for days, as if weakened by sickness."*

Pythagoras was initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Egyptian priesthood; and during his residence in Egypt and India, he seems to have become possessed of many magical secrets, and among the rest appears to have been that of exer-

* "*To Daimonion*," from Dubois's "People of India," vol. ii. chap. 86. The prophet Elisha caused an axe-head to swim, by cutting down a stick (query, a *wand*?) and casting it into the water. See 2 Kings, vi. 5, 6.

cising a mysterious control over animals. In proof of this, Iamblichus relates the following: "It is said that Pythagoras detained the Daunian bear, which had most severely injured the inhabitants, and that having gently stroked it with his hand for a long time, fed it with maize and acorns, and compelled it by an oath (?) no longer to touch any living thing, he dismissed it. But the bear immediately after hid herself in the mountains and woods, and was never seen from that time to attack any irrational animal. Perceiving likewise an ox at Tarentum, feeding in a pasture, and eating, among other things, green beans, . . . he approached to the ear of the ox, and whispering in it for a long time, not only caused him then to refrain from beans, but it is said he never after tasted them. . . . When likewise he happened to be conversing with his familiars about birds, symbols, and prodigies, and was observing that all these were the messengers of the gods, he is said to have brought down an eagle that was flying over Olympia, and after gently stroking it, to have dismissed it."*

The reader is perhaps familiar with accounts of the Egyptian charmers, who, by an apparently irresistible volition or magnetic power, draw forth serpents from their lurking places, attracting them into their very hands, when they become perfectly rigid and motionless. Of the truth of these accounts there can be no doubt, as they have been frequently related by modern travelers in Egypt, who were eye-witnesses of the phenomena.

Cotton Mather wrote of a certain Quaker whom he supposed to be possessed of the devil; and as one evidence of the fact, he mentions that on one occasion he suddenly tamed a vicious and furious bull, and rendered him perfectly docile and harmless, by simply speaking to him, and gently stroking him with his hand. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (vol. 24, p. 728,) gives an account of an Irishman of the name of Sullivan, who lived in the middle of the last century, and who professed to have a charm by which he could tame the wildest and fiercest horses. From the mode in which he proceeded to operate, he was called the *Whisperer*. "We have before us," says the

* Iamblichus's *Life of Pythagoras*. Chap. xiii

writer, "a manuscript account of one of his performances, written by an eye witness, one of the most able statesmen in the Irish parliament. A gentleman in the County of Cork, had a horse which defied all the skill of the jockies; no one could ride him, and it was dangerous even to enter his stable. Sullivan was summoned and led to the place where the horse was kept. When the company entered the stable, the horse began to kick and lash as usual, but when Sullivan spoke, the animal showed signs of terror, and permitted the whisperer to come near and grasp his head. Sullivan affected to whisper something in the animal's ear; the horse trembled violently, permitted itself to be bridled and saddled, and was rode tranquilly up and down the avenue in presence of a crowd of astonished spectators."

Many other examples of this magical power of subduing wild and ferocious animals might be related were it necessary. Indeed, it may be said that all men have it to a greater or less extent, *naturally*, as is evinced in the fact, that if a furious dog, or even ferocious lion, is looked in the eye with a firm and steady nerve, he will immediately drop his head and tail, and skulk away into some place of concealment. The same power may be exercised by some *men* over others, as is well known to those who are familiar with that now common branch of *ancient magic*, known as "Animal Magnetism."

By a *combination* of the powers embraced in these three divisions of our subject—the natural, the materio-spiritual, and the psychological—still greater wonders may be performed than any which we have yet mentioned, except, perhaps, the prodigies which preceded the Israelites' exodus from Egypt. Stories are on record, and have been believed by wise and intelligent men, of magicians, by their arts, *controlling the elements*, and even raising, or allaying, violent storms; but this they have generally professed to do by the aid of spirits or dæmons. There seems to have been some such control of the elements in the case of several of the prodigies of Egypt—not only of those performed by Moses and Aaron, but also of one or two of those that were performed by the Egyptian magicians. And if the reader will assent to the idea of a *divine magic*, embracing all the essential forces and principles of the magic used by mere man and spirits,

but in an unspeakably higher degree, he will have, in the light of the foregoing, little difficulty in believing in those otherwise hard-to-be-credited miracles of the withering of the barren fig tree, the calming of the troubled waves, the feeding of the thousands with the few loaves and fishes, and the raising of the dead, related as among the works of the *God-Man*!

The distinction between *divine* and (comparatively speaking) *undivine* magic, with the relative powers of the two, are, in some degree, exhibited in the thaumaturgic contention between Moses and Aaron, on the one hand, and the magicians of Egypt on the other. When Aaron's rod was turned into a serpent, it is said that "the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: *but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.*" They also succeeded in imitating the miracle of turning the waters into blood, and of evoking from them myriads of frogs: but when Aaron "stretched out his hand with his rod, and smote the dust of the earth, and it became lice throughout all the land of Egypt," it is said that "the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice, *but they could not.*" They failed to do this, despite their earnest efforts, simply because the *fragmentary* and *partial* spiritual forms of the REALLY DIVINE ESSENCE with which they were in communication *under the conception of their idols*, did not afford them the requisite power. Hence, referring to the miracle as performed by Moses and Aaron, they honestly acknowledged to Pharaoh, "*This is the finger of God!*" They then ceased all further efforts to cope with the servants of a Divinity whose superiority to their own spiritual aids had become thus manifest; and when the plague of biles was subsequently sent, these magicians were subject to the infliction equally with the rest of the Egyptians; and they seem to have possessed no counter charm against the murrian, the locusts, the hail, the darkness, and the pestilence, fatal to all the first-born of the land, which were subsequently and successively sent.

It may here be added, that as magic, in its true and divine sense, is unspeakably potent for *good*, so its abuse or perversion may be, and has been, the source of the most diabolical evils. It

is in consequence of these abuses and their resultant evils, that stringent laws were enacted by the Romans and several other nations, against its practice—an additional proof, by the way, that there is a reality involved in it somewhere. And owing to the extreme liability of its being abused for selfish and malicious purposes, it is, indeed, a mercy that the knowledge of the *application* of its principles is not now generally diffused among mankind.

If the position of this article respecting *magical media*, or the general sympathetic essences and forces which connect the natural and spiritual worlds is true, then the investigator of the spiritual phenomena of this day will not be slow to perceive its bearings upon this *newly revived* class of old wonders. Not only will the reasonableness of these phenomena, as the productions of spirits, be apparent in this light, but the *rationale* of human media, of spiritual circles, of the influence of harmony, of singing (or "*incantation*"), and of many other known requisites of manifestations, will also be reflected. Finally, if our philosophy is admitted, it will be found to throw most important light upon man's connection with the Deity, upon the general laws and operations of Providence, upon the potent influence *known by experience* to attend that high and holy form of *incantation* known as sincere and fervent prayer, etc. But these subjects, with others to which incidental allusion has been made in the course of this article, can now only be commended to the reflection of the philosophic reader.

THE BIBLE AND THE SOUL.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

It is a singular fact that, most Christians are indebted to Jews for all the revelations they either profess to have, or desire to receive. Independently of these, they insist that we have no knowledge of the Spiritual World, or of the relations of the human and the Divine. Not only do they claim an infallible authority for the ancient Hebrew records, but they repudiate all other claims to inspiration, and will not believe that God has ever made any similar communications to the Gentile world. In their judgment, there is nothing essentially divine in Nature, and man may, therefore, violate the laws of his being and not endanger the safety of his soul, so long as there is no departure from the letter of those Jewish oracles. The Jew himself, who has furnished the Christian with all the revelation he has, and which is deemed by the latter to be the highest evidence that we are objects of the Divine regard, is left to wander in the earth. The sectarian Christian has no great affinity for the soul of the Jew, and but little compassion for his unbelief; but he has a devout and unquestioning reverence for his sacred books, and preserves with the same fidelity the most beautiful and spiritual revelations, and the darkest details of idolatry and blood which stain the Jewish history. Strange infatuation, thus to disregard the *sons* of Abraham, and to deify the *parchments*! Blind adoration, that worships the mere record of ancient Revelation and Miracle, while it virtually denies the living influence and immediate presence of God in the soul! O man! it is sensuality and frigid unbelief that stifles the spirit of inspiration, and makes thy breast, which else had been a conscious temple for angels and for God, but the sepulcher of those purer joys and higher aspirations which have perished in their birth.

¶ But we accept the Bible, not merely as a work of peculiar interest and value, we regard it as the most remarkable collection of spiritual experiences ever given to the world. With a mass of historical information of great importance, and specimens of the finest poetry, it contains much that evinces a profound insight into human nature, and numerous convincing illustrations of direct spiritual agency in the affairs of men. But the Scripture writers possessed the ordinary characteristics of other authors. They were influenced by human passions, and were liable to err in judging of the source of their impressions. Indeed, no degree of wisdom short of Omniscience can be exempt from this liability. They were, moreover, diversely constituted, and lived under a great variety of circumstances extending through a period of many centuries. The Scriptures are, for these reasons, of a mixed character; and nothing can be more absurd than to claim the same exalted and Divine inspiration for every portion of their contents. We esteem it no irreverence to question the inspired origin of certain portions of the Bible. We are almost forced to doubt either the reverence or the intelligence of those who do not. Is not that man most strangely irreverent or incorrigibly stupid, who will admit no just discrimination—who claims for the confessions of a penitent adulterer the same inspiration that gave the world the prophecy of Isaiah? No reverence in the least allied to reason will, for a moment, insist that Solomon's song of his beloved and the wonderful discourse of Jesus, known as the Sermon on the Mount, are equally inspired; nor will any man, whose nature is not sadly perverted, even pretend that the penalties of the Mosaic code and the thunders of Sinai are of equal authority, as revelations of the Divine, with the healing of the sick and the prayer of the cross.

It will be perceived, I doubt not, that every attempt to command the same degree of respect for all the Scripture writers, and an equal confidence in their reliability, can only stupefy the reason, while it must deaden the finer perceptions and more religious sensibilities of man. And this, to a fearful extent, has been the influence of the prevailing theology. Freedom of thought has been visited with the most unsparing condemnation and the right to reason boldly denied; Nature has been adjudged to

be a profane teacher; human experience, the revelations of science, and the soul's aspirations after a divine Ideal, have been distrusted and smothered, that ancient chronicles and customs might be revered, and the world follow its old ways. The *strict letter of a book* has been the final authority among men, and the institution, in its most ancient form, the embodiment of all attainable wisdom. How has the soul struggled under the pressure of this terrible necessity, to quench the fires of its own free thought; to shackle the giant reason, and to confine the energies of immortal expansion within the charmed circle of ecclesiastical indulgence. And still we are required to abuse our own souls, by being false to our deepest intuitions. All spiritual experiences, not comprehended in the Bible, are deemed curious incidents in the life of man, but devoid of any sacred significance. It is true, they make a part of the history of every people; they crowd the memory of all the living, and most beautifully illustrate our spiritual nature and relations; yet they are often regarded with the greatest indifference by those who contend for the plenary inspiration of the Jewish Scriptures.

The Universe is the great inspired volume, the complete, significant, and sublime transcription of God's thoughts. He is the infinite source of all truth, and the Spiritual and Natural Worlds are his infallible revelation. The Supreme Life and Thought flow into and animate the immeasurable realms of Being, and DEITY is incarnated in the grand and beautiful forms of his creation. Nature is the outer court of God's temple, and her several kingdoms are the inspired scriptures, wherein devout and intelligent minds learn the first lessons of his will. This revelation is written in one universal symbolic language, that remains unchanged amid all the confusion of human tongues, so that men of every age and clime may read the original.

But it is especially in the human soul that Deity dwells and is most conspicuously revealed. The primitive account represents Man alone as bearing the Divine image; and all that we know of the powers and capacities of the spirit, but deepens the conviction that the human is a finite embodiment and expression of the Divine. This God-likeness assures us of our immortal identity, and the comparative nearness of our relation to the Infinite.

Thus God is in the soul as he is not in the inferior objects of his creation, and as he can not be in any mere record of the soul's experience. An inspired speaker once said, in addressing human beings, "Ye are the *temple* of the living God." The rational nature is gifted with a larger measure of the imperishable Life and Intelligence. The illuminated symbol of the Divine presence shines most gloriously from the innermost sanctuary of our being. So near are we to the confines of the other life, that we may be *en rapport* with its inhabitants. The devout aspiration and the living thought, even the desire of the humblest penitent and the cry of the suffering, who struggle for light, liberty, and sympathy, may afford the occasions for this sublime communion. It may be said, almost without a figure, that the power of faith can cast mountains into the deep, while the humble and earnest soul, by the potent magnetism of its unceasing prayer, shall open the portals of Heaven.

It is no Divine speciality that unveils the realities of the other life. Heaven opens to man as the faculties of the soul expand, and we have more or less faith, in the vital and true sense, in proportion as we live on an inward or an outward plane. The existence, presence, and coöperative influence of spirits, at least within the sphere of human relations and activities, is only perceived by the spiritually-minded. When the powers of the mind are all engrossed with external objects and pursuits, the interior world is obscured, and we lose the consciousness of its reality. It is then that the soul is most disposed to lean on authority, and we are chiefly sensible that we require external supports. When the spirit is thus separated from the inward springs of its inspired life, it naturally seeks other aids. A pompous ceremonial worship, gorgeous temples, written creeds, and oracular decrees, are made to assume the place of intimate communion with the sources of Divine impulsions. Thus are the living expressions of the indwelling Divinity stifled in men's souls; life, and thought, and freedom are robbed of their profound significance; ancient names, and customs, and books are deified; *the words on a dead parchment* become more sacred, in the judgment of their possessor, than the *instincts of a living spirit*. In this state man is an idolater; not, indeed, in the most repulsive sense,

but still he worships "the creature more than the Creator." It is not so much the DIVINE WORD, as it is some *specific record* of a portion of that Word, which commands his reverence. Not for a *personal, living, and perpetual inspiration* does he utter his orisons in faith; but *his* prayer is for a *critical understanding of the inspired sayings of other men*. He does not aspire to present angelic companionship, and to association with the spirits of just men, but he is wont to search diligently after sacred relics and antique lore. Men repose on externals; they look for security from political and social evils in the outward conditions of their individual life. Temporal alliances are resorted to as the surest means of personal safety. Thus millions place their confidence in wealth and fame, the pomp of physical power, and the splendor of worldly circumstance. Such is the life of men in the flesh while yet their spirits wait to be quickened.

It is only when the mind retires from the dark sphere of its corporeal relations, toward the plane of the inward life, that we become really conscious of the existence of the invisible world, and are enabled to realize the presence of its inhabitants. Whatever serves to separate the spirit from the objects of its earthly ambition, may, under suitable circumstances, contribute to quicken its slumbering energies. To those who are interiorly awakened, the Spirit-world becomes real—the only Reality—and their estimate of the value of ancient records, and of all outward things, is at once greatly diminished. They require no man to certify. He in whom the internal powers of perception are opened, has "the witness in himself." Things, visible and invisible to the outward organ, are discerned by this more perfect sense, and the illuminated understanding apprehends, it may be for the first time, the import of a beautiful and significant Scripture: "IF THINE EYE BE SINGLE, THY WHOLE BEING SHALL be full of light."

Many have been inclined to treat the Bible as the great essential *fact* in this world, while the soul has seemingly been regarded as a mere *fixture*, which, at all hazards, must be made to fit "*the letter*" of the book. To this end ecclesiastical tribunals have labored to confine, contract, or otherwise distort human nature, that its immortal powers of life and thought might assume the

precise form and exact dimensions of the prevailing theological idea. There have been noble, free, and inspired men in all ages; men conscious of the Divinity within themselves, who have felt that the soul is God's temple, on whose mystical altars angels kindle divine fires that burn forever. Such men worship "neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem;" not merely in the cathedral service, but everywhere, and at all times. The man who dwells with the divine and lives "in the spirit," finds a suitable place of worship wherever he may be. He has no necessity to make a pilgrimage to some sacred mount or distant fane, to express his adoration. He is constantly filled with a lofty sense of the Divine presence, and though lost in a desert or tossed on the deep, is continually in the great Spiritual Temple, offering praise—praise in his divine thoughts and inspired words, and more than all, in the spiritual beauty of his devout confidence and humble life.

Finally, this is the sum of our thought: THE LIVING, CONSCIOUS SPIRIT IS THE GREAT FACT OF BEING, while all oral and written teachings, all books and institutions, of every name, age, and country, are, at most, but lights to its path, and aids to the development of its Godlike powers. God speaks now. In the existing life of all things; in the mysterious ways of his universal Providence; in the ministrations of spirits; in the aspirations of lowly men, as well as in the great thought that moves millions and shakes the world, His word is revealed.



John E. Channing

Engraved by H. Kimbrell & J. Cheney from a portrait by S. Gambardella painted in 1839.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE character of the late Dr. Channing is one of the noblest products of Spiritual Culture in its present imperfect state of development. We are not yet advanced to that degree of harmony with the vital laws of the Universe, when man will reach the luxuriant beauty and excellence of his nature by spontaneous growth. The time foretold in Oriental prophecy has not yet come, when the life of the "elect of God" will be like the life of a tree, unfolding its inborn grace and strength from a spiritual necessity, under the sweet influences which the Creator has placed in the overarching firmament, the genial earth, and the all-embracing atmosphere. Until the dawn of that day of millennial glory, distinguished excellence must be the fruit of strenuous effort. A state of watchful self-consciousness must be preserved, which, though far from being the normal condition of the soul, is essential to overcome the evils of a "perverse and crooked generation." A habit of rigid self-introspection, a minute and painful attention to ethical details, a guarding of the innocence of the soul, like that with which the invalid protects the body from physical exposure, are the necessary elements of progress, until the era of the new covenant, when the law of the Lord shall be written upon the heart, and spiritual restraints shall disappear amid the "glorious liberty of the sons of God." Dr. Channing was an admirable example of the most beautiful development of humanity under the old dispensation. His life-long he was under the law, and not under grace. But his spiritual attainments were so rare and precious, his communion with the great Source of Being so tender and profound, his love of his kind so sincere and energetic, and the purity and disinterestedness of his life so remarkable, that we can not contemplate his character without receiving a quickening impulse. We are

thus brought into an atmosphere, which, though compared with that of the celestial mount of transfiguration, it is earthly and gross, often impels us to say, "It is good to be here."

Nor was Dr. Channing destitute of those ideal glimpses of a higher life, which indicate the fine and delicate organization that is ever connected with prophetic insight. He was eminently a man of intuitions. He loved to send his rapt vision far into the depths of futurity. He was perpetually haunted with glorious revelations of the sublime nature and destiny of man, and with enthusiastic dreams of a perfect society. The material element was mingled with his composition in the slightest proportions. He rejected with strong aversion all mechanical views of the universe. A deep consciousness of spiritual realities pervaded his being. His heart was inspired by a living sense of the presence of God. He trusted, with child-like faith, to the mysterious intimations of the Deity within the soul. Hence he may justly be classed with those gifted spirits who enjoy a peculiar light from heaven, and who are sent into the world as seers and mediators between their less highly endowed brethren, and the common Father of humanity.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING was born in Newport, R. I., April 7th, 1780. He was accustomed to bless God for the place of his nativity. Its beautiful scenery, which now attracts strangers to the island, exerted the most genial influence on his opening mind. His first liberty was used in roaming over the neighboring fields and shores. Amid this glorious nature, the love of freedom was kindled into a passion, and became the master impulse of his future years. The noble beach of Newport was his favorite place of resort, from early boyhood. Dear was it to him in sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. The sight of its beauty, the music of its roar, touched the soul of the yearning boy, and carried on a great work within its secret recesses. There he lifted up his voice in praise amid the tempest. There, softened by beauty, he poured out his thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverent sympathy with the mighty power around him, he became conscious of power within. There, the eloquence of the winds and waves caused his struggling thoughts and emotions to break forth in vocal utterance.

There, he first tasted of a happiness surpassing all the gifts of fortune—the happiness of worshipping God.

The blooming beauty of his childhood awakened the admiration of all who saw him. “I remember him,” says an aged relative, “as a boy three or four years old, with brilliant eyes, glowing cheeks, and light-brown hair, falling in curls upon his shoulders, dressed in a green velvet jacket, with ruffled collar, and white underclothes, standing by his mother’s side on the seat of the pew, and looking round on the congregation. I thought him the most splendid child I ever saw.”

His spiritual affections soon began to unfold themselves. He showed, from the first, a bent toward the pursuit that occupied his mature years, and early earned the title of “Little Minister.” When yet very small, he was wont to arrange a room with seats and desk, and to summon the family with blows upon a warming-pan, by way of a bell, to a religious meeting, when he preached with much seriousness and energy. At other times he would assemble his playmates for a similar purpose, upon the steps of a door. While his spiritual life was thus taking root and putting forth its first branches, his mind was also directed to doctrinal speculations. His grandfather was addicted to the study of ecclesiastical history and dogmatic theology, and was fond of conversing freely on disputed points of faith. Alluding to this circumstance, he says of himself, “When but a mere child, I was quite a theologian; though I hated to hear my elders chop logic, according to the fashion of that controversial time.” On one occasion, his father, for the sake of giving him a ride, took him in his chaise, as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighborhood. The young listener drank in every word of the sermon, as tidings from the unseen world. With glowing rhetoric, the lost state of man was described, and his exposure to eternal woe, unless delivered by sovereign grace. A curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. It was the first time that William had heard such a fearful exposition of the terrors of religion. In his childish simplicity, he supposed that men would abandon every thing for the pursuit of salvation; and that henceforth amusement and worldly business could no longer occupy a mo-

ment. On leaving the church, his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said, with a decisive tone, "Sound doctrine, sir." The words fell like a heavy weight on the heart of the tender-spirited boy. He wished to speak to his father on the awful subject. But, absorbed in solemn thought, he could not raise his voice. Presently, as they rode along, his father began to whistle. On reaching home, instead of calling the family together, and announcing the appalling message of the preacher, his father quietly took off his boots, and seating himself comfortably before the fire, began to read a newspaper. William was in amazement at the unexpected apathy; but habitually reserved, he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the question arose, "Could what he had heard be true?" "No," was the prompt reply of the interior voice, to which he had, even at that early age, learned to listen. "No! it was *not* true. His father did not believe it; people did not believe; it was a fiction of the preacher." He felt that he had been trifled with; and from that moment, gained a profound conviction that solemn words did not always tell the truth.

In disposition, he was usually grave and reflective. He was always remarkable for purity of conduct and dignity of manners, even when a child. He delighted in lonely rambles on the beach. With no other companion than his kite, which he was very fond of flying, he loved to wander into some beautiful scene, indulging his taste for reveries in the presence of solitary nature. A soft vein of melancholy ran through his early years. He prematurely felt the contrast between his ideal contemplations and the facts around him—between his dream of Eden and his experience of the desert.

Among his playmates, he was noted for a certain greatness of character. They called him "Peacemaker," and "Little King Pepin." In person, he was small and delicate, yet with uncommon muscular activity, with erect gait, and rapid motions. His countenance, though sedate, was cheerful, and often mantled with a sweet smile, which he never lost through life. With his young companions he was full of spirits, joining heartily in their amusements, but never indulging in boisterous mirth. He was much beloved by the children of the school and neighborhood,

though he was in the habit of reproving them for bad language and other juvenile faults. There was nothing tame in his composition. In the boyish fights which sometimes took place, he was ready to take his share, when the cause was a just one; though he was habitually a lover of peace. He was fond of daring sports, was a skillful wrestler, excelled in pitching quoits, and delighted in climbing to the mast-head of vessels at the wharf.

In 1794, being then in his fifteenth year, young Channing entered the Freshman Class of Harvard College. Here he at once took a distinguished rank as a scholar. In the classical studies of that day, he was among the first—but more accomplished in Latin than in Greek. For mathematics and metaphysics he had comparatively little relish, though he did not neglect the prescribed tasks in those departments. His principal love was for English literature, and especially history. The institutions and progress of society early commanded his profound attention. His classmates, who still survive, remember the kindling zeal with which he was wont to expatiate on the advancement of the race, his youthful enthusiasm combining the gentle graces and the rapt devotion of a Fenelon. The power of written composition, which formed the basis of his fame in after life, was unfolded in an eminent degree. He had already caught the singular felicities of style for which he was almost without a rival during his public career.

The expansion of his moral nature kept pace with the development of his intellect. As his mind and character matured, the more earnestly did he devote himself to aspirations after spiritual progress. The stern purity of the Stoics, whom he read with delight, called forth his deepest sympathy. His favorite authors were those which asserted the capacity of man for disinterested affection. In reading a passage one day, which set forth the duty of self-devotion to absolute, universal good, a flood of inspiration seemed to come over his mind. He was suddenly filled with that vision of the dignity of human nature, which was thenceforth to be the "fountain light of all his day, the master light of all his seeing." He was, at this time, walking as he read, beneath a clump of willows, in a pleasant meadow. The place was his favorite retreat for study, being perfectly retired,

and offering a serene and cheerful prospect across green meadows, and the glistening river to the neighboring hills. He never forgot this hour. It was always sacred in his memory, and he frequently referred to it with grateful awe. He regarded it as the moment of a new spiritual birth, as his entrance upon the day of eternal peace and joy. His whole soul was penetrated with the Divine disinterestedness, the privilege of existing in a universe of progressive order and beauty, the possibilities of spiritual destiny, and the sublimity of devotedness to the will of Infinite Love. He was so borne away in rapturous visions, that he longed to die, and felt as if heaven alone could give room for the exercise of such emotions. But accepting his earthly life as an infinite trust, he sought to do something worthy of the great thoughts which brooded over his soul. This holy hour, however, was but the first wind-flower of the spring—the blossoming of a long series of spiritual experiences, by which he was led up to perfect consecration.

After receiving his degree at Harvard, in 1798, Mr. Channing accepted an invitation to reside in the family of Mr. David Meade Randolph, of Richmond, Virginia, as tutor to his children. He here came in contact with many of the most eminent citizens of the State. He visited freely in the city, availed himself of the proffered hospitalities of the neighboring gentry, and frequently passed periods of leisure at plantations, besides making long excursions with the Randolphs in the summer season. He deeply felt the charm of the cordial and elegant courtesy that everywhere greeted him; though his pleasing social relations did not blind him to the evils of slavery, which institution he saw in its most lenient form. His interest in public affairs, and his observation of men were enlarged, while his powers of eloquence received a stimulant, from attending the debates in the Virginia Legislature, which held its sessions in the capitol at Richmond. But while occupied in political speculations and in historical and literary pursuits, the spiritual tendencies of his nature did not remain dormant. The poetic temperament which had led him to the beach at Newport, and to the willow walk in Cambridge—thrilling his soul with the sense of beauty, and with a thirst for celestial goodness—worked strongly in him

now. On the romantic banks of the James River, he passed hours and days of delightful wandering, lost in soft dreams and rapturous visions.

His enthusiasm, however, was chiefly manifested in the lofty hopes which it inspired for a state of ideal perfection in individuals and in humanity. The form which his spiritual aspirations then assumed, was one which must always cheer the truly noble and heroic, and which then presented itself in glowing hues to many minds in France, Germany, and England—the vision of a divinely-ordered human society. Reflecting on the possible condition of mankind, in the progress of improvement, he came to the conclusion that a community of property was essential to the happiness of the race. He cherished the sublime faith, that the sentiment of benevolence, sympathy, humanity, was so strongly impressed on the heart by the hand of the Creator, that it might become a universal principle of action. In his zeal for the realization of these ideas, he met with strenuous opposition on the part of his friends. They little knew the depth of that living well of humanity which was first opened in his mind in college, and which was henceforth to pour abroad an exhaustless river. Their advice did not make him an instant untrue to the inborn law of his own character. Compelled to lay aside any special projects, which he had contemplated, his devotion to humanity was only perfected by the sacrifice.

Returning to Newport in July, 1800, he passed a year and a half with his family, devoted to the pursuit of theological studies. In December, 1801, he was elected to the office of Regent, in Harvard University, and in the early part of the following year, again took up his residence in Cambridge. He seems, at this period of his development, to have relied less on books than on his own interior suggestions. His whole energy of will and thought was concentrated on the sublime subjects toward which he had a native attraction. They inspired him with their grandeur, filled him with fresh ideas for good, and at length brought him to the mount of vision, and communion with God and the Spiritual world. A distinct intuition of these sacred realities, a profound consciousness of the mysterious and awful, yet sweet and loving ministries, which envelop and pervade

man's existence on earth, was the great result of the inward training, which was to prepare him for a noble religious teacher of his age.

Mr. Channing began to preach in the autumn of 1802, being then in his twenty-third year. His discourses at once attracted attention for their fervor, solemnity, and beauty. The power of his look and tone, which revealed a soul overflowing with spiritual life, won the hearts of his hearers, and gave the authority of experience to his appeals. In February, 1803, he accepted the invitation of the Religious Society in Federal Street, Boston, to become their pastor. His influence gave a new spring to the Society, which, at the time of his settlement, was small and feeble. The first ten years of his ministerial life passed away without any events of striking significance, though rich in spiritual results. His inward life was unfolded in useful activities, while the errors of tradition were gradually fading from his mind. The living temple was built up in the profoundest depths of his being, from the holy of holies, where Divine Love shone on the tabernacle of conscience, to the outer courts where worldly interests were made to bow before the presence of the All Good. His earliest preaching was pathetic, perhaps even sad in tone. But it now began to assume a more cheerful expression. His spirit expanded in the beauty and blessedness of Divine communion which streamed in upon him as he watched for the dawn, like the morning-glow through eastern windows.

With youthful eagerness, as he advanced in life, he greeted the advent of every newly-discovered truth. He was not a "watcher by the tomb, but a man of the resurrection." He lived in the mountain air of hope. The quickened intellect of Christendom, as it pressed onward across the wide field which the science, philosophy, poetry, and revolutionary tendencies of the age had opened, breathed its freshness into his ardent nature. With intense delight, he made acquaintance with the master minds of Germany, through the medium first of Madame de Staël, and afterward of Coleridge. He recognized them as leaders. In Kant's doctrine of the Reason, as the source of absolute duty, he found confirmation of the views which, in early years, had kindled his reverence for the essential powers of man. To Schelling's intima-

tions of the Divine Life, as everywhere manifested through nature and humanity, his heart, devoutly conscious of the universal agency of God, gladly responded. But it was the heroic Stoicism of Fichte, which especially charmed him by its lofty assertion of the grandeur of the human will. Without adopting the systems of either of these philosophers, he was largely indebted to them for encouragement in the paths of speculation, into which he had been led by his own reflections. His mental condition, at this period, displayed an increasing spirituality, and was marked by his high ideal of human nature, his noble enthusiasm, and his glowing hope. In thought, act, and speech, he carried the spirit of the poet into the exercises of his profession.

Of all English writers, he was drawn into the closest sympathies with Wordsworth. Receiving a copy of the "Excursion," soon after its first appearance, he welcomed it almost as a new revelation. He kept it constantly by him, and as he once told a friend, "never read any thing but Shakspeare more." In his opinion, it was the most consummate production of the age, but it was the spirit of the man, rather than the skill of the author, that won his deepest interest. The tender and appreciative love of man, the genuine simplicity and earnest aspiration, the reverent sense of beauty and mystical adoration of the universe as the shadow of the Infinite, which stamp the genius of Wordsworth, called forth an answering emotion in the heart of his admirer, evincing the radical harmony which existed between their characters.

From an early age, Mr. Channing was accustomed to take a deep interest in the stirring scenes of politics. The French Revolution made an indelible impression on his juvenile imagination. He regarded its excesses with abhorrence. But the lesson which he drew from its terrors, was the need of peaceful reform. His gaze was bent upon the future, not the past. He saw the true conditions of social security and elevation, in the guarantee to all classes of opportunities for culture, refinement, wealth, and equal intercourse, and in the spirit of brotherhood embodied in humane and congenial institutions. Politics were to him the body of religion. It was his most fervent wish to see such changes in human governments, as would mold them into liv-

ing types of the Divine order. He labored to diffuse the spirit of love, by which liberty and law would become one, and societies on earth be made to image forth the harmony and joy of the society in a higher sphere. Few men have ever cherished a nobler sentiment of patriotism. With his whole soul, he was devoted to the highest interests of his country, longing that it should realize the ideal of a Christian commonwealth, which heralded our forefathers to this virgin land. He believed that the time was at hand for Christian philanthropy to act a new part on the theater of human affairs, uniting men of every country in the same great work of rolling away abuses, vindicating private rights, establishing public peace, and exalting the condition of the ignorant and down-trodden. The lesson of this age, in his view, was that of sympathy with the suffering, and of devotion to the progress of the whole human race. He was earnest that the United States should be faithful to their high privilege of manifesting among the nations a nobler form of liberty, justice, and peace; but longing for the elevation of humanity at large, he watched with sympathy and joy every struggle for the elevation of the people in all lands. Heart and hand he held himself pledged as a brother to the holy cause of Liberalism, spread throughout civilized nations. His earnest prayer was for the establishment of universal freedom, in place of the selfishness and corruptions of centuries.

In theology, although connected with the Unitarian denomination, which he valued for its assertion of religious freedom, and the right of private judgment, he was no sectarian. To him religion was a life, not a creed, or a form. The true church, in his mind, was the church universal of the lovers of God and lovers of man. He regarded Christendom as a living body, animated by a spirit from on high, and destined to become a true catholic unity, by means of love embodied in holy characters, and human deeds. Never did he cease to watch for some new influx of the light and life which were to renovate the nations. But he could not give any sympathy to sectarian claims. He felt that he belonged not to a sect, but to the community of free minds, of lovers of truth, of followers of Christ, both on earth and in heaven. He desired to escape the narrow walk of a par-

ticular church, and to live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, and following truth, wherever she might lead.

Man, he considered as actually the child of God, in proportion to the fullness and constancy of his communion with the Father of Spirits. The process of a progressive life, he believed to be a perpetual regeneration. Hence, his leading aim was the spiritualization of man, through the practical embodiment of Divine charity, in every relation of domestic, individual, commercial, and industrial life. Assured that the law of love could be applied to the most comprehensive and most minute concerns of human intercourse, he anticipated the coming of an era of Universal Brotherhood, when freedom and order would be perfectly harmonized, and when mankind would be united in one coöperative family of the children of God.

The exercise of his ministry was utterly free from all assumption of spiritual dictatorship. He had no taste for being set up as a saint or an oracle, and coveted no influence but that which arose from perfect naturalness. He thought it was time to do away with the superstitious homage that was paid to the clergy. Even the title of "Reverend" was most disagreeable to his feelings. His only reason for wishing the ministry to be retained as a distinct function in society, was the fear that, under the present debasing social relations, it was impossible for all to preserve their mental freedom without the aid of the most gifted spirits. But he wished to see the artificial eminence broken down, which had isolated the clergy from the mass of the people. He would have every minister stand or fall, according to his manhood. In his reverence for the function of the prophet—the real communicator of spiritual light—he lost sight of conventional distinctions. Feeling that the age was inspired with a new effusion of Divine love, he looked for a ministry of such purity and fervor, as to be the medium through which this fresh life might find a voice of authority, and make itself felt with a miraculous, new-creating touch. To this work he consecrated himself, wishing to become a mediator of a heavenly influence, of a reunion between man and man, and man and God. He longed so to live, that the Spirit might shine out through him, and

quicken all around him. He felt that he was not alone, but cherished a deep conviction of union with God and all good spirits.

Dr. Channing, in the latter years of his life, took a conspicuous and active part in the great social reforms which characterize the age. His native refinement of feeling, however, the delicacy of his tastes, and his respect for individual freedom, guarded him from the boisterous zeal of the rude destructive. He held in just abhorrence the spirit of coarse denunciation, which often mingles with the better purposes of the professed reformer. And nothing excited his sterner indignation than the subtle selfishness, which is often concealed beneath the mask of philanthropy. He believed that men would become more efficient reformers by giving a wide range to thought, imagination, taste, and the gentler affections. He would have them cheerful in their war with evil, as gloom is apt to turn into sullenness, ill-humor, and bitterness. The existence of so many generous, hopeful, sympathizing spirits, was to him one of the brightest features of the times. He strongly felt the need of great social changes, of a spiritual revolution in Christendom, of a new bond between man and man, and a new sense of his relation to the Creator. He believed that in the power and principles of human nature, there was the promise of something holier and happier than now exists. He looked forward with an unfaltering trust to the speedy advent of a radical reform, which would transform the past relations of capital and labor, and the prevalent usages of caste and privilege.

With these views, he labored energetically in support of the anti-slavery movement, although he was never willing to be identified with the Abolitionists of Boston. It was his hope that this movement—embodying, as he believed, the essential principles of justice and human rights—would widen and grow up into a church of practical Christianity, which would exert a regenerating influence on the whole nation. He opposed slavery on principles which would inspire resistance to all the wrongs, and reverence for all the rights of humanity.

The devotion of Dr. Channing to absorbing public interests, and to vital questions of religion and society, did not chill the warmth of his private affections, nor unfit him for the tenderest

offices of friendship. He presented a rare and beautiful union of general philanthropy and personal attachments. Retaining the friendships of his youth and early manhood, he attracted, in later years, the generous and gifted spirits, whose sympathies were won by his prophetic wisdom and contagious enthusiasm for ideal beauty. His native diffidence and reserve were so happily blended with sweetness of disposition and elevation of sentiment, that the circle to whom he was closely bound in mutual trust and honor, was constantly enlarged. Many, who were at first repelled by his apparent want of cordiality, became his most devoted friends, as a more intimate acquaintance revealed to them the noble and exalted traits of his character.

Especially with women of high and enlarged natures, whose minds were trained by study and experience, did he cherish a pure and joyful sympathy. In conversing with them, he could freely unvail his native enthusiasm, his passion for beauty in nature and art, and his romantic longings for a true society, in which the elevated virtues of humanity would realize the promises of inspiration. The feminine element, so strong in all men of genius, was dominant in his social nature. This attracted him to woman, whom he honored in his inmost heart. "You women," said he, to one of his sisters, "are in all respects our superiors. Certainly the world would be a dull place without you. Woman brought her love and her smiles from Paradise, and these are worth more than the thornless roses and vernal air she left." His profound reverence for woman gave that charm of sympathy to his manner which won the friendship of many, in whose society he passed some of the brightest hours of his life. The romantic devotion, the faithfulness and grace of his affection in the nearest relation, made his household life verdant with beauty.

The last summer of Dr. Channing's life was past in Lenox, Massachusetts, among the warm-hearted and cultivated friends, whose graceful hospitality crowns with moral loveliness the picturesque scenery of Berkshire. For many years he had been a stranger to good health. His life had been a perpetual struggle with the encroachments of disease. But his physical infirmities were not permitted to impair the freshness and elasticity of his ever active spirit. Enjoying inward and outward peace, each

year had added to his moral expansion. He seemed to grow younger with the lapse of time. His interests grew fresher and more varied, his sympathies more quick and pliant. By increasing purity and love, he became ever more at home in the universe. To a great degree, he had attained the state described by himself, as "the conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, a surrender of every separate will and interest, a participation of the spirit and life of the universe, an entire concord of purpose with the Infinite Original." He had become wise with the science of Divine order in its progressive developments. Through the still hours of meditative years, in untiring contemplation, he had passed in review men and measures in both hemispheres; and from the consciousness of his own failures and triumphs had learned patience and hope for his race.

His state of mind, during his summer retreat at Lenox, was peculiarly genial and tender. He won all hearts by the charm of his conversation and manners. The man was never lost in the saint, nor the friend in the seer and prophet. They who had regarded him as a solitary being, devoted only to study and contemplation, were surprised to learn the warmth of his affections and the extent of his sympathies. His conversation was, in the highest degree, suggestive and inspiring. There was something in the expression of his eye and the tone of his voice, which gave one the impression of a man who lived altogether above the world. Yet he was so full of kindly feeling, that this elevation did not separate him from his associates and friends; but served rather to lift them up into a more serene and holy atmosphere than that of ordinary life. The approach of old age—for he was now in his sixty-third year—brought no cloud or chill over the brightness of his nature. Something was one day said as to which period of life is the happiest. He remarked, with a smile, that he thought it was about sixty. Life still presented to him her most cheering aspects. He found the cup sweeter as he approached its dregs, and looked round on the fair and glorious creation with a more radiant love and serener hopes for society, at the very time that he felt the deepest sense of its evils. With a new conviction, that love is better than thought, or, rather

that thought is worth little when not steeped in love, the last few months of his earthly life calmly glided away amid scenes of exquisite beauty, and the tender sympathy of devoted friends. His sun grew brighter to its setting. The chains which the spirit wears were broken, and it went forth to blend with and to enjoy the universe.

Early in September (1842), Dr. Channing left Lenox, with the intention of returning to Boston, through the romantic passes of the Green Mountains. On arriving at Bennington, he experienced a slight attack of fever. The symptoms did not yield to treatment, and soon became alarming. His brother, an eminent physician in Boston, was at once summoned. His family and several near relatives gathered around him, and every effort was made to arrest the progress of the disease. But in vain. He slowly sank through twenty-six days, though not without occasional changes, which flattered hope. The most soothing influences were applied to prevent excitement. The friends who watched by his bedside abstained from continued conversations. Still his mind was filled with crowds of images, visions of immensity, and rushing thoughts. It seemed to be very active, even in sleep. Words escaped from his lips, though they were seldom distinct. Whenever their meaning was caught, he appeared to be engaged in acts of prayer. "Heavenly Father," was the most frequent intelligible expression. Once, on awakening, he said, "I have had a singularly vivid dream of being engaged in prayer for —, by which he seemed to be very deeply affected." After a short slumber, at the close of a restless night, his first words were, "I have had a most genial nap, and I do not know that my heart was ever so overflowed by a grateful sense of the goodness of God." On the last day of his life, Sunday, October 2, as the morning bells rang for church, he asked his friends to read to him from the New Testament. "From what part?" "From the Sermon on the Mount." As they closed the Lord's Prayer, he looked up with a most expressive smile, and said, "That will do now; I find that I am too much fatigued to hear more. I take comfort, O the greatest comfort, from these words. They are full of the divinest spirit of our religion." In the afternoon he spoke very earnestly, but in a hol-

low whisper. His friends bent forward, but they could only distinctly hear the words, "I have received many messages from the Spirit." As the day declined, his countenance fell, and he grew fainter and fainter.

"With our aid," says a friend who stood by his bedside, "he turned himself toward the window, which looked over valleys and wooded summits to the east. He drew back the curtains, and the light fell on his face. The sun had just set, and the clouds and sky were bright with gold and crimson. He breathed more and more gently, and without a struggle or a sigh the body fell asleep. We knew not when the Spirit passed. Amid the glory of autumn, at an hour hallowed by his devout associations, on the day consecrated to the memory of the living Christ, and looking eastward, as if in the setting sun's reflected light he saw promises of a brighter morning, he was taken home."

The body was immediately conveyed by the family to Boston, and the funeral services were observed on Friday, October 7, at the Federal-street Church. After the discourse by the surviving pastor of the society, the vast assembly, by a spontaneous impulse, passed slowly up the middle aisle, to gaze for the last time upon the countenance now actually turned upward to the pulpit, from which its light of love had for so many years shone down. "Across the waxen brow, the dark-brown locks lay softly as in life; and he looked like one so entranced in a dream of glory, that the hand was slow to close the coffin-lid above a fleshly temple whose portal the Spirit still seemed to brighten with its train." At twilight the hands of relatives deposited the coffin among the shades of Mount Auburn, and covered with earth the remains of CHANNING.

When flowers which prelude winter were in bloom,
And gorgeous clouds were heralding the sun
To his deep rest beyond the purple hills;
When stillness like the grave was in the air,
And the last bird had found her welcome nest;
When, summer's wide and blessed mission done,
Nature herself seemed asking for repose;
'Twas then and there they left the friend so loved,
And sought with heavy heart their distant home.

NOTE.—In preparing the above sketch, free use has been made of the admirable "Memoir of Channing," by his nephew, Rev. William Henry Channing.

THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY HOSTS.

A VISION.

J. W. HURLBUT, MEDIUM.

I WAS alone, and before me was spread a vast plain with a beautiful, level surface, bounded on all sides with majestic mountains which towered high in the distance, as if to shut out all intercourse with the children of the earth. In the centre of the plain was a lake, partly surrounded by trees of a thick, heavy foliage; the trees were so distributed as to show the entire form of the lake, which, for its serene beauty, surpassed all I had before witnessed. There were also many groups of trees in various parts of the plain, and their symmetry was so perfect, that even those in the far distance added beauty to the scene. From the lake issued a stream, which came dashing and sparkling to where I reclined on its bank. I admired the scene, and marked the serpentine course of the stream by the beautiful flowers which lined its margin.

All was silent and beautiful; so silent and so beautiful that silence and beauty blended in harmony, while the vale and every graceful object seemed to bow in silent adoration to the glory of the Creator.

I was musing on the stream of life, when the Spirit of the Valley, robed in glittering light, rose from the water and advanced to where I was reclining. She spake without motion, and I heard without sound.

“Mortal, thou hast thought much of life and death; what is life, and what is death? All you know of life is the spirit in prison; the spirit, an existence created with powers to progress forever in knowledge, love, and light, toward the glorious perfection of Infinity. This armor of clay may serve to clog and delay the spirit’s advancement, covering it with a veil of darkness and chaining it to the earth: this is life—mortal life. But

what is death? Death is the dark side of Heaven's beautiful gate; beautiful, indeed, to those who enter with a passport sealed with love! Look, Mortal! drop the vail of flesh from thine eyes, and behold the beauty of silence and the harmony of angelic love."

My spiritual being sprang from its prison of clay, and on the green-sward was laid my mortality. With what rapture did I welcome the scene before me! I was all eyes; I could see with my whole spiritual body. Before me was a plain as vast as mind could grasp; through the midst of it ran the river of Life, which issued from the fountain of love beneath the throne of God. High and lofty was the throne, and resplendent with a divine light—a light which is above the brightness of the sun, "and which no man can approach unto." The plane was clothed with glory as with a garment. There was a "multitude which no man could number." They were the inhabitants of heaven and the children of the earth, from every nation, people, kindred, and tongue. I looked, and behold this great multitude reached from the light of holiness in the center of the plain, to the thick darkness of ignorance and vice in the distance. Around the throne, and far away, far as the light of love could reach, silence reigned supreme.

The multitude under the immediate influence of love, saw with unclouded vision, and were filled with love and devotion. The radiance from their adoring faces shone over the vale and was reflected from every object. My ethereal guide beckoned me away, and I accompanied her over this vast plain, peopled with spirits of every grade. We went even to the regions of darkness and discord. As we were passing farther and farther from the center of light, and when at a great distance, I became sensible of a mysterious sound. It came on me so almost noiselessly at first, and increased so gradually that, ere I was aware of its presence, my whole being was filled with a soft, vibrating, and melodious sound. As we proceeded on our flight, the sound gradually increased from the deepest silence to the deafening roar of the remote and discordant elements. Through all our rapid flight, from the pure light to the thick darkness, we saw Spirit-life in all degrees.

Immediately before the throne were the spirits of God, sur-

rounded with the seraphim. Next stood millions and millions of Angels, heralds of his mercy, who were continually carrying messages of love to the spirits of the just, which everywhere surrounded the angelic throng. In the assembled host were beings in all degrees of purity, from the spirit made perfect down in the distance less and less pure, to where knowledge mingles with error, light with darkness, and virtue with vice. I saw that spirits from the angelic throng were continually leaving the throne, bearing messages of mercy to the spirits from the earth, and on their return it seemed as if they had imparted a portion of their light, for when near the throne they plunged in the illuminated sea, and in a moment they were again resplendent, and prepared to execute commissions of mercy, and to impart knowledge, and love, and light.

In the dark sphere of degradation were spirits fitted for destruction; every particle of light and love seemed to have departed from them. They were averse to light; every bright object that approached them was shunned with suspicion, for they had the idea, that all the spirits above were far beneath them in point of happiness.

I stood again with my guide on the flowery bank of the pure stream; before me was the same placid lake, stately trees, and majestic mountains in all their beauty. All was silent as before. Again my guide addressed me, but no sound accompanied the utterance.

“Mortal! your vision is the vision of earthly life; the degrees of purity you have witnessed in the spirits from earth, indicates the progression of mortals from selfishness to love. The purest spirit on earth, when it leaves its mortal coil, has much to learn, more to unlearn, and far, O how far, to progress in that charity which ‘thinketh no evil,’ and is ‘pure and peaceable,’ before it can breathe the atmosphere of Heaven in harmony with Angels.

“The messengers of love are ‘ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs to salvation;’ they everywhere surround you, and are your constant guides. Mortal! joy is before you, but the degree of your happiness will be in proportion to your earthly progress from the depraved selfishness of the human heart, ‘toward the Divine Perfection.’”

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

THEY tell of happy bowers,
Where rainbow-tinted flowers
Bloom bright with golden luster, and never, never die;
Where friends are join'd forever,
Where parting hours come never,
And how that happier land is far beyond the sky.

That when this life is ended,
The spirit thence ascended
Shall meet in happy unison the spirits gone before;
And all that here hath vex'd us,
With seeming ill perplex'd us,
We shall see was for the best, and the God of all adore.

Then, brother, hope and cheer thee,
For glorious hours are near thee
If thou but liv'st holy, and hope, and trust, and wait,
Soon, trials all departed,
Thou, heavenward, homeward started,
Shall find a glorious entrance at Heaven's golden gate.

FAMILIAR SPIRITS.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

IN the law of Moses, we find the following passages : “ Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled with them.”—Lev. xix. 31. “ And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.”—Lev. xx. 6. “ A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death.”—Lev. xx. 27. “ When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.”—Deut. xviii. 9–11.

In accordance with the spirit of these injunctions, it is recorded that Saul, the first king of the Israelites, “ put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land.”—1 Sam. xxviii. 3. Saul himself, however, was subsequently tempted to consult one of these proscribed personages, and, according to the account, obtained an interview with the veritable Spirit of the Prophet Samuel. Of King Manasseh, who reigned in Jerusalem about four hundred years after this, it is recorded, among other of his heathenish practices, that he “ used enchantments, and dealt with familiar spirits and wizards,” and thus “ wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord” (2 Kings xxi. 6); but it is said that Josiah, the second king after Manasseh, on discovering the previously lost book of the law, proceeded to reform several existing customs which fell under its prohibition, and among other things

that he put away, "the workers with familiar spirits, and the wizards."—2 Kings xxiii. 24.

These Biblical records clearly prove that intercourse with invisible intelligences existed among the heathen, as well as Jews, of the ancient times. They render it extremely probable that, according to the same spiritual laws, and under similar conditions, a similar intercourse between men and Spirits may exist even at the present day; and they thus remove every *à priori* objection to the spiritual claims of the thousands of phenomena of our own times, which can not be accounted for on any hypothesis of material science. The passages referred to, however, are frequently cited as equally prohibiting all intercourse with ultramundane intelligences in *our own* day; and in view of those practical questions which they seem to call up in connection with the spiritual phenomena now current, the inquiries become important, What were the "familiar spirits" of those ancient times? Why were men prohibited in the Jewish law from holding intercourse with them? and what bearing have these prohibitions upon the permissibility of intercourse with Spirits in these times? Having been requested to unfold, through the present channel, my views upon this general theme, the following considerations are respectfully submitted.

As the various families, tribes, and nations which sprang up and spread over the earth after the general deluge, were in the lowest state of mental development, their theological conceptions were also correspondingly low. Each individual would form such an idea of an overruling divinity as corresponded with the interior range of his intellect, and with the nature of those exterior phenomena which he was intuitively inclined to refer to divine interposition. Viewing things in an isolated way, and the phenomena of interior and exterior being often appearing to sustain antagonistic relations, they were inclined to the conception of a *plurality* of divinities as presiding over different departments, and to these divinities they attributed different degrees of dignity and power. Individuals, families, tribes, and nations were thus supposed to have their respective tutelar gods; and these, frequently differing very materially in their natures, were supposed often to sustain those same hostile relations toward each

other which existed between their human *protégés*. A large proportion of these divinities were conceived to be nothing more than the Spirits of deceased men;* and it was to the most insignificant of these—to such as were attached to the interests of individuals or families, and held open converse with them—that the Old Testament writers appropriated the name of “*familiar spirits*.”

These petty divinities gave their oracles and mandates either through such persons as would in these times be called “mediums,” or by visible action upon an image or statue, or other physical machinery which, by being contrived and solemnly dedicated for the purpose, became the point of magnetic contact between beings in this world and in the other. They were frequently consulted by individuals and families on occasions thought to involve any importance, and their responses were implicitly followed, regardless of any higher spiritual source of instruction. In a similar way were the more *dignified* and *potent* divinities, such as Apollo and Jupiter, consulted on more weighty affairs, and especially by kings and governors, upon the affairs of state. If the favor of any particular god was deemed desirable, it was customary to propitiate him by prayers, sacrifices, and various other rites and ceremonies; but all persons recognized the existence of many gods to whom they individually acknowledged no special allegiance. They were unable, in their conceptions, to connect *all* operations in the human and physical world, under the government of *one* harmonious divine agency, and they were thus left to naturally suppose that disunity and antagonism among men belonged to the established state of things, from which it was useless to expect deliverance by any unitary and all-governing divine influence.

Low and imperfect in their practical tendencies as were these conceptions, they constituted *the first stage in the development of the theological idea*. As such, they were infinitely better than *no* conceptions of divine and superintending influences, and, insensibly pervading, modifying, directing and controlling, the oracular utterances of, those human spiritual intelligences which

* Farmer, in his treatise on *dæmons* and the worship of human Spirits, has proved this point beyond a doubt.

men were disposed to look to as gods, the *true* God "ruled in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth," and caused such a convergence of all general tendencies as would at length ultimate in the development of his infinitely wise purposes, and in the establishment of his own recognized and more obvious dominion among men.

It was because this first and lowest stage of development of the theological idea was the best that humanity was then capable of receiving, that the worship of a plurality of gods was not prohibited until the issue of the law of Moses, and then was only prohibited to the Israelites. I am fully prepared to believe that Abram was called forth from Ur of the Chaldees by an authoritative impression from a Source infinitely higher than a Mars, an Apollo, or a Jupiter. Still He was expressly called the God of Abraham, and subsequently also of Isaac and of Jacob, and of all their posterity, in contradistinction to the gods of the heathens. These latter appear to have been recognized, especially in the earlier books of the Old Testament, as *real* and not merely *imaginary* beings; and it is clearly intimated that they were even subject to judgments and chastisements, as inflicted by the God of the Jews. (See particularly Exodus xii. 12; Numbers xxxiii. 4).

Until the transition from the first and lowest stage of the theological idea was complete, and the second and Jewish stage was finally and authoritatively introduced, the worship of the gods of the heathens does not seem to have been considered as a very heinous offense even by the patriarchs and their descendants. Thus the intercourse of Jacob with his spouse Rachael, before leaving the house of Laban, does not appear to have been so tempered with exclusive zeal for Jehovah as to impress Rachael that on her departure she must not take with her the images of her father's family gods. It is not said that Jacob rebuked her on finding these in her possession; and it was not until some time afterward, and when he had received a command from Jehovah to "arise, and go up to Beth-el, and dwell there, and make there an altar unto God," that he commanded his household to "put away the strange gods" that were among them. (Gen. xxxv. 1, 2). The clamors of the Israel-

ites in the wilderness for the making of a golden calf (an image of the bull Apis, worshiped by the Egyptians), and the readiness of Aaron to comply with their wishes, favors the suspicion that while dwelling in Egypt they had long been accustomed to the religious worship common in that country, and concerning the indulgence in which there are no recorded prohibitions.

But the Israelites were now to be completely elevated above this first and lowest stage of the theological conception, and weaned from all the rites, ceremonies, and other practices peculiar to it. Consequently the very first mandate of the law that was proclaimed from Mount Sinai was, "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" A system of theology was subsequently unfolded for the special use of the Jews, which every candid person will acknowledge was incomparably superior to the highest form of heathenism. But even this *second* stage of the theological conception was far from being perfect, and hence, by its types, shadows, and prophecies, it constantly pointed to something higher; and this was realized in that divine manifestation made in and through the person of Jesus Christ and his gospel.

In order more fully to illustrate this order of progression, and to show the importance of preserving each subsequent and higher stage of development from degenerating into the previous and lower, it would, perhaps, be well to extend the range of our analogies. In my recent work, entitled "*The Macrocosm and Microcosm,*" etc., I showed that creation has ascended from its origin to its ultimates, and from its lowest to its highest developments, by a series of ascending gradations, as distinct from each other as the different steps of a ladder; that each ascending gradation in the system as a whole, received its constitution and form by virtue of a *breathing* of vitalizing and energizing influence from the Divine Spirit, into the properly prepared materials evolved from the previous scales of creation, and that this divine influence thus breathed into each scale, becomes the inhering and perpetually subsisting *soul* of that particular scale, by the dynamic agency of which it discharges all its appropriate functions: that the divine influence, for example, flowed into previously prepared cosmical materials, and now exists in them, in the degree of the force of *gravitation* and its correlative forces; that the divine in-

fluence flowed into, and became embodied in the mineral kingdom, in the degree of *chemical affinities*; that in a similar way a divine embodiment occurred in the vegetable kingdom and each of its component forms, in the degree of *vegetable life*; also in the animal kingdom it occurred in the degree of *animal life*; and in the race of animalized, disunited, and sinful man, it occurred, and now exists, in the degree of *that* particular stage of the creative process. It was shown, however, that in neither of these systems, nor in all of them together, does God yet exist *personally as God*; for only the *perfectly pure, unperverted, and sinless* man, or what is the same in principle, the perfectly pure, unperverted, and sinless human society, nation, or race, or the combination of all perfected races, natural, spiritual, and celestial, existing in all planets and heavens as *one man*, can constitute a suitable temple for the indwelling of the *personal* Divinity in the entirety of his harmoniously combined and unperverted qualities. But in each ascending creation, it seems to have been the object of the Divine Being to embody *more and more* of himself, until the development of a suitable form and continent of his full *personal* nature, which is pure Love, acting through Wisdom.

Now this progressive ascension of creations and providential dispensations by which God finally attained to the evolution of a form in which he might dwell and act in all the unperverted *qualities* (though not all the *quantity*) of his Being, proceeded, also, through a series of successive degrees in the *mental and religious unfoldings of man*; and these degrees, in their most general aspect, are represented in the Heathen world, the Jewish world, and in the Christ, and all who are one with him. As the Divine essence and influence is embodied in the lower stages of creation variously in the form of gravitative force, chemical affinities, vegetable life, and animal life, with all their respective parts and varieties, so in the lowest stratum of the *mental* creation, a corresponding degree of the Divine is embodied in those germs of truth which lie at the basis of the theological conceptions of heathendom; in the next, or Jewish stratum, he is embodied in the idea of one omnipotent Sovereign, which was the highest idea which the Jewish stratum of mind could be made to receive; but in the Christian stratum alone, he was embodied

fully *as himself*; viz., as a Universal Father, and a Being of pure and boundless Love. Excluding, then, from the remark all factitious and merely man-originated developments of thought, it may be said that Heathenism, Judaism, and Christianity are all *divine institutions*, but each one in its particular place and *degree*, even as the same may be said of the mineral kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, the animal kingdom, etc.

We are now prepared to perceive clearly why habitual dealings with "familiar spirits" were *divinely* prohibited in the Mosaic law. It was simply because those Spirits, when consulted in those days, were uniformly consulted as petty *divinities*, and because dealings with them as such, were incompatible with that higher stratum of theological conception that was then to be unfolded, in which Jehovah, as the one and only *Sovereign* of heaven and earth, declared "I will have no other gods before me." Had the Jews been permitted to involve themselves with those petty divinities, they would undoubtedly have remained heathens, and all the benefits of the new and higher dispensation would have been lost.

But were the Jews prohibited *unqualifiedly* from holding communication with spirits? I answer emphatically, No; and will proceed to sustain my position, by proving that that class of beings called *angels*, with whom their patriarchs and prophets frequently held interviews, were not only spirits (as they are acknowledged to have been), but even *human* spirits. But we have room for only a brief summary of the existing proofs of this point. Thus the three angels who visited Abraham, while dwelling upon the plains of Mamre, were expressly called "men."—Gen. xviii. 2. Thus also the two supermundane intelligences who visited Lot previous to the destruction of Sodom, were called both "angels" and "men."—Gen. xix. 1, 12. The prophet Zechariah speaks of a celestial apparition which appeared "among the myrtle trees," and which he expressly calls both a "man" and an "angel" (Zech. i. 8–11, ii. 1–3), and the prophet Daniel applies the same cognomens interchangeably to the celestial visitants who appeared to him on several occasions. The last chapter of 2d Maccabees contains an account of an appearance of the Spirit of Jeremiah the prophet to Onias the

high-priest, in a form and office belonging only to angels; and much in the same form appeared Moses and Elias to Jesus at the time of his transfiguration. But what is, if possible, still more conclusive upon the point, is the following: after St. John had seen the wonderful visions, and heard the sayings, which are recorded in the apocalypse, he says that he fell down to worship before the feet of the angel who showed him those things. Then said the angel, "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, AND OF THY BRETHREN THE PROPHETS, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."—Rev. xxii. 8, 9. If, as is here distinctly asserted, this angel was the spirit of one of the old prophets, then there is nothing to exclude the presumption, favored by the nature of things as well as by numerous other passages, that *all* angels are in like manner but the ascended and purified spirits of men, which, as the term "angel" implies, are sent as *messengers* to this world.

In holding communication with *angels*, therefore, the Jewish patriarchs and prophets held communication with human spirits; and this was considered perfectly legitimate, simply because those angels, unlike the "familiar" or "pythonic spirits," did not, as petty divinities, come in *their own* name, but in the name of *God*, and with messages encouraging the worship and obedience of him alone as the Dispenser of good, and the Source of truth.

The bearing of the Mosaic law upon the permissibility of spiritual intercourse *at this day*, will now be perfectly obvious. The practice of consulting with "familiar" or "pythonic spirits," for selfish and ambitious purposes, or of seeking their instructions as ultimate and absolute authorities, without any reverent regard to the will of that God who is cognizant of all our acts and thoughts, and to whom men, spirits, and angels, are all subordinate, is just as heathenish and damnable now, as it ever was. There can be no possible objection, however, even according to the Mosaic law, to our conversing with the spirits of our departed friends, or with *any* spirit, however high or low, so long as we regard them as mere *fallible men*, not receiving their dicta for ultimate authority, or, in any degree, giving them, in our minds, the place of God. Nay, as high and pure spirits may as

easily approach us as low ones, provided we render ourselves worthy of their visitations, this new spiritual unfolding may be made to us the vehicle of the most high and holy instructions and influences ; and considered in this light, it is our duty to study and conform to its laws, and develop its resources ; but on the other hand, extensive and varied experience prompts me to submit, that, as a general rule, people should not meddle much with this affair, unless they can approach it with a cautious, conscientious, and deeply and wisely religious spirit. In the absence of these qualifications for spiritual communion, one who abandons himself to a free indulgence in it, will be extremely liable to be led into the vain belief that he is a very great man, or that he has a wonderful "mission" to perform, or into other errors and extravagances equally discreditable to himself and to the cause ; and will probably end by abandoning the whole thing in disappointment and disgust.

SPIRIT LECTURES.—A course of physiological lectures is being published in the Boston "New Era," as given through the mediumship of John M. Spear, and purporting to come from the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Among much in these lectures which is certainly not *above* mediocrity, we occasionally find a valuable suggestion, of which we consider the following remarks upon the winds, as a specimen :

"Each of the winds has, so to speak, its special offices to perform. Some of them are favorable, and some of them are unfavorable, in certain stages of disease and sickness. They who are very languid, and [while] the whole body is in a state of relaxment, should seek the *north* wind. They who are braced, need the gentle, soothing *south* wind. They whose digestive apparatus is disordered, need, and will be benefited by, the *west* wind. And they who are in states of inflammation, should seek the moist *east* wind. Care should be observed in relation to each and all of these winds, so that the diseased and the sick may be wisely improved thereby."

The Spirit recommends the establishment of hospitals, or retreats, for the diseased, in localities characterized by the general prevalence of each one of these winds, so that invalids may be accommodated with *aërial*, as well as other conditions suited to their several cases.

A PERPLEXED MEDIUM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Tribune* states the fact, that for several months past, light tables have moved in his presence, on condition of his simply laying his hands upon them, without exerting any force. These movements have generally indicated an intelligence, which, in many instances, has shown an entire independence of his own mind, and claimed to be that of his deceased relatives; but because the intelligence failed, in several cases, to indicate correctly the number of *beans* which, without counting, he had placed upon a table, he seems to think that no reliance can be placed upon, and no good can come from any of the current phenomena purporting to be spiritual. This is a specimen of the manner in which many people reason *on this one subject*, as though almost any practical indications of the *state* of spirits in the other world, as to their intelligence or their ignorance, their power or their weakness, their goodness or their badness, were not useful as lights, encouragements, or warnings to those who are traveling to that unseen country! If a spirit does not know this or that truth, or does not possess this or that moral qualification, we hold that the practical demonstration of that fact may often be a revelation equally important with a demonstration of an exactly opposite character. After an indubitable proof of an identical existence hereafter, it would seem that no species of spiritual knowledge is now more immediately important to man, than that which relates to the characters and conditions of the inhabitants of the other world, in their various gradations from lowest to highest; and this knowledge is to be obtained, not so much from the authoritative assertions of spirits, as by a *showing* of themselves in their actual state. But most of such failures as that related by the *Tribune's* correspondent, may be owing to disqualification on the part of the medium.

THE TRANSPARENT CROWN;

OR, THE ANGEL'S OFFERING.

TO S. B. BRITTAN:

Had I that power of graphic description which some gifted mortals possess, I would ask a conspicuous place in your interesting periodical, and, as time and circumstances favored, would give you a detailed account of some singular conditions through which I have passed, and which, I doubt not, were of spiritual origin. But as I am deeply sensible that my capacity falls immeasurably below the standard I have erected before my mind as *par excellence*, I shall not presume in this, my first effort, to do more than simply relate one occurrence, which, although not of very recent date, will not be deemed less interesting, nor less valuable, as a matter of personal experience.

It was at the close of one of those sultry summer days, when "languid nature" seems glad to retire to "balmy rest," when body and mind are alike exhausted, and alike require repose, that our family—some six or eight in number, mostly children, with myself at their head—assembled at tea, and a general conversation ensued. I was relating a circumstance which had occurred during the day (of most common-place character), when a singular influence came over me; my tongue refused its office, my eyelids closed, and all power of action was suspended. I was immediately placed on a couch, in the same room, and the usual restoratives for fainting were applied, but without effect. My friends, failing utterly in their kind efforts to restore me to a natural state, became alarmed, and sent for medical assistance. After an interval of an hour, two physicians arrived; meanwhile my voice was restored. In reply to the usual inquiries of "How do you feel?" I assured them that I suffered not the slightest pain, but, rather, a delightfully calm and happy sensation pervaded my whole being. It was true, that I could not

move, nor could I open my eyes to look at the *learned doctors*, who were both strangers to me, and who were zealously administering small doses of camphor. After many inquiries respecting my general health, my habits of life, etc., and, withal, a little puzzled at their unsuccessful treatment, one of them raised my unresisting eyelids, and put the question, "Can you see now?"

"Yes, but I can not see any familiar object, nor, indeed, any thing that belongs to earth." I saw, and most beautiful was the picture presented to my charmed vision. Before me lay a world of hazy light, like the rays from a lighted city falling on a humid atmosphere. In a direct line before my eyes, were displayed all the brilliant colors of the rainbow, forming an arch, parted in the center sufficiently to receive a *ladder* of exceeding beauty, which was composed in all its parts of light, more brilliant, if possible, than the rays of the sun. Then appeared an illuminated cloud, fringed with glittering rays. It ascended, and rested near the center of the arch for a single moment, and then unfolded, and an ANGEL—pure and beautiful as we conceive those beings to be who inhabit the celestial paradise—rested upon the upper round of the ladder. *I felt it was an angel.* One hand was lovingly extended toward me, upon the forefinger of which hung a wreath of transparent flowers, such as I had never before seen. The same finger of the other hand pointed at the foot of the ladder.

Entranced with the magnificence before me, I failed to discover what was below. Gradually the scene changed, but soon the angel reappeared, descending on a shaft of light and coming almost within my grasp. Again was the wreath of flowers affectionately offered; again the finger pointed below. Still entranced by the glory that shone above me, I beheld not the significance of what was beneath. A momentary sadness cast a light shadow over those angelic features, and again the scene was changed.

The bow, the ladder, the radiant angel, and the transparent flowers, with an assembly of the heavenly host, stood revealed in their unspeakable beauty. The imperishable crown of flowers was again proffered, when, at the foot of the ladder, I saw a *narrow stream of pure water*. To obtain that crown it was

necessary to cross that stream. Here the interior sight was withdrawn, and after an interval of four hours I returned, by a quick, convulsive effort, to a natural state, without having experienced the least disagreeable sensation.

In the mean time the physicians had taken leave, having pronounced mine a decided case of "*Hysterics*." If it was, indeed, that much-dreaded malady, it will henceforth find in me a *willing victim*. But, may I not add, that the bright and beautiful glimpses of the "BETTER LAND" which I then received, will remain indelibly impressed, and their memory shall be a light to guide me safely through the dark, devious pathway of life, and with the bow, the angel, and the immortal light to awaken aspiration, may I not hope to pass that stream, ascend the ladder, and receive the crown?

Respectfully yours,

E. A. ATWELL.

REMARKS.—Nothing can more clearly illustrate the materialism of the age than this disposition, of late so prevalent, to ascribe all spiritual phenomena to a diseased action of the faculties. Every person who has been visited by the angels, or otherwise rendered susceptible to spiritual influence, since the days of the apostles, is confidently *presumed to have been sick at the time*. This is the favorite hypothesis of many doctors whose wisdom is chiefly conspicuous on their *diplomas*. The gentlemen who were summoned to attend Mrs. A. were not the only ones who have resorted to "the usual restoratives" in similar cases, and with like results. To what unknown depths of apostacy—Oh! to what gross and infidel issues is the unbelieving world tending, when its *learned men* (?) include the shades of the departed and the physical maladies of the living in the same category!

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us"

From the titled ignorance and licensed stupidity that can not discriminate between a vision of heaven and an attack of hysteria! This idea that all psychical experiences are but the offspring of disease, presumes that the perfection of the individual, and his accord with Nature, are best realized when man is most in-

sensible to all impressions from super-terrestrial sources. This monstrous assumption, born of ignorance and sensuality, is treated professionally by those medical gentlemen who labor to obscure and deaden the inward senses, and to banish the soul's immortal companions by this species of medical exorcism. *O tempora, O mores!*

The images presented to our correspondent are significant as they are beautiful, and since there is a mystical magnetism whereby pure souls gravitate to the heavens, our friend *may* hope that the future will realize her vision.

S. B. B.

LOVE ALL.

BY C. D. STUART.

Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has not created;
Love all! There is no living thing
Which God has ever hated.
His love sustains the meanest life—
Whate'er doth live or perish—
And man may not disdain to love
What God has loved to cherish.

Love all! For hate begetteth hate,
And love through love increaseth;
Love all! For hate shall faint and fail,
While love, like God, ne'er ceaseth.
Love is the law, the life supreme,
The goal where all are tending
The hate shall die, the strife shall cease,
But Love is never-ending.

SPIRITUALISM OF THE MODERN WORLD.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

THE true Platonic spirit has almost departed from the Modern World. To be sure, it rises occasionally, like the *ignis fatuus*, from the Earth, the feeble, flickering glare of what is considered an abstract and disordered mind. Notwithstanding this degradation of the true philosophic spirit from its lofty elevation, yet it must infallibly be admitted, that all intelligence, as manifested in the aspiration of the human soul, is truly and solely an entireness of Spiritualism—a part of that divine essence which is above and beyond Nature, or her laws or limits. But in what relation does man stand to this revealed Spiritualism? There is an undis severed and undis severable connection, and it flows as perpetually from “the central Soul” as flows the radiation of light from the center of the Universe itself. In wave after wave, it breaks upon the shore of the illimitable being of man, sweeping, with a free, wild gush of harmony, the cords of the harp attuned in Heaven, and listened to by Angels.

The first step to our inquiry—the first great fact which presses itself upon us, and which appears insurmountable, seems to be the question, What is the *Rationale* of life? For what purpose were we created? In answer to this, we must affirm as a *sine qua non*, that the rational, intelligent and undegraded being, is truly and properly an Agent of the Infinite Intelligence; and in this assumption is comprehended the divinity of our mission on earth. This is the key-note which tones the mind to duty, destiny, and Deity. “In my soul,” says Victor Cousin, “I feel the soul of the Universe.”

In the pursuit of our inquiry, is it not rational, then, to ask, What other recourse, or satisfactory reliance, has Man than this? what better interpretation can he give of the law of his

being? Is it not a glorious assurance, that this small individual intelligence, may be made immortal as the Deity himself?

So various are the manifestations of Spirit to our consciousness, or to the soul of man, that it is impossible to decide or define which are its most powerful demonstrations: those which visit and persuade us in prophecy or dream, or those made to our waking and conscious moments. The Poet has declared—

“The Spirit sees and hears,
Its eyes are lidless.”

That it can transport itself abroad, visit scenes and places, identify itself with localities, and transcribe, even to circumstantiality, haunts and spots which this corporeal frame, its guest and home, hath never visited, no one can question. Lord Lindsay has declared, that Coleridge has described in all its minute features the scenes of Mount Lebanon, in one of his poems; yet the Poet had never been there *en personnel*. Who can doubt, that in some moment of its infinitude, the ethereal and immortal essence of the Poet expanded its wings of light, and abstracted and absorbed all the high and majestic similitudes of a spot, once made bright by the footsteps of Angels? The glories which surround the beatific soul in the immortal world, are, under such experiences, merely partially realized and foreshadowed in this. It is the faint utterance of some far-off Angel, informing that part of us which is most akin to such messengers, how high are the attributes of the Spirit, and the life of our soul, in another and a purer sphere. Moreover, it is a concurrent testimony of its susceptibility of elevation, and its vast powers and prerogatives here.

“Our good thoughts,” says some writer, “are Angels.” This is true; they come to us at all times and places, steal through the silent chambers of the soul, draw us to the verge of that gulf which runs between us and eternity, and on the faint horizon of our being kindle the beaming and inextinguishable fire of Faith, Hope, and Charity; the three divinities which guard the portal of the eternal word.

The Greek word *αγγελος*, or Angel, is literally Messenger. Who can deny that such are the chosen instruments through

which our Maker reveals himself to his creatures? As no human being could withstand that display of power, consequent upon a communication with the Divine Being; as a means of reduction, suited to our organism, his deputed Angel knocks at the door of our heart, transmits and diffuses his will. This sacred guardian sanctions our acts, regulates our lives, preserves us from the insidiousness of temptation, and, in truth, stands as the authorized agent between us and our Creator.

With such a guide and monitor, why should not the Divinity within us, when in its highest elevation of strength and purity, fill itself with distant as well as near images? why not stand tip-toe upon the heavenly hills, and "absorb the soul into that sublime mysticism which pervades all Nature?"

But there are times when this freshening and eternal element may take new energy and enterprise. It may at intervals lie, like the seal of Mohammed, in the well of Aris, secret and undiscoverable, when all of a sudden it may gild anew this mortal clay, and waft it away to the soul's future home. Taking new light from the darkness around, it may become the beacon and guide of humanity for as many years as it had previously slept in the bosom of the past, transporting them to a region entirely new, and enabling them to pluck from the garden of wisdom the fairest flowers of the heart. From a neglect to cultivate the spiritual, the vast and fertile realms become barren, and the scale of a true intelligent distinctness in life becomes unpoised. During the intense activity of the material, the spiritual can not win back her conquered domain. The deep shade of midnight has succeeded the glare of noon.

Such is now the course of our life. Existence is now nowhere attended by the serenity of contentment: substantial and sensible emotions absorb those of the infinite and impalpable. The Poet who basks in the sunlight of a dream, which to him is ecstasy, is a recorded visionary. In the language of the world, it is a morbid weakness, and joyless and companionless he walks the Earth, and his source of felicity is changed to misery, from the absence of that alchemy of sympathy, which spreads the morning sunlight of the mind abroad, and makes him the sovereign of his own being.

It is not for us to say, what would be the peace and happiness of this tortured world (and peace is the boon of our life), if men could cut themselves off from all mental fellowship with externality, and live in the glow and inspiration of their innate thoughts and emotions. That this was the true Platonic existence, we have the strongest assurance; it was only in such an atmosphere that the soul discovered all its might and kingliness of power. Since we are so far removed from Plato and his times, would it not be well to raise up anew such a standard as he furnished, in order to give the world a glimpse of God's best image of earthly perfection? Would it not best illustrate the position of the true spiritual philosophy in this modern world?

The truly intellectual man is now regarded in the light of a sharp pin, with a large head, which the majority can stick where they please, or use to prick others into action—physical and destructive action. The great mass of mind, forever active though it be, is by no means equal to the vast aggregate of material action, and we are perpetually putting the pin in the wrong place.

As all the virtues are but the *result* of a true *aim* of life, it follows that the aim is of first consequence. What, then, is the true aim of life? If it be true, as we have asserted, that man is but an Agent of the Infinite Intelligence, it is clear that the highest intelligence is the truest and highest aim of life. Perhaps we may best express the design of our physical creation by the following brief refrain:

But what am I? a single link
 In the unmeasured chain of man,
 Extending, vast as that we think
 Is God's illimitable plan:
 It corresponds to that great Will,
 The operative Soul of all,
 Whose recompensing might can fill
 The measure of the great and small.
 Beginning with our raised dust,
 And falling into dust again,
 Like waves storm-lifted from the sea,
 Sink into nothingness as vain.

Man, in his individual state, is not above the smallest atom of created things, but it is in the great aggregate that he seems to

illustrate the measure and magnitude of his Creator's power. So in our intelligence, in proportion as we approximate to the unity and wholeness of the Infinite Intelligence, do we fulfill his requirements, and render the aim of life availing. He sins doubly who ceases to cultivate his intelligence; and no "heart-rained tears," or sweated blood of repentance, can wash the stains away.

The domain of intelligence, however, is not to be won in pride of conquest; but from duty. All exigence must be laid aside. It must sit forever by the fireside of our soul, like some sculptured saint, with a finger pointing upward to the skies. The robe of life would never be polluted then; for none would seek to degrade their kind, and none rest satisfied with their degradation. In this serene and blessed mood, we could verify and experience such words as these: "The ravens sow not, neither do they reap; they have neither granary nor barn, yet God feedeth them."

The lips of the truly spiritual man are lighted with the words of prophecy. This external mark of the Seer-gift, has illuminated many of the darkest periods of the ages of the world; it is that mysterious link and bond, which holds us in connection with the Deity, and the moral unities of his creation. This bright and inextinguishable fire flames up in our moral nature, and gives us that sense of the past, present, and the future, such as of old cleared the vision of the accredited prophet, and enabled him to look over the confines of the present, into the future world, and hold converse with angels.

In a truly spiritual nature, the spirit of prophecy has scope and power, far more than exists, perhaps, in the perception and insight by which it is acknowledged and authorized among men.

This agent of the upholding power is susceptible of growth and increase, in an inverse ratio to its dissemination and cultivation. It must be launched upon its voyage with a favoring breeze, and be spread upon the waters, broadcast and free, until the "care-washed isles of life," and the echoless shore of death, are equally sealed with its impress of love, harmony and beauty. Take courage, ye hopeless and sorrowful, the Prophet may yet dwell among you, and his warning voice have the utterance of

one, who has talked with departed spirits, and is invested with a portion of their power. Emanuel Swedenborg was a prophet; and through his vast mind floated such splendid visions as never before visited the brain of mortal. So singular, rational, and grand were they, that we know nothing but supernatural agencies were at work. "God sent down his bright-winged Angel," to hold converse with his purest and most inspired of earthly missionaries. The "vision splendid" stood at intervals, afar off; and he only caught faint glimmerings and utterances of his radiant and immortal prompter. Then again, he came near, entered the vestibule of the sanctuary of the soul; folded his white wings, and whispered Truth and Peace—the Peace which "passeth all understanding," and the Truth immutable as the Oracles of God.

Shelley was a Prophet; he visited the boundaries of the future life—scaled the hill-tops of celestial knowledge and spiritual intelligence, and reflected them down to earth. His soul was buoyant with prophecy; and he soared beyond our actual conceptions, even as the bird soars upward until he is lost to the earth. We know not what such a mind may see, and such a spirit hear. God has placed everywhere over our majestic world such beings, as landmarks to the soul's future home. Do not let us interpose our will to his law, and thus bring darkness to the hopes of humanity.

Whatever new revelations moral philosophy and science may yet evoke from the hitherto secret paths of discovery and inquiry, there exists no room for doubt that they entered into the plan and purpose of the Almighty throughout all eternity. They are revealed now, in consonance and in harmony with laws, which may only now exist in unison with his dispensation. The Creator is no experimentalist; but he adapts his law and will to that inevitable progression which is a necessity to our moral and even social well-being. Moreover, if, in an age of darkness, his power is departing from our recognition, may he not employ new means and mediums, by which humanity may be brought back to its deserted home? We are told, and it is palpably written in the Book of Life itself, such signs are "to usher in the New Heaven and the New Earth."

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMARKABLE DREAM.—We have just heard the following related on credible authority: Some two or three years ago, while the cholera prevailed extensively in the Western cities, a merchant in Chicago persuaded his wife and daughter to return to their former place of residence at Cazenovia, N. Y., where he desired them to remain until the pestilence subsided, leaving him in Chicago to take care of his business. Some time after her arrival at Cazenovia, the wife dreamed one night that her husband had been attacked with the cholera during the night, and while alone, without the means of alarming his friends, and procuring assistance. She dreamed that he would obtain attendance in the morning, but that it would then be too late; and that two men, whom she distinctly saw in her vision, would bring her a telegraphic dispatch, bearing the news of her husband's death.

About eleven o'clock on the following day, as the lady was descending the stairs, she heard the door-bell ring, and being near the door, she opened it, and there stood the identical men she had seen in her vision, as the bearers of the dispatch! She shrieked and fainted; and when the family, being attracted by her cries, succeeded in partially reviving her, she exclaimed, "Those are the men! those are the men!" The men then produced a telegraphic dispatch, which they had just brought from an office at a neighboring town, and which contained the news that her husband had died of the cholera that morning. The circumstances of his sickness and death were, even to their minute particulars, precisely as his wife had dreamed.

SUPPOSED ELECTRICITY.—Scores of circles, probably, are being holden nightly in this city, for the purpose of witnessing the movement of tables, chairs, etc., by an invisible agent. Phe-

nomena of this kind are constantly occurring, which, it is acknowledged, are not attributable to any muscular or mechanical force. To explain these mysterious, and apparently preternatural occurrences, electricity is generally called in, solely, as it would seem, because these philosophers can conceive of no higher invisible source of power. It is worthy of remark, however, that this electrical theory has never been for a moment maintained by a scientific electrician, or if so, it was maintained in entire absence of any of those delicate experiments with the electrometer, by which the presence of the smallest quantity of excited electricity may be detected. But our principal purpose in penning this paragraph is to submit, that as a general rule, spiritualists should avoid interference with the fancies of those who attribute to electrical agency the phenomena under consideration. These persons can not yet bear the idea of spiritual interference, and if this were from the first rendered even probable to them, many of them would at once abandon the investigation, and close their minds against all further light. Leave them in the hands of the Spirits by whom *we* believe these manifestations are made. They doubtless know how to make the amusement of this "electrical" hypothesis the stepping-stone to further light, which will be progressively disclosed as minds gradually become prepared for it, until even the most materialistic of these investigators shall be brought to acknowledge the pervading influence of the Spirit-world.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE YEZIDEES.—An Eastern traveler, writing to the *N. Y. Tribune* an account of a visit to that singular Asiatic tribe known as the Yezidees, or "devil worshipers," says, "I noticed a great number of small conical structures, said to mark the places where their Sheikhs have had interviews with angels. I afterward saw the 'man in black' who holds direct communication between Sheikh Nasir, the religious head of the Yezidees, and his Satanic Majesty. The doctrine of Spirit-rappings is not so new as some of you Americans suppose."

PLINY'S LETTER TO SURA.

THE following letter of Pliny the younger to his friend Sura, was written more than seventeen hundred years ago. In view of the relations which the facts therein detailed bear to the spiritual phenomena, so conspicuous at this day, we are induced to give it to our readers entire, especially as otherwise it might be inaccessible to most of them. The first account is remarkable, not only for the beautiful spiritual appearance and accurate prophecy which it details, but as countenancing in some degree the idea of guardian spirits (or tutelar divinities, as *they* were called by the ancient heathens) presiding over the interests of cities and countries. The second, occurring as it did at that remote period, and forgotten by almost all the world, is remarkable for the analogy which it bears to the many phenomena of "haunted houses," so called, which, in more modern times, have, with the same general features, occurred in different countries and among different classes of people, regardless of the previous beliefs or disbeliefs of those who witnessed them. The fact that occurrences thus manifestly correlated, and by their analogies mutually confirmatory, have been occasionally forcing themselves upon human attention for so many ages, and under so great a variety of circumstances, must, in all candid minds, go far to redeem them from any imputed and necessary connection with superstition and credulity, and to place them in the category of outstanding realities. It would seem, indeed, strange that the manacled ghost which appeared to Athenodorus, was kept from his rest by no other cause than having been denied the customary rites of sepulture; but if numerous concurrent and respectable testimonies may be credited, it would appear that many other Spirits have, for a long time after separation from the body, been dissatisfied from a similiar cause. Whether this is owing

to a mere fancy on their part, or to some mysterious magnetic connections, is of course impossible for us to tell. But to the letter :

The present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous, therefore, to know your sentiments concerning specters, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination. What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard from Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown to the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the further events of his life : that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honors, and return to that province invested with the proconsular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said, further, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him on the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery ; judging, it would seem, of the future part of the prediction by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune that awaited him, by the success which he had already experienced.

To this story let me add another, as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror, which I will give you exactly as it was related to me :

There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night, a noise resembling the clanking of iron was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, seemed more like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed at a distance, but approaching nearer by degrees. Immediately after a specter appeared in

the form of an old man, extremely meager and ghostly, and disheveled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants, in the mean time, passed their nights in the most dreadful terror imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers which, with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imagination, that it still seemed before their eyes, and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by every body to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghosts. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion: nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and, in short, did actually do so. When it grew toward evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night was passed with the usual silence, when, at length, the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and, at last, in the chamber. He looked up, and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this, he immediately arose, and

with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus suddenly deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves, where the Spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to magistrates, and advised them to order that the spot be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found, for the body, having laid a considerable time in the ground, was putrified and moldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together, were buried; and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more.

This story I believe upon the credit of others. What I am now going to relate, I give you upon my own. I have a freed man, named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top of his head. In the morning it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered upon the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad in my family was sleeping in his apartments, with the rest of his companions, when two persons, clad in white, came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found the boy had been served the same way as the other, and with the very same circumstances of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped the prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in my scrutoir, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may, therefore, be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then to mentally

consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as I trust I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual skepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side; lest, while I consult you to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell. (*Pliny's Letters*, B. VII. chap. 27.—*News from the Invisible World*, p. 153).

THE MODERN MANIFESTATIONS.

If all the Spirits were original thinkers, and accustomed to speak and write in artistic style, we should be among the first to question the genuineness of their claims. It is quite impossible to conceive, without disregarding all known laws of mental growth, that the persons who but yesterday or last year mingled in these earthly scenes, jostling each other in the dusty highways of life, and saluting us in common phrase, could so suddenly be unfolded and exalted in mind to the dignity of the highest capacity. Not so do we read the laws of human development, and those who arrive at such conclusions disregard the experience of their own souls.

In this age of prevailing skepticism, the most important feature in all such communications may not consist in their strict conformity to the rules of literary composition, but in the cardinal fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—that they emanate from the Spirit-world. The true philosopher will not find fault with Nature because some of her phenomena occur unexpectedly, and are seemingly irregular and disorderly. In the process of creation, Chaos preceded the reign of Order, while the strife of social and political elements and the noise of revolution go before the Spirit of Reform, to herald the new and higher institutions of the world. In like manner, from the present confused ming-

ling of apparently lawless elements, may be evolved civil and religious systems, whose moral beauty and spiritual life shall one day realize the prayer and the prophecy of Humanity, in the glory of "a new heaven and a new earth."

If the philosopher, who is swallowed up in the profundity of his vast conceptions, who worships only truth,

"And stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

if such a mind is always reverent and thoughtful in the investigation of all natural phenomena; however unimportant in the vulgar estimation, while superficial souls cavil and sneer at her modes of operation, may we not learn wisdom from such examples? And if those who are earnest and powerful in thought thus regard nature in the least of her phenomenal exhibitions, how can we expect those who have deep and strong affections to be indifferent to the voices which speak to them from beyond the veil? Surely, no one in the least distinguished for generous impulses and expanded ideas, would pour contempt on the name and memory of one who has cherished him, because another who is unworthy has assumed his name, nor yet because that friend may not be able to address him in ornate and classic language. And should that friend send from a far distant country some pledge of friendship or message of love, he would not quarrel with the messenger about the time and manner of his arrival, nor regard as a *sine qua non* the literary merits of what his friend may say. No, bereaved affection has wept too long over the grave of its buried hopes to be excessively fastidious on this point. The mother who sighs for her lost child, will not stop to question the mere scholarship of any who may come to assure her that the child is safe. The anxious wife, who bends in prayer over the ashes of him who shielded her from the storm, who keeps long vigils from the hour of vespers until the stars grow pale in the beams of the orient, would only ask to be fully assured that the loved one is, and that it is well with him. The bare consciousness of his presence would produce, it may be, more intense and exalted happiness than all the wealth of kingdoms, the splendor of intellectual endowments, and the refinement of the highest art.

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